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AINOS OF YEZO.

UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN

AN ACCOUNT OF

TRAVELS ON HORSEBACK IN THE INTERIOR

INCLUDING

VISITS TO THE ABORIGINES OF YEZO AND THE SHRINES OF NIKKÔ AND ISÉ

By ISABELLA L. BIRD

AUTHOR OF 'A LADY'S LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS' 'SIX MONTHS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS'
ETC. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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YEZO.

Physical Characteristics — The Colonisation Department — The New Capital — The Fisheries — Hakodaté — A Vigilant Police — The "Hairy Ainos" — Yezo Fascinations.

SEPARATED from the main island of Japan by the Tsugaru Strait, and from Saghalien by the narrow strait of La Perouse, in shape an irregular triangle, extending from long. 139° 50′ E. to long. 146° E., and from lat. 41° 30′ N. to lat. 45° 30′ N., its most northern point considerably south of the Land's End, Yezo has a climate of singular severity, a heavy snowfall, and, in its northern parts, a Siberian winter. Its area is 35,739 square miles, or considerably larger than that of Ireland, while its estimated population is only 123,000. The island is a mountain mass, with plains well grassed and watered. Impenetrable jungles and impassable swamps cover much of its area. It has several active volcanoes, and the quietude of some of its apparently extinct ones is not to be relied upon. Its forests and swamps are drained by innumerable short, rapid rivers, which are subject to violent freshets. In riding round the coast they are encountered every two or three miles, and often detain the traveller for days on their margins. The largest is the Ishkari, famous for salmon.

The coast has few safe harbours, and though exempt from typhoons, is swept by heavy gales and a continuous surf. The cultivated land is mainly in the neighbour-

hood of the sea, with the exception of the extensive plain around Satsuporo. The interior is forest-covered, and the supplies of valuable lumber are nearly inexhaustible, and include thirty-six kinds of useful timber trees. Openings in the forest are heavily grassed with the *Eulalia Japonica*, a grass higher than the head of a man on horseback; and the forest itself is rendered impassable, not only by a dense growth of the tough and rigid dwarf bamboo, which attains a height of eight feet, but by ropes and nooses of various vines, *lianas* in truth, which grow profusely everywhere. The soil is usually rich, and the summer being warm is favourable to the growth of most cereals and root crops. The climate is not well suited to rice, but wheat ripens everywhere. Most of the crops which grow in the northern part of the main island flourish in Yezo, and English fruit-trees succeed better than in any part of Japan. I never saw finer crops anywhere than in Mombets on Volcano Bay. Cleared land, from the richness of the soil formed by vegetable decomposition, is fitted to produce crops as in America, for twenty years without manuring, and a regular and sufficient rainfall, as in England, obviates the necessity for irrigation.

The chief mineral wealth of Yezo is in its coalfields, but the Government is jealous of the introduction of foreign capital, and till the embargo is removed, it is unlikely that this source of wealth will be utilised on a large scale, and much of the money appropriated for the developement of mines is frittered away by official "squeezes" *en route*. But this coal may eventually turn out of great importance to the world. Mr. Lyman, the able head of the Geological Survey, estimates the quantity of coal in the Yezo coalfields at *one hundred and fifty thousand million tons;* in other words, that

Yezo could yield the present annual product of Great Britain for a thousand years to come ! ! !

The official name of Yezo is the *Hokkaido* or Northern Sea Circuit, and owing to various circumstances, actual and imaginary, it is under a separate department of the Government called the Colonisation Department, known as the *Kaitakushi*, or, as we should say, the "Development Department." This department has spent enormous sums upon Yezo, some of which have been sunk in unprofitable and costly experiments, while others bear fruit in productive improvements. The appropriation of this year is over £302,000. The island differs so much in its general features and natural products from the rest of Japan, that it is exempt from the ordinary taxes, and is subject to special imposts on produce, which bring in a revenue of about £72,000 annually, a large sum to be paid by a small population.

Satsuporo, on the Ishkari River, is the creation of this Department. The chief and most hopeful of its operations there is an Agricultural College on the model of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, under native direction, but with a staff of four able American professors. Its graduation course is four years, and the number of students is limited to sixty. It gives a sound English education, with special attention to surveying and civil engineering, as required for the construction of ordinary roads, railroads, drainage and irrigation works, and such thorough instruction in agriculture and horticulture as is required by the necessities of farming in Yezo. There are model farms both at Satsuporo and Nanai, near Hakodaté, and nursery gardens for exotic trees, vegetables, and flowers. The department is introducing sheep and pigs, and by importing blood stock is endeavouring to improve the breed of horses and cattle. At Satsuporo it has extensive sawmills, a silk

factory, a tannery, and a brewery, and large flour mills both there and at Nanai.

It would be uninteresting to give a list of all which the *Kaitakushi* has attempted for the development of Yezo. Many of its schemes have proved utterly abortive, and some which still exist are not carried out with the completeness and perseverance necessary for success. Its funds are undoubtedly eaten up by superfluous officials, who draw salaries and perpetrate "squeezes," and do little besides smoke and talk. Roads are much needed. The broad road from Hakodaté to Satsuporo, on which much money is always being expended, is in a permanently wretched state, and is mainly available for long strings of pack-horses, whose deep cross ruts had not disappeared even in September; and the steam-ferry of twenty-five miles on this main road is carried on by a steamer whose extreme speed is five miles an hour, and whose boilers, to use the expressive native phrase, are constantly "sick." The theories of "development" are very good; mistakes have been and are being made; some valuable practical measures are neglected in favour of Utopian experiments, and some good results are being attained.

The Government is supposed to have two objects in view in developing Yezo. One is to provide a field for emigration for the inhabitants of those parts of Japan which are supposed to be over-populated, and the other, by building up a population in Yezo, to erect a sort of bulwark against aggressive designs which are supposed to be entertained by Russia, a power which is as much distrusted in Japan as in England. Colonies have been settled in several favourable regions; grants of land have been made to a great many *samurai*, and at Satsuporo nearly 1000 soldiers are settled with their families in detached houses, each with several acres of land;

seeds and fruit-trees are sold to settlers at a very low price, and many agricultural advantages are provided which do not exist on the main island; but still, either from a natural disinclination to emigrate, or from a dread of the taxes imposed on produce, the *Hokkaido* fails to attract a population, and a region which could support six millions has a scattered sprinkling, and that mainly round the coasts, of only 123,000 souls.

The fisheries of Yezo are magnificent, and rival those of the opposite coast of Oregon; but they are overtaxed, the tax levied being from 10 to 25 per cent on the yield. Salmon is the specialty, but cuttle-fish, seaweed, and *bêche de mer* are also important articles of export. There are many fishing stations on the southern coast, but the most important are at Ishkari in the north, near Satsuporo, the new capital. The salmon-fishing there is one of the sights of Japan. Some of the seines are 4000 feet in length, and require seventy men to work them. A pair of such, making three hauls a day, sometimes catch 20,000 salmon, averaging, when cured, 10 lbs. each. The revenue from the fisheries of the Ishkari river alone is $50,000 annually. Yezo fish is not only sent throughout the interior of Japan, but is shipped to China. The Ainos, the aborigines of the island, are largely employed in the fishing, and an immense number of emigrants from the provinces of Nambu and Ugo resort to Yezo for the fishing season.

Hakodaté, the northern Treaty Port, a flourishing city of 37,000 people, is naturally the capital, with its deep and magnificent harbour well sheltered in all winds. Situated on a gravelly hill-slope, with a sunny exposure and splendid natural drainage, it is fitted to recruit energies which have been exhausted by the damp heat of Yokohama and Tôkiyô. Though it has occasionally nine inches of snow on the ground in November, the snow-

fall is not excessive, as it is in the north of the island; it does not lie permanently on the ground, and there are many sunny winter days, so many, indeed, that the slush is worse than the snow. It has a mean annual temperature of about 10° below that of Yedo, but the range in the direction of cold is much greater. The minimum is 2°, and the maximum 88°. The nights, even in hot weather, are nearly always cool. In a period of nine years the annual rainfall has averaged 51.9 inches, and the average number of rain days is about 98.

Hakodaté is annually falling away as a foreign port. In fact, its foreign trade is reduced to nothing. It has only two foreign firms, and its foreign residents, exclusive of Chinese, only number 37. If it were not for the number of ships of war which visit it every summer, and for the arrival of a few visitors in impaired health, it would be nearly as dull as Niigata. But as a Japanese port it is an increasingly thriving place. It is unprofitable for foreign vessels to come so far to this *one* point, now that Japanese steamers, which can trade at *all* ports, are so numerous. Foreign merchandise is now imported by Japanese merchants in Japanese ships, and the chief articles of export — dried fish, seaweed, and skins — are sent direct to China and the main island in native vessels. Fine passenger steamers of the *Mitsu Bishi* Company run between Hakodaté and Yokohama every ten days, and to Niigata once a month, besides cargo boats, and junks and native vessels of foreign rig arrive and depart in numbers with every fair wind.

The Government buildings are extensive, and the hospital and prisons are under admirable native management. Remote as Hakodaté is, it does not seem to me to be behind any city of its size in enterprise, general comfort, cleanliness, and good order. The *Kaitakushi*

has seventeen schools in the city, in which the pupils are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic up to fractions, along with universal history and geography; besides which there are numbers of private schools, which only teach reading and writing. Some of the shopkeepers, in a most enlightened spirit, have established an evening school for apprentices and assistants between twelve and eighteen, who are engaged during the day, and the fees for all these schools are moderate.

The Post Office and Custom House are efficiently managed by Japanese officials, in conformity with foreign usages; and though the Judicial Department gives little satisfaction, the police are so efficient that H.B.M.'s Consul officially reports that "no thief or criminal can escape the vigilance of the authorities!" Japanese ship-carpenters are designing and turning out small schooners of foreign rig, and Japanese merchants import foreign goods, such as clothing, provisions, hardware, crockery, glass, fancy goods, and alcoholic liquors, to such an extent that the absence of a foreign store is scarcely felt.

Such are some of the signs of progress in a city which, when Mr. Alcock visited it in 1859 to instal the British Consul, had a population of only 6000 people, and was only resorted to by a few whalers!

It is the centre of missionary operations for the island; and at present the Greeks, Romanists, Church Missionary Society, and American Methodist Episcopal Church, have agents there, limited, of course, to the treaty distance of twenty-five miles, unless they obtain travelling passports under the ordinary regulations.

Besides Hakodaté, there are only two towns of any importance — Matsumae, a decayed place of about 16,000 people, formerly the residence of a very powerful *daimiyô;* and Satsuporo, the capital, a town of 3000

people, laid out on the plan of an American city, with wide, rectangular streets, lined by low Japanese houses and shops, and tasteless, detached, frame houses. The American idea is further suggested by the *Kaitakushi* offices with a capitol copied from the capitol at Washington. Besides the Government Buildings and those which have been previously mentioned, there is a hospital under the charge of an American doctor.

Near Satsuporo are several agricultural settlements, and the experiments there and elsewhere on the island prove that though the winter is long and severe, the climate and soil are specially favourable for winter wheat, maize, millet, buckwheat, potatoes, pease, beans, and other vegetables and cereals, as well as for Japanese hemp, which commands a high price, owing to the length, fineness, and silkiness of its fibre. Thousands of acres of well-watered grass-land lie utterly useless in the neighbourhood of Satsuporo on the Ishkari river.

Wild animals and game in large numbers have their home in the impenetrable forests of the interior. In the Hakodaté market, at different seasons of the year, are to be bought at moderate prices, grouse, hares, quail, snipe, teal, venison, woodcock, wild duck, and bear, and bear-furs and deer-skins are among the important articles of export.

The chief object of interest to the traveller is the remnant of the Aino race, the aborigines of Yezo, and not improbably of the whole of Japan, peaceable savages, who live on the coasts and in the interior by fishing and hunting, and stand in the same relation to their Japanese subjugators as the Red Indians to the Americans, the Jakkoons to the Malays, and the Veddas to the Sinhalese. In truth, it must be added that they receive better treatment from their masters than is accorded to any of these subject races. The Letters

which follow contain all that I could learn about them from actual observation, but Mr. Yasuda Sadanori, First Secretary of the *Kaitakushi* Department, has supplied a few additional facts at the request of Sir Harry Parkes: —

"A rough census of the Ainos made in 1873 gives their numbers at —

Males . . .	6118
Females . . .	6163
Total . .	12,281

Since that year no separate census has been made, but the Ainos are believed to be decreasing in number.

"As regards taxes, they pay partly in money and partly in kind.

"The education law of the Ministry of Public Instruction does not apply to the *Hokkaido*, but a similar system has been adopted by the *Kaitakushi* Department, and is applied to all inhabitants of the island without distinction of origin, the object of the Imperial Government being to teach Ainos and Japanese alike.

"Special arrangements have been made for the purpose of enabling the Ainos to live."

The "hairy Ainos," as these savages have been called, are stupid, gentle, good-natured, and submissive. They are a wholly distinct race from the Japanese. In complexion they resemble the peoples of Spain and Southern Italy, and the expression of the face and the manner of showing courtesy are European rather than Asiatic. If not taller, they are of a much broader and heavier make than the Japanese; the hair is jet black, very soft, and on the scalp forms thick, pendant masses, occasionally wavy, but never showing any tendency to curl. The beard, moustache, and eyebrows are very

thick and full, and there is frequently a heavy growth of stiff hair on the chest and limbs. The neck is short, the brow high, broad, and massive, the nose broad and inclined to flatness, the mouth wide but well formed, the line of the eyes and eyebrows perfectly straight, and the frontal sinuses well marked. Their language is a very simple one. They have no written characters, no literature, no history, very few traditions, and have left no impression on the land from which they have been driven.

In Yezo the traveller is conscious of a freer atmosphere than he has breathed on the main island, and it is not only the air which circulates more freely, but men and beasts have plenty of elbow-room. You can get a tolerable horse, and ride him where you please, without being brought up by a trespass notice or a rice-swamp; you go off the roads and gallop for miles over breezy commons by the sea-shore, covered with red roses; you can lead a half-savage life, and swim rivers, and climb mountains, and "light a fire in woods," without offending against "regulations;" in a word, you can do all that you may not do on the main island; and apart from the interest of investigation and observation, there is a charm about the thinly-peopled country, a fascination in the long moan of the Pacific between Tomakomai and Cape Erimo, in the glorious loneliness of the region round Volcano Bay, and in the breeziness and freedom of Yezo life, which makes my memories of Yezo in some respects the most delightful which I have brought away from Japan.

THE MISSION WORK.

Form and Colour — A Windy Capital — Eccentricities in House Roofs — Social Dulness — Mission Agencies — A Disorderly Service — Daily Preaching — A Buddhist Temple — A Buddhist Sermon.

HAKODATÉ, YEZO, *August* 13, 1878.

AFTER a tremendous bluster for two days the weather has become beautifully fine, and I find the climate here more invigorating than that of the main island. It is Japan, but yet there is a difference somehow. When the mists lift they reveal not mountains smothered in greenery, but naked peaks, volcanoes only recently burnt out, with the red ash flaming under the noonday sun, and passing through shades of pink into violet at sundown. Strips of sand border the bay, ranges of hills, with here and there a patch of pine or scrub, fade into the far-off blue, and the great cloud shadows lie upon their scored sides in indigo and purple. Blue as the Adriatic are the waters of the land-locked bay, and the snowy sails of pale junks look whiter than snow against its intense azure. The abruptness of the double peaks behind the town is softened by a belt of cryptomeria, the sandy strip which connects the headland with the mainland heightens the general resemblance of the contour of the ground to Gibraltar, but while one dreams of the western world a *kuruma* passes one at a trot, temple drums are beaten in a manner which does not recall "the roll of the British drum," a Buddhist funeral passes down the street, or a man-cart pulled and

pushed by four yellow-skinned, little-clothed mannikins, creaks by, with the monotonous grunt of *Ha huida.*

A single look at Hakodaté itself makes one feel that it is Japan all over. The streets are very wide and clean, but the houses are mean and low. The city looks as if it had just recovered from a conflagration. The houses are nothing but tinder. The grand tile roofs of some other cities are not to be seen. There is not an element of permanence in the wide and windy streets. It is an increasing and busy place; it lies for two miles along the shore, and has climbed the hill till it can go no higher; but still houses and people look poor. It has a skeleton aspect too, which is partially due to the number of permanent "clothes-horses" on the roofs. Stones, however, are its prominent feature. Looking down upon it from above you see miles of grey boulders, and realise that every roof in the windy capital is "hodden doun" by a weight of paving stones. Nor is this all. Some of the flatter roofs are pebbled all over like a courtyard, and others, such as the roof of this house, for instance, are covered with sod and crops of grass, the two latter arrangements being precautions against risks from sparks during fires. These paving stones are certainly the cheapest possible mode of keeping the roofs on the houses in such a windy region, but they look odd.

None of the streets, except one high up the hill, with a row of fine temples and temple grounds, call for any notice. Nearly every house is a shop; most of the shops supply only the ordinary articles consumed by a large and poor population; either real or imitated foreign goods abound in Main Street, and the only novelties are the furs, skins, and horns, which abound in shops devoted to their sale. I covet the great bear furs, and the deep cream-coloured furs of Aino dogs, which

are cheap as well as handsome. There are many second-hand, or, as they are called, "curio" shops, and the cheap lacquer from Aomori is also tempting to a stranger.

The foreigners, all told, number thirty-seven. There is little social intercourse, owing to antagonism in morals and manners, and when the last stranger leaves at the end of September, and the long winter sets in, it must be dreary enough for people who have not plenty of work which is worth doing. In summer, as now, it is very lively, owing to the frequent arrivals and departures of European ships of war, and the visits of health-seeking strangers, who go up to some pretty lakes which lie at the foot of the flushed volcano of Komono-taki, or adventure into the interior as far as Satsuporo, the nominal capital. The British Consul, Mr. Eusden, has been here for nine years, and the cordial and graceful hospitalities shown by Mrs. Eusden to foreigners, without distinction of nation, often leave pleasanter memories than the profuse, conventional gaieties of other naval resorts. Otherwise, to climb the peak, to go to see Nanai, one of the experimental farms of the *Kaitakushi* Department, and to shoot snipe, are the only diversions.

The four bodies of Christians which have missions here have built church edifices, of which the Romish is the largest, and the Greek the most decorated, the walls being covered with pictures. Hitherto the Greek Mission has been very successful in making converts, and though Father Nicolai is alone, he has four or five ordained native helpers. Some "sisters" have lately arrived to join the Romish Mission, and will probably give it a great impetus. The Mission of the C. M. S. is a comparatively new one, and is represented by Mr. Dening, at whose house I am staying, and Mr. Ogawa,

a remarkably bright native evangelist of the *samurai* class. There have been eight baptisms at Hakodaté. Mr. Dening has out stations within treaty limits, where he preaches once a week, but Yezo is Buddhist, and in one of these places, Ono, the opposition is very strong.

We made an expedition to it on pack-ponies, which went the whole way at a pace felicitously called the "Yezo Scramble." After leaving the neck of land which unites the headland with the mainland it was a charming ride in the bright sunshine, over sandy ground, covered with grass and great red roses, mingled with honeysuckle, *sedums*, the bee-haunted *Stephanandra flexuosa*, and the reddening leaves of anemones, with glimpses of the blue of the bay on the left, and of the red peaks of the volcano above dark green ravines. From the sandy village of Arakawa a bridle track, among gardens, and hamlets, and very pretty wooded country, leads to the large village of Ono, where the many exotic trees and flowers which the Government has distributed are very flourishing. On our way we met a number of men, and an Aino, with spears and muskets, *riding*, not sitting, on horses, returning from killing a bear. Near Ono there is a Government factory, where they are utilising the strong silk of the mountain silk-worm, which feeds on the tough leaves of a species of oak.

At Ono there is a schoolroom with a boarded floor, and Ogawa, the catechist, lives there; but though there has been Christian teaching for a year, there has been no result. The village was keeping *matsuri*, but when the doors of the schoolroom were opened at eight the room filled at once with a disorderly crowd of men, women, and children, who came in like a tornado, and instead of leaving their wooden clogs at the door, as is customary, clattered them on the floor with a deafening

din. Three hundred people, some the worse for *saké*, clattering clogs, shouting, clustering on the window-sills, climbing on the benches, laughing, eating, lighting their pipes at the lamps, throwing off their *kimonos*, and keeping up a prolonged uproar for an hour and a quarter, were the most unpromising audience I have ever seen. Mr. Dening has a singular aptitude for languages, and has acquired not only a wonderful command of the colloquial Japanese spoken by the lower classes, but, what is even more, the tones in which they speak; and having a strong *physique*, and a very powerful voice, he perseveringly made himself heard above the uproar, which was not, as I supposed, an exceptional one stimulated by the spectacle of three foreign ladies, but is the regular accompaniment of Christian preaching in Ono. Mr. Dening gives his time, strength, and heart to his work, with a vigour, energy, and enthusiasm which could not be surpassed, and which are unchilled by opposition and disappointment, otherwise an Ono audience would have made an end of his efforts long ago, for the Buddhist priests stir up the people against the "new way." Where Shintô prevails, indifference is the rule. We left the village at 9 P.M., and, owing to the fatigue and fears of the other ladies, who were not accustomed to ride, and who were afraid of deserting the "scramble" for a gallop, we did not reach Hakodaté till 1 A.M., and then in a sorry plight, after a "scramble" of twenty-five miles. It was the first really exquisite night that I have seen in Japan; sharp tree shadows on dew-gemmed grass, broad moonlight on a silver sea, silver clouds drifting across mountain summits, and a cool, soft air, laden with the scent of sleeping flowers.

On Sunday evening a new preaching-place was opened in the main street of Hakodaté, a front room and *doma* open to the street, with kitchen extending to

the back; and it is among the many instances of the toleration which Christianity enjoys, that after this place was filled, the police, who frequently passed, never interfered with the crowd which assembled outside. The people were very quiet, and tolerably stationary, quite different from the Ono "pagans." A few, who sat on the stairs leading to the upper room, called for the *tabako-bon* and smoked, and others had trays of refreshments carried to them; but they do the same in their own temples.

It appears very up-hill mission work here. The work has to be sought and made, and frequently, when the novelty has passed by, the apparent interest dies away. A medical missionary is in a very different position. His work seeks him, and grows upon him daily, with endless interesting ramifications, and he has, at least, the satisfaction of successfully ministering to the bodies of men.

Since the missionaries arrived here, the Buddhists, as at Niigata, have established daily services in one or other of the large temples which form one side of one of the streets, and I have been to see them nearly every day. The large temple is well filled every afternoon with men and women, all of the poorer classes, and as quiet and orderly as they can be. They occupy the part railed off from the holier place, in which the priests minister. Very low and sweet, though heard all over the city, is the sound of the great bronze bell which summons the hearers, and exactly at three the priests fold back the heavily-gilded doors of the chancel and light the candles and lamps which shed a "dim religious light" through the gorgeous interior, revealing the high altar, covered with an altar-cloth of green brocade, and side altars hung with white brocade embroidered with gold. On the low altar incense ascends

between vases of white flowers, and a dreamy sensuousness pervades the whole building. Four priests in chasubles of black silk gauze, over pure white cassocks, with green brocade squares of a large size hanging behind them by a shoulder-strap of green silk, kneel with their backs to the people, and in front of them eight more similarly dressed, except that the brocade squares which hang behind them are alternately green and brown, and embroidered in silver. Before each is a low, lacquer desk for the service-books, and the sweet-toned bells which accompany service. Two more priests kneel at the sides of the altar. A bell sounds, fourteen shaven heads are bowed three times to the earth, more lamps are lighted; a bell sounds again, and then litanies are chanted monotonously, with bells tinkling, and the people responding at intervals, in a tongue to them unknown, *Namu Amida Butsu.* After an hour the priests glide away in procession, and one of those who have hitherto been kneeling at the altar mounts a square pulpit just within the rail which separates them from the people, sits down, not in Japanese fashion, but cross-legged, after the manner of the founder of his faith, and preaches for an hour with much energy.

Would you like to know how very diverting a sermon in Japan can be made? The following is a fragment of a translation of one of considerable length, which I have just come upon in the *Japan Mail* for June 1875. The sermon, as is proper, takes a text, which is to be found in the Chinese Classics —

> "That which is evil, be it but small, do not:
> That which is good, be it but small, fail not to do."

The echoes of a thousand pulpits are in the opening sentences: "These words, my good friends, are found

in the section called *Kagen of the Shogaku*, which is so well known to all of you. They are indeed blessed words, and well suited to be our text this evening. These words are short, but they contain an invaluable lesson." Two or three pages of thoroughly valuable and condensed moral teaching follow. Sounder ethics on this subject could not be found, and the terse maxims are illustrated by anecdotes and comparisons level to the capacity of boor or child. I grieve that I must not copy the whole, as it would make this letter too long. The sermon concludes with an imaginary dialogue, which I can well believe would arrest the attention of the largest congregation ever gathered under one roof in Japan.

"What says the song?

> "'Self-restraint our daily words,
> Howe'er so short, should guard
> From morn to eve.'

"A misfortune may have its origin in a word. Take, as an example, the way a husband calls to his wife. Should he summon her with a pleasant 'Here, good wife,' she will reply with a soft '*Ai, ai.*' Now take the reverse of that.

Husband. "'What are you pottering at there? Just stir about, will you? These short days too!'

Wife. "'I know the days are short, and that's just it. If any one comes to the door I've got to answer, and the washing to look after besides. I haven't got five or six hands to do all that, have I?'

Husband. "'Are you going to give your husband any of your ill chat?'

Wife. "'Well, what are you doing hugging that fire box all day, instead of lending me a hand now and then?'

Husband. "'What's that now? Look here, I'm not an ox, I'll have you know. You're not going to put a rope through my snout, and lug me all over the place. You don't do that with human beings;' and so they go on, he a fine strapping young fellow, and she a sweet-looking young girl, a rival to Benten-Sama in very beauty, by turns now red, now green, with passion.

Husband. "'It would be but a small matter though one killed a useless hussey like you outright.'

Wife. "'Oh, just please kill me now — do kill me. You didn't pick me off a dunghill though for all that. I've got a good stout father and elder brother to take care of me. See there, just you kill me now!'

Husband. "'Oh! I'll soon do that.'

"Such a hubbub!

"They are not the great things of life which call for our watchful care; they are the small affairs, the so-called trifling matters, the 'Yeas' and 'Noes,' the questions and answers in our daily home life. Peace in a household is like the joyous music in the dancing cars of the gods in the region of heaven."

So ends the sermon, and I feel that from Solomon's day downwards there is a monotonous resemblance among men, that "as in water face answereth to face, so answereth the heart of man to man." I. L. B.

HAKODATÉ.

Ito's Delinquency — "Missionary Manners" — A Predicted Failure — A Japanese Doctor — The Hakodaté Hospital — The Prison — Prison Amenities — Chrysanthemum Culture — The *Bon* Festival — A Holiday-making Crowd.

HAKODATÉ, YEZO.

I AM enjoying Hakodaté so much that, though my tour is all planned and my arrangements are made, I linger on from day to day. There has been an unpleasant *éclaircissement* about Ito. You will remember that I engaged him without a character, and that he told both Lady Parkes and me that after I had done so his former master, Mr. Maries, asked him to go back to him, to which he had replied that he had "a contract with a lady." Mr. Maries is here, and I now find that he had a contract with Ito, by which Ito bound himself to serve him as long as he required him, for $7 a month, but that hearing that I offered $12, he ran away from him and entered my service with a lie! Mr. Maries has been put to the greatest inconvenience by his defection, and has been hindered greatly in completing his botanical collection, for Ito is very clever, and he had not only trained him to dry plants successfully, but he could trust him to go away for two or three days and collect seeds. I am very sorry about it. He says that Ito was a bad boy when he came to him, but he thinks that he cured him of some of his faults, and that he has served me faithfully. I have seen Mr. Maries at the Consul's, and have arranged that after my Yezo tour is over Ito

shall be returned to his rightful master, who will take him to China and Formosa for a year and a half, and who, I think, will look after his well-being in every way. Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn, who are here, heard a bad account of the boy after I began my travels, and were uneasy about me, but except for this original lie, I have no fault to find with him, and his Shintô creed has not taught him any better. When I paid him his wages this morning he asked me if I had any fault to find, and I told him of my objection to his manners, which he took in very good part, and promised to amend them; "but," he added, "mine are just missionary manners!"

Yesterday I dined at the Consulate, to meet Count Diesbach, of the French Legation, Mr. Von Siebold, of the Austrian Legation, and Lieutenant Kreitner, of the Austrian army, who start to-morrow on an exploring expedition in the interior, intending to cross the sources of the rivers which fall into the sea on the southern coast, and measure the heights of some of the mountains. They are "well found" in food and claret, but take such a number of pack-ponies with them that I predict that they will fail, and that I, who have reduced my luggage to 45 lbs., will succeed!

After dinner the Consul took me to the hospital, where we were received by Dr. Fucasi, who is not only at the head of the hospital and its medical and student staff, but in the lack of a European doctor has won the confidence of the whole European community. He is a very bright, keen-eyed man, and very enthusiastic in his profession. He wears a European white linen suit, but does not speak English.

The hospital consists of three well-ventilated European buildings, one of which is for sailors. It may literally be said that it has 120 "beds," for Dr. Eldridge, who organised it, and left it in a very efficient condi-

tion, introduced bedsteads, much to the advantage of the patients. Foreigners, mainly sailors, pay 50 *sen*, or about 1s. 8d. a day, natives 20 *sen*, and absolutely destitute persons are received gratuitously. There are six Japanese doctors on duty at this hospital, which is, besides, a school of medicine, in which instruction is given by daily lectures and clinical demonstrations. It is very clean and cheerful, and the patients looked quite as comfortable as hospital patients in England. Each bed has a shelf for the patient's use, and a tablet on which the hours for taking medicine are inscribed. Dr. Fucasi uses the antiseptic treatment, under which he considers that cures are more rapid and that pain is mitigated. There were a great number of surgical cases, and three men had actually consented to part with their legs! Dr. Fucasi showed one case with great pride, in which a man whose leg was only amputated twenty-five days ago was ready to be dismissed, and was walking about on his crutches. There were several *kak'ké* patients, and a number of severe cases of eye disease, arising from neglected ophthalmia. The number of out-patients who pay for medicines only, averages 160 daily, and is always on the increase, though there are four other hospitals in Yezo, and every village of any size has its dispensary and Japanese doctor. These evidences (and they are only a few among many) of enlightenment and progress in this remote part of the empire are not only interesting but surprising, considering that it is less than seven years since Iwakura and his mission went to Europe and America to investigate western civilisation with the view of transplanting its best results to Japanese soil.

It is quite a natural transition to the prison, which I visited afterwards with Mr. and Mrs. Eusden. It is a pleasant prison, standing in extensive gardens at some

distance from the town, perhaps too pleasant! I made this remark to the chief of police, and the manager who received us, and the former replied laughingly, that some of the criminals seemed very fond of coming back.[1] There are several separate buildings, including well-ventilated dormitories, workrooms, refectories, and a cell something like a bear cage, for the detention of refractory criminals. 170 prisoners are undergoing sentence, 10 are there for murder, and 19 of the number are sentenced to penal servitude for life. Only 4 are women. The whole are under the charge of 17 warders. Considerable liberty is allowed. Hard labour consists in working on the road and dragging man-carts; light, in tilling the garden, and in employment at the workshops.

They have a tannery, and make cabinet-work, candles of vegetable wax, soap, alcohol, and scents, besides which they do engraving and block-printing. A man is usually allowed to follow his own trade, but if, being a peasant, he has not one, he is taught one in the prison. There are never more than eight employed in the same room, but to my surprise they are allowed to talk. There were only two that I should pick out as low, criminal faces among the number; most of them looked like pleasant, intelligent artisans, and only 7 per cent are unable to read and write. They wear red *kimonos*, but are free from any physical restraints, and, except the refractory cage, there is nothing of the nature of a cell. They are known by numerals only to the warders and each other. Photographs are taken and preserved of all who are sentenced for more than 100 days. They

[1] Since I visited the prison of the Naamhoi Magistrate, the great prison of Canton, where unmitigated barbarism and cruelty, the outgrowth of unmitigated rapacity, still regulate the treatment of criminals, I have felt inclined to condone what appeared to me, at the time, the exaggerated leniency of the Hakodaté system.

receive fair wages for their work as piece-work, the cost of their keep is deducted, and the accumulated surplus is handed to them at the expiry of the sentence, and often amounts to a sum sufficient to set them up in business. Great care is taken to conceal the identity of the prisoners. Not thinking it possible that any of them could hear me, I asked through the Consul's interpreter, for what crime a superior-looking man was there, and the chief of police begged me to postpone the question till we were out of hearing of the man's comrades. There is a flower garden attached to the prison, in which the convicts take great delight. At present some of them are cultivating chrysanthemums. Bad eggs or dead birds are buried at the roots, and each plant is allowed to bear but one blossom.

It seems to me that the only telling features of punishment in this prison are the withdrawal from family life and the withholding of liberty to move about. It is humane to a fault, and the prisoners look really happy. Whether this mild system produces reformatory results, I cannot ascertain.

At night we went to the *Bon* festival. This is one of the great festivals of Japan, the "feast of lanterns." It was introduced from China in the eighth century, and its original object undoubtedly was to procure the release of departed spirits from the Buddhist purgatory. Offerings of food are still made at the tombs, but the chief features of the festival are a general holiday, abundance of *saké*, thousands of lanterns, and a general resemblance to a fair.

We went out about nine, and found the greater part of the population of Hakodaté assembled either in the great cemetery or on the roads leading to it, which were turned into avenues of coloured lanterns, with pyramids, festoons, and arches of lanterns, and transparen

cies of all forms and colours, and lines of illuminated booths bright with toys, sweetmeats, and knick-knacks. Thousands of people, cheerful, orderly, and courteous, thronged the roads till it was only possible to get on a few yards at a time; children with gay dresses and fantastically-arranged hair were making purchases at all the stalls; drums, bells, gongs, stringed instruments, kept up din and discord; the burial-ground was one glorious illumination in undulating lines of light; the pale junks on the silver sea hung out coloured lanterns; it was all beautiful and wonderful. In a small Buddhist temple with a Shintô mirror, a richly-dressed priest knelt in front of an illuminated altar, in the midst of the soft light of countless lanterns, repeating endless litanies to the accompaniment of a monster drum, and a bronze bowl with a bell-like sound, which he struck incessantly and alternately with two sticks, while an amused crowd watched him without reverence from the outside. At the entrance of the cemetery there were fifteen wooden posts, each inscribed with the name of a god. In every post there was a wheel, and each turn of the wheel is equivalent to a prayer to the god. Some people turned the whole fifteen carelessly as they passed. In the same place there was a temporary shrine, which was the chief centre of attraction. It appeared to be full of decorated images, and was ablaze with light, and two great pyramids of lanterns were opposite to it. It and the flight of steps leading to it were one swaying, struggling, mass of people, and though some obliging officials made an attempt to make way for us, we were forced backwards down the stairs, and as there was more than a mere fanciful risk of being hurt, we were obliged reluctantly to give it up, and return home through the crowded fairy scene, and through streets with lanterns hanging from every house

I hope to start on my long-projected tour to-morrow; I have planned it for myself with the confidence of an experienced traveller, and look forward to it with great pleasure, as a visit to the aborigines is sure to be full of novel and interesting experiences. Good-bye for a long time.

I. L. B.

A CHANGE OF SCENERY.

A Lovely Sunset — An Official Letter — A "Front Horse" — Japanese Courtesy — Sedentary Amusements — The Steam Ferry — Coolies Abscond — A Team of Savages — A Drive of Horses — Floral Beauties — An Unbeaten Track — A Ghostly Dwelling — Solitude and Eeriness.

GINSAINOMA, YEZO, *August* 17.

I AM once again in the wilds! I am sitting outside an upper room built out almost over a lonely lake, with wooded points purpling, and still shadows deepening in the sinking sun. A number of men are dragging down the nearest hill-side the carcass of a bear which they have just despatched with spears. There is no village, and the busy clatter of the *cicada* and the rustle of the forest are the only sounds which float on the still evening air. The sunset colours are pink and green; on the tinted water lie the waxen cups of great water-lilies, and above the wooded heights the pointed, craggy, and altogether naked summit of the volcano of Komono-taki flushes red in the sunset. Not the least of the charms of the evening is that I am absolutely alone, having ridden the eighteen miles from Hakodaté without Ito or an attendant of any kind; have unsaddled my own horse, and by means of much politeness and a dexterous use of Japanese substantives

[1] I venture to present this journal letter, with a few omissions, just as it was written, trusting that the interest which attaches to aboriginal races and little-visited regions will carry my readers through the minuteness and multiplicity of its details.

have secured a good room and supper of rice, eggs, and black beans for myself, and a mash of beans for my horse, which, as it belongs to the *Kaitakushi*, and has the dignity of iron shoes, is entitled to special consideration!

I am not yet off the "beaten track," but my spirits are rising with the fine weather, the drier atmosphere, and the freedom of Yezo. Yezo is to the main island of Japan what Tipperary is to an Englishman, Barra to a Scotchman, "away down in Texas" to a New Yorker — in the rough, little known and thinly-peopled; and people can locate all sorts of improbable stories here without much fear of being found out, of which the Ainos and the misdeeds of the ponies furnish the staple, and the queer doings of men and dogs, and adventures with bears, wolves, and salmon, the embroidery. Nobody comes here without meeting with something queer, and one or two tumbles either with or from his horse. Very little is known of the interior except that it is covered with forest matted together by lianas, and with an undergrowth of scrub bamboo impenetrable except to the axe, varied by swamps equally impassable, which gives rise to hundreds of rivers well stocked with fish. The glare of volcanoes is seen in different parts of the island. The forests are the hunting-grounds of the Ainos, who are complete savages in everything but their disposition, which is said to be so gentle and harmless that I may go among them with perfect safety.

Kindly interest has been excited by the first foray made by a lady into the country of the aborigines; and Mr. Eusden, the Consul, has worked upon the powers that be with such good effect that the Governor has granted me a *shomon*, a sort of official letter or certificate, giving me a right to obtain horses and coolies

everywhere at the Government rate of 6 *sen* a *ri*, with a prior claim to accommodation at the houses kept up for officials on their circuits, and to help and assistance from officials generally; and the Governor has further telegraphed to the other side of Volcano Bay desiring the authorities to give me the use of the Government *kuruma* as long as I need it, and to detain the steamer to suit my convenience! With this document, which enables me to dispense with my passport, I shall find travelling very easy, and I am very grateful to the Consul for procuring it for me.

Here, where rice and tea have to be imported, there is a uniform charge at the *yadoyas* of 30 *sen* a day, which includes three meals, whether you eat them or not. Horses are abundant, but are small, and are not up to heavy weights. They are entirely unshod, and though their hoofs are very shallow and grow into turned-up points and other singular shapes, they go over rough ground with facility at a scrambling run of over four miles an hour, following a leader called a "front horse." If you don't get a "front horse" and try to ride in front, you find that your horse will not stir till he has another before him; and then you are perfectly helpless, as he follows the movements of his leader without any reference to your wishes. There are no *mago;* a man rides the "front horse," and goes at whatever pace you please, or if you get a "front horse" you may go without any one. Horses are cheap and abundant. They drive a number of them down from the hills every morning into *corrals* in the villages, and keep them there till they are wanted. Because they are so cheap they are very badly used. I have not seen one yet without a sore back, produced by the harsh pack-saddle rubbing up and down the spine, as the loaded animals are driven at a run. They are mostly very poor-looking.

As there was some difficulty about getting a horse for me, the Consul sent one of the *Kaitakushi* saddle-horses, a handsome, lazy animal, which I rarely succeeded in stimulating into a heavy gallop. Leaving Ito to follow with the baggage, I enjoyed my solitary ride and the possibility of choosing my own pace very much, though the choice was only between a slow walk and the lumbering gallop aforesaid.

I met strings of horses loaded with deer-hides, and overtook other strings loaded with *saké* and manufactured goods, and in each case had a fight with my sociably inclined animal. In two villages I was interested to see that the small shops contained lucifer matches, cotton umbrellas, boots, brushes, clocks, slates, and pencils, engravings in frames, kerosene lamps,[1] and red and green blankets, all but the last, which are unmistakable British "shoddy," being Japanese imitations of foreign manufactured goods, more or less cleverly executed. The road goes up-hill for fifteen miles, and after passing Nanai, a trim Europeanised village in the midst of fine crops, one of the places at which the Government is making acclimatisation and other agricultural experiments, it fairly enters the mountains, and from the top of a steep hill there is a glorious view of Hakodaté Head, looking like an island in the deep blue sea, and from the top of a higher hill, looking northward, a magnificent view of the volcano with its bare, pink summit rising above three lovely lakes densely wooded. These are the flushed scaurs and outbreaks of bare rock for which I sighed amidst the smothering

[1] The use of kerosene in matted wooden houses is a new cause of conflagrations. It is not possible to say how it originated, but just before Christmas 187? a fire broke out in Hakodaté, which in a few hours destroyed 20 streets, 2500 houses, the British Consulate, several public buildings, the new native Christian Church, and the Church Mission House, leaving 11,000 people homeless.

greenery of the main island, and the silver gleam of the lakes takes away the blindness from the face of nature. It was delicious to descend to the water's edge in the dewy silence amidst balsamic odours, to find not a clattering grey village with its monotony, but a single, irregularly-built house, with lovely surroundings.

It is a most displeasing road for most of the way; sides with deep corrugations, and in the middle a high causeway of earth, whose height is being added to by hundreds of creels of earth brought on ponies' backs. It is supposed that carriages and waggons will use this causeway, but a shying horse or a bad driver would overturn them. As it is at present, the road is only passable for pack-horses, owing to the number of broken bridges. I passed strings of horses laden with *saké* going into the interior. The people of Yezo drink freely, and the poor Ainos outrageously. On the road I dismounted to rest myself by walking up hill, and the saddle being loosely girthed, the gear behind it dragged it round and under the body of the horse, and it was too heavy for me to lift on his back again. When I had led him for some time two Japanese with a string of pack-horses loaded with deer-hides met me, and not only put the saddle on again, but held the stirrup while I remounted, and bowed politely when I went away. Who could help liking such a courteous and kindly people?

MORI, VOLCANO BAY, *Monday.*

Even Ginsainoma was not Paradise after dark, and I was actually driven to bed early by the number of mosquitoes. Ito is in an excellent humour on this tour. Like me, he likes the freedom of the *Hokkaidô*. He is much more polite and agreeable also, and very proud of the Governor's *shomon*, with which he swag-

gers into hotels and Transport Offices. I never get on so well as when he arranges for me. Saturday was grey and lifeless, and the ride of seven miles here along a sandy road through monotonous forest and swamp, with the volcano on one side and low wooded hills on the other, was wearisome and fatiguing. I saw five large snakes all in a heap, and a number more twisting through the grass. There are no villages, but several very poor tea-houses, and on the other side of the road long sheds with troughs hollowed like canoes out of the trunks of trees, containing horse food. Here nobody walks, and the men ride at a quick run, sitting on the tops of their pack-saddles with their legs crossed above their horses' necks, and wearing large hats like coal-scuttle bonnets. The horses are infested with ticks, hundreds upon one animal sometimes, and occasionally they become so mad from the irritation that they throw themselves suddenly on the ground, and roll over load and rider. I saw this done twice. The ticks often transfer themselves to the riders.

Mori is a large, ramshackle village, near the southern point of Volcano Bay, a wild, dreary-looking place on a sandy shore, with a number of *jôrôyas* and disreputable characters. Several of the *yadoyas* are not respectable, but I rather like this one, and it has a very fine view of the volcano, which forms one point of the bay. Mori has no anchorage, though it has an unfinished pier 345 feet long. The steam ferry across the mouth of the bay is here, and there is a very difficult bridle-track running for nearly 100 miles round the bay besides, and a road into the interior. But it is a forlorn, decayed place. Last night the inn was very noisy, as some travellers in the next room to mine hired *geishas*, who played, sang, and danced till two in the morning, and the whole party imbibed *saké* freely. In this compara-

tively northern latitude the summer is already waning. The seeds of the blossoms which were in their glory when I arrived are ripe, and here and there a tinge of yellow on a hill-side, or a scarlet spray of maple, heralds the glories and the coolness of autumn.

The travellers in the next room played all day at a game which I have seen literally everywhere in Japan, wherever men have time to kill. This great resource is called *gô*, and is played with 180 white discs cut from a species of cockle shell, and 181 black ones, made from a black pebble. The board is divided into 361 squares, and the game consists in enclosing a certain space, and preventing the opponent from doing the same. The table on which the board is set, called the *gô-ban*, has a square hollow beneath it, to which a terrible legend attaches, namely, that according to the ancient laws of the game, if a third person interfered or offered his advice to either player his head might be chopped off and placed in the hollow, which would collect the blood which dripped from it! Hence its ghastly name, which means "the blood-collector!" These men played at *gô* from seven in the morning till eleven at night. I have seen *shogi* or Japanese chess played, but not so universally as *gô*.

YUBETS, YEZO.

A loud yell of "steamer," coupled with the information that "she could not wait one minute," broke in upon *gô* and everything else, and in a broiling sun we hurried down to the pier, and with a heap of Japanese, who filled two *scows*, were put on board a steamer not bigger than a large, decked steam launch, where the natives were all packed into a covered hole, and I was conducted with much ceremony to the forecastle, a place at the bow 5 feet square, full of coils of rope,

shut in, and left to solitude and dignity, and the stare of eight eyes, which perseveringly glowered through the windows! The steamer had been kept waiting for me on the other side for two days, to the infinite disgust of two foreigners, who wished to return to Hakodaté, and to mine.

It was a splendid day, with foam crests on the wonderfully blue water, and the red ashes of the volcano, which forms the south point of the bay, glowed in the sunlight. This wretched steamer, whose boilers are so often "sick" that she can never be relied upon, is the only means of reaching the new capital without taking a most difficult and circuitous route. To continue the pier and put a capable, good steamer on the ferry would be a useful expenditure of money. The breeze was strong and in our favour, but even with this it took us six weary hours to steam twenty-five miles, and it was eight at night before we reached the beautiful and almost land-locked bay of Mororan, with steep, wooded sides, and deep water close to the shore, deep enough for the foreign ships of war which occasionally anchor there, much to the detriment of the town. We got off in over-crowded *sampans*, and several people fell into the water, much to their own amusement. The servants from the different *yadoyas* go down to the jetty to "tout" for guests with large paper lanterns, and the effect of these, one above another, waving and undulating, with their soft coloured light, was as bewitching as the reflection of the stars in the motionless water. Mororan is a small town very picturesquely situated on the steep shore of a most lovely bay, with another height, richly wooded, above it, with shrines approached by flights of stone stairs, and behind this hill there is the first Aino village along this coast.

The long, irregular street is slightly picturesque, but

I was impressed both with the unusual sight of loafers, and with the dissolute look of the place, arising from the number of *jôrôyas*, and from the number of *yadoyas* that are also haunts of the vicious. I could only get a very small room in a very poor and dirty inn, but there were no mosquitoes, and I got a good meal of fish. On sending to order horses I found that everything was arranged for my journey. The Governor sent his card early, to know if there were anything I should like to see or do, but as the morning was grey and threatening, I wished to push on, and at 9.30 I was in the *kuruma* at the inn door. I call it *the kuruma* because it is the only one, and is kept by the Government for the conveyance of hospital patients. I sat there uncomfortably and patiently for half an hour, my only amusement being the flirtations of Ito with a very pretty girl. Loiterers assembled, but no one came to draw the vehicle, and by degrees the dismal truth leaked out, that the three coolies who had been impressed for the occasion had all absconded, and that four policemen were in search of them. I walked on in a dawdling way up the steep hill which leads from the town, met Mr. Akboshi, a pleasant young Japanese surveyor, who spoke English, and stigmatised Mororan as "the worst place in Yezo;" and after fuming for two hours at the waste of time, was overtaken by Ito with the horses, in a boiling rage. "They're the worst and wickedest coolies in all Japan," he stammered; "two more ran away, and now three are coming, and have got paid for four, and the first three who ran away got paid, and the Express man's so ashamed for a foreigner, and the Governor's in a furious rage."

Except for the loss of time, it made no difference to me, but when the *kuruma* did come up the runners were three such ruffianly-looking men, and were dressed so

wildly in bark cloth, that, in sending Ito on twelve miles to secure relays, I sent my money along with him. These men, though there were three instead of two, never went out of a walk, and, as if on purpose, took the vehicle over every stone, and into every rut, and kept up a savage chorus of "*haes-ha*, *haes-hora*," the whole time, as if they were pulling stone-carts. There are really no runners out of Hakodaté, and the men don't know how to pull, and hate doing it.

Mororan Bay is truly beautiful from the top of the ascent. The coast scenery of Japan generally is the loveliest I have ever seen, except that of a portion of windward Hawaii, and this yields in beauty to none. The irregular grey town, with a grey temple on the height above, straggles round the little bay on a steep, wooded terrace; hills, densely wooded, and with a perfect entanglement of large-leaved trailers, descend abruptly to the water's edge; the festoons of the vines are mirrored in the still waters; and above the dark forest, and beyond the gleaming sea, rises the red, peaked top of the volcano. Then the road dips abruptly to sandy swellings, rising into bold headlands here and there; and for the first time I saw the surge of 5000 miles of unbroken ocean break upon the shore. Glimpses of the Pacific, an uncultivated, swampy level quite uninhabited, and distant hills mainly covered with forest, made up the landscape till I reached Horobets, a mixed Japanese and Aino village built upon the sand near the sea.

In these mixed villages the Ainos are compelled to live at a respectful distance from the Japanese, and frequently outnumber them, as at Horobets, where there are forty-seven Aino and only eighteen Japanese houses. The Aino village looks larger than it really is, because nearly every house has a *kura*, raised six feet from the

ground by wooden stilts. When I am better acquainted with the houses I shall describe them; at present I will only say that they do not resemble the Japanese houses so much as the Polynesian, as they are made of reeds very neatly tied upon a wooden framework. They have small windows, and roofs of a very great height, and steep pitch, with the thatch in a series of very neat frills, and the ridge poles covered with reeds, and ornamented. The coast Ainos are nearly all engaged in fishing, but at this season the men hunt deer in the forests. On this coast there are several names com

AINO STORE-HOUSE AT HOROBETS.

pounded with *bets* or *pets*, the Aino for a river, such as Horobets, Yubets, Mombets, etc.

I found that Ito had been engaged for a whole hour in a violent altercation, which was caused by the Transport Agent refusing to supply runners for the *kuruma*, saying that no one in Horobets would draw one, but on my producing the *shomon* I was at once started on my journey of sixteen miles with three Japanese lads, Ito riding on to Shiraôi to get my room ready. I think that the Transport Offices in Yezo are in Government hands. In a few minutes three Ainos

ran out of a house, took the *kuruma*, and went the whole stage without stopping. They took a boy and three saddled horses along with them to bring them back, and rode and hauled alternately, two youths always attached to the shafts, and a man pushing behind. They were very kind, and so courteous, after a new fashion, that I quite forgot that I was alone among savages. The lads were young and beardless,

AINO LODGES (*From a Japanese Sketch*).

their lips were thick, and their mouths very wide, and I thought that they approached more nearly to the Eskimo type than to any other. They had masses of soft black hair falling on each side of their faces. The adult man was not a pure Aino. His dark hair was not very thick, and both it and his beard had an occasional auburn gleam. I think I never saw a face more completely beautiful in features and expression, with

a lofty, sad, far-off, gentle, intellectual look, rather that of Sir Noël Paton's "Christ" than of a savage His manner was most graceful, and he spoke both Aino and Japanese in the low musical tone which I find is a characteristic of Aino speech. These Ainos never took off their clothes, but merely let them fall from one or both shoulders when it was very warm.

The road from Horobets to Shiraôi is very solitary, with not more than four or five houses the whole way. It is broad and straight, except when it ascends hills, or turns inland to cross rivers, and is carried across a broad swampy level, covered with tall wild flowers, which extends from the high beach thrown up by the sea for two miles inland, where there is a lofty wall of wooded rock, and beyond this the forest-covered mountains of the interior. On the top of the raised beach there were Aino hamlets, and occasionally a nearly overpowering stench came across the level from the sheds and apparatus used for extracting fish-oil. I enjoyed the afternoon thoroughly. It is so good to have got beyond the confines of stereotyped civilisation, and the trammels of Japanese travelling, to the solitude of nature, and an atmosphere of freedom. It was grey, with a hard, dark line of ocean horizon, and over the weedy level the grey road, with grey telegraph poles along it, stretched wearisomely like a grey thread. The breeze came up from the sea, rustled the reeds, and waved the tall plumes of the *Eulalia Japonica*, and the thunder of the Pacific surges boomed through the air with its grand, deep bass. Poetry and music pervaded the solitude, and my spirit was rested.

Going up and then down a steep, wooded hill, the road appeared to return to its original state of brushwood, and the men stopped at the broken edge of a declivity which led down to a shingle bank and a foam-

crested river of clear, blue-green water, strongly impregnated with sulphur from some medicinal springs above, with a steep bank of tangle on the opposite side. This beautiful stream was crossed by two round poles, a foot apart, on which I attempted to walk, with the help of an Aino hand; but the poles were very unsteady, and I doubt whether any one, even with a strong head, could walk on them in boots. Then the beautiful Aino signed to me to come back and mount on his shoulders; but when he had got a few feet out the poles swayed and trembled so much, that he was obliged to retrace his way cautiously, during which process I endured miseries from dizziness and fear; after which he carried me through the rushing water, which was up to his shoulders, and through a bit of swampy jungle, and up a steep bank, to the great fatigue both of body and mind, hardly mitigated by the enjoyment of the ludicrous in riding a savage through these Yezo waters. They dexterously carried the *kuruma* through, on the shoulders of four, and showed extreme anxiety that neither it nor I should get wet. After this we crossed two deep, still rivers, in scows, and far above the grey level and the grey sea, the sun was setting in gold and vermilion-streaked green behind a glorified mountain of great height, at whose feet the forest-covered hills lay in purple gloom. At dark we reached Shiraôi, a village of eleven Japanese houses, with a village of fifty-one Aino houses, near the sea. There is a large *yadoya* of the old style there; but I found that Ito had chosen a very pretty new one, with four stalls open to the road, in the centre one of which I found him, with the welcome news that a steak of fresh salmon was broiling on the coals; and as the room was clean and sweet, and I was very hungry, I enjoyed my meal by the light of a rush in a saucer of fish-oil as much as any part of the day.

SARUFUTO.

The night was too cold for sleep, and at daybreak, hearing a great din, I looked out, and saw a drove of fully a hundred horses all galloping down the road, with two Ainos on horseback, and a number of big dogs after them. Hundreds of horses run nearly wild on the hills, and the Ainos, getting a large drove together, skilfully head them for the entrance into the *corral*, in which a selection of them is made for the day's needs, and the remainder — that is, those with the deepest sores on their backs — are turned loose. This dull rattle of shoeless feet is the first sound in the morning in these Yezo villages. I sent Ito on early, and followed at nine with three Ainos. The road is perfectly level for thirteen miles, through gravel flats and swamps, very monotonous, but with a wild charm of its own. There were swampy lakes, with wild ducks and small white water-lilies, and the surrounding levels were covered with reedy grass, flowers, and weeds. The early autumn has withered a great many of the flowers; but enough remains to show how beautiful the now russet plains must have been in the early summer. A dwarf rose, of a deep crimson colour, with orange, medlar-shaped hips, as large as crabs, and corollas three inches across, is one of the features of Yezo; and besides, there is a large rose-red convolvulus, a blue campanula, with tiers of bells, a blue monkshood the *Aconitum Japonicum*, the flaunting *Calystegia soldanella*, purple asters, grass of Parnassus, yellow lilies, and a remarkable trailer, whose delicate leafage looked quite out of place among its coarse surroundings, with a purplish-brown campanulate blossom, only remarkable for a peculiar arrangement of the pistil, green stamens, and a most offensive carrion-like odour, which is probably to attract to it a

very objectionable-looking fly, for purposes of fertilisation.

We overtook four Aino women, young and comely, with bare feet, striding firmly along; and after a good deal of laughing with the men, they took hold of the *kuruma*, and the whole seven raced with it at full speed for half a mile, shrieking with laughter. Soon after we came upon a little tea-house, and the Ainos showed me a straw package, and pointed to their open mouths, by which I understood that they wished to stop and eat. Later we overtook four Japanese on horseback, and the Ainos raced with them for a considerable distance — the result of these spurts being that I reached Tomakomai at noon, a wide, dreary place, with houses roofed with sod, bearing luxuriant crops of weeds. Near this place is the volcano of Tarumai, a calm-looking grey cone, whose skirts are draped by tens of thousands of dead trees. So calm and grey had it looked for many a year, that people supposed it had passed into endless rest, when quite lately, on a sultry day, it blew off its cap, and covered the whole country for many a mile with cinders and ashes, burning up the forest on its sides, adding a new covering to the Tomakomai roofs, and depositing fine ash as far as Cape Erimo, fifty miles off.

At this place the road and telegraph wires turn inland to Satsuporo, and a track for horses only turns to the north-east, and straggles round the island for about seven hundred miles. From Mororan to Sarufuto there are everywhere traces of new and old volcanic action, pumice, tufas, conglomerates, and occasional beds of hard basalt, all covered with recent pumice, which, from Shiraôi eastward, conceals everything. At Tomakomai we took horses, and, as I brought my own saddle, I have had the nearest approach to real riding that

I have enjoyed in Japan. The wife of a Satsuporo doctor was there, who was travelling for two hundred miles astride on a pack-saddle, with rope-loops for stirrups. She rode well, and vaulted into my saddle with circus-like dexterity, and performed many equestrian feats upon it, telling me that she should be quite happy if she were possessed of it.

I was happy when I left the "beaten track" to Satsuporo, and saw before me, stretching for I know not how far, rolling, sandy *machirs* like those of the Outer Hebrides, desert-like and lonely, covered almost altogether with dwarf roses and campanulas, a prairie land on which you can make any tracks you please. Sending the others on, I followed them at the Yezo *scramble*, and soon ventured on a long gallop, and revelled in the music of the thud of shoeless feet over the elastic soil, but I had not realised the peculiarities of Yezo steeds, and had forgotten to ask whether mine was a "front horse," and just as we were going at full speed we came nearly up with the others, and my horse coming abruptly to a full stop, I went six feet over his head among the rose-bushes. Ito looking back saw me tightening the saddle-girths, and I never divulged this escapade.

After riding eight miles along this breezy belt, with the sea on one side and forests on the other, we came upon Yubets, a place which has fascinated me so much that I intend to return to it, but I must confess that its fascinations depend rather upon what it has not than upon what it has, and Ito says that it would kill him to spend even two days there. It looks like the end of all things, as if loneliness and desolation could go no farther. A sandy stretch on three sides, a river arrested in its progress to the sea, and compelled to wander tediously in search of an outlet by the height and mass of

the beach thrown up by the Pacific, a distant forest-belt rising into featureless, wooded ranges in shades of indigo and grey, and a never-absent consciousness of a vast ocean just out of sight, are the environments of two high look-outs, some sheds for fish-oil purposes, four or five Japanese houses, four Aino huts on the top of the beach across the river, and a grey barrack, consisting of a polished passage eighty feet long, with small rooms on either side, at one end a gravelled yard, with two quiet rooms opening upon it, and at the other an immense *daidokoro*, with dark recesses and blackened rafters, a haunted-looking abode. One would suppose that there had been a special object in setting the houses down at weary distances from each other. Few as they are, they are not all inhabited at this season, and all that can be seen is grey sand, sparse grass, and a few savages creeping about.

Nothing that I have seen has made such an impression upon me as that ghostly, ghastly fishing-station. In the long grey wall of the long grey barrack there were many dismal windows, and when we hooted for admission a stupid face appeared at one of them and disappeared. Then a grey gateway opened, and we rode into a yard of grey gravel, with some silent rooms opening upon it. The solitude of the thirty or forty rooms which lie between it and the kitchen, and which are now filled with nets and fishing-tackle, was something awful, and as the wind swept along the polished passage, rattling the *fusuma*, and lifting the shingles on the roof, and the rats careered from end to end, I went to the great black *daidokoro* in search of social life, and found a few embers and an *andon*, and nothing else but the stupid-faced man deploring his fate, and two orphan boys whose lot he makes more wretched than his own. In the fishing season this barrack accommodates from 200 to 300 men.

I started to the sea-shore, crossing the dreary river, and found open sheds much blackened, deserted huts of reeds, long sheds with a nearly insufferable odour from caldrons in which oil had been extracted from last year's fish, two or three Aino huts, and two or three grand-looking Ainos, clothed in skins, striding like ghosts over the sandbanks, a number of wolfish dogs, some log canoes or "dug-outs," the bones of a wrecked junk, a quantity of bleached drift-wood, a beach of dark-grey sand, and a tossing expanse of dark-grey ocean under a dull and windy sky. On this part of the coast the Pacific spends its fury, and has raised up at a short distance above high-water mark a sandy sweep of such a height that when you descend its seaward slope you see nothing but the sea and the sky, and a grey, curving shore, covered thick for many a lonely mile with fantastic forms of whitened drift-wood, the shattered wrecks of forest-trees, which are carried down by the innumerable rivers, till, after tossing for weeks and months along with

> "—— wrecks of ships, and drifting
> spars uplifting
> On the desolate, rainy seas:
> Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,
> On the shifting
> Currents of the restless main;"

the "toiling surges" cast them on Yubets beach, and

> "All have found repose again."

A grim repose!

The deep boom of the surf was music, and the strange cries of sea-birds, and the hoarse notes of the audacious black crows, were all harmonious, for nature, when left to herself, never produces discords either in sound or colour.

A MEETING.

The Harmonies of Nature — A Good Horse — A Single Discord — A Forest — Aino Ferrymen — "*Les Puces! Les Puces!*" — Baffled Explorers — Ito's Contempt for Ainos — An Aino Introduction.

SARUFUTO.

No! Nature has no discords. This morning, to the far horizon, diamond-flashing blue water shimmered in perfect peace, outlined by a line of surf which broke lazily on a beach scarcely less snowy than itself. The deep, perfect blue of the sky was only broken by a few radiant white clouds, whose shadows trailed slowly over the plain on whose broad bosom a thousand corollas, in the glory of their brief but passionate life, were drinking in the sunshine, wavy ranges slept in depths of indigo, and higher hills beyond were painted in faint blue on the dreamy sky. Even the few grey houses of Yubets were spiritualised into harmony by a faint blue veil which was not a mist, and the loud croak of the loquacious and impertinent crows had a cheeriness about it, a hearty mockery, which I liked.

Above all, I had a horse so good that he was always trying to run away, and galloped so lightly over the flowery grass that I rode the seventeen miles here with great enjoyment. Truly a good horse, good ground to gallop on, and sunshine, make up the sum of enjoyable travelling. The discord in the general harmony was produced by the sight of the Ainos, a harmless people without the instinct of progress, descending to that vast

tomb of conquered and unknown races which has opened to receive so many before them. A mounted policeman started with us from Yubets, and rode the whole way here, keeping exactly to my pace, but never speaking a word. We forded one broad, deep river, and crossed another, partly by fording and partly in a scow, after which the track left the level, and after passing through reedy grass as high as the horse's ears, went for some miles up and down hill, through woods composed entirely of the *Ailanthus glandulosus*, with leaves much riddled by the mountain silk-worm, and a ferny undergrowth of the familiar *Pteris aquilina*. The deep shade and glancing lights of this open copsewood were very pleasant; and as the horse tripped gaily up and down the little hills, and the sea murmur mingled with the rustle of the breeze, and a glint of white surf sometimes flashed through the greenery, and dragon-flies and butterflies in suits of crimson and black velvet crossed the path continually like "living flashes" of light, I was reminded somewhat, though faintly, of windward Hawaii. We emerged upon an Aino hut and a beautiful placid river, and two Ainos ferried the four people and horses across in a scow, the third wading to guide the boat. They wore no clothing, but only one was hairy. They were superb-looking men, gentle, and extremely courteous, handing me in and out of the boat, and holding the stirrup while I mounted, with much natural grace. On leaving they extended their arms and waved their hands inwards twice, stroking their grand beards afterwards, which is their usual salutation. A short distance over shingle brought us to this Japanese village of sixty-three houses, a colonisation settlement, mainly of *samurai* from the province of Sendai, who are raising very fine crops on the sandy soil. The mountains, twelve miles in the interior, have

a large Aino population,[1] and a few Ainos live near this village and are held in great contempt by its inhabitants My room is on the village street, and as it is too warm to close the *shôji*, the aborigines stand looking in at the lattice hour after hour.

A short time ago Mr. Von Siebold and Count Diesbach galloped up on their return from Biratori, the Aino village to which I am going; and Count D., throwing himself from his horse, rushed up to me with the exclamation, *Les Puces! Les Puces!* They have brought down with them the chief, Benri, a superb but dissipated-looking savage. Mr Von Siebold called on me this evening, and I envied him his fresh, clean clothing as much as he envied me my stretcher and mosquito-net. They have suffered terribly from fleas, mosquitoes, and general discomfort, and are much exhausted; but Mr. Von S. thinks that in spite of all, a visit to the mountain Ainos is worth a long journey. As I expected, they have completely failed in their explorations, and have been deserted by Lieutenant Kreitner. I asked Mr. Von S. to speak to Ito in Japanese about the importance of being kind and courteous to the Ainos whose hospitality I shall receive; and Ito is very indignant at this. "Treat Ainos politely!" he says; "They're just dogs, not men;" and since he has regaled

[1] It is impossible to state with any exactness the Aino population of Yezo. Mr. Enslie, who was H.B.M.'s acting consul at Hakodaté from 1861 to 1863, gives it as 200,000! Foreigners in Yezo during my visit estimated it at 25,000. The Statistical Department of the Japanese Government gave it to me as 12,000, but with a qualification, as stated in the "Notes on Yezo." I am much inclined to think that this may be under the mark by some thousands, as smallpox, which caused a considerable decline in their numbers, has ceased. They are a healthy people, the children are not carried off by infantile diseases; and though there are rarely more than five in a family, they usually live to grow up. I hazard this conjecture as to their larger numbers from the population which I ascertained to exist in eight of their villages.

me with all the scandal concerning them which he has been able to rake together in the village.

We have to take not only food for both Ito and myself, but cooking utensils. I have been introduced to Benri, the chief; and though he does not return for a day or two, he will send a message along with us which will ensure me hospitality. I. L. B.

LIVING WITH THE AINOS.

Savage Life — A Forest Track — Cleanly Villages — A Hospitable Reception — The Chief's Mother — The Evening Meal — A Savage *Séance* — Libations to the Gods — Nocturnal Silence — Aino Courtesy — The Chief's Wife.

AINO HUT, BIRATORI, *August* 23.

I AM in the lonely Aino land, and I think that the most interesting of my travelling experiences has been the living for three days and two nights in an Aino hut,

AINO HOUSES.

and seeing and sharing the daily life of complete savages, who go on with their ordinary occupations just as if I were not among them. I found yesterday a most

fatiguing and over-exciting day, as everything was new and interesting, even the extracting from men who have few if any ideas in common with me, all I could extract concerning their religion and customs, and that through an interpreter. I got up at six this morning to write out my notes, and have been writing for five

AINOS AT HOME (*From a Japanese Sketch*).

hours, and there is shortly the prospect of another savage *séance*. The distractions, as you can imagine, are many. At this moment a savage is taking a cup of *saké* by the fire in the centre of the floor. He salutes me by extending his hands and waving them towards his face, and then dips a rod in the *saké*, and makes six libations to the god — an upright piece of wood with a

fringe of shavings planted in the floor of the room. Then he waves the cup several times towards himself, makes other libations to the fire, and drinks. Ten other men and women are sitting along each side of the fire-hole, the chief's wife is cooking, the men are apathetically contemplating the preparation of their food; and the other women, who are never idle, are splitting the bark of which they make their clothes. I occupy the guest seat — a raised platform at one end of the fire, with the skin of a black bear thrown over it.

I have reserved all I have to say about the Ainos till I had been actually among them, and I hope you will have patience to read to the end. Ito is very greedy and self-indulgent, and whimpered very much about coming to Biratori at all, — one would have thought he was going to the stake. He actually borrowed for himself a sleeping-mat and *futons*, and has brought a chicken, onions, potatoes, French beans, Japanese sauce, tea, rice, a kettle, a stew-pan, and a rice-pan, while I contented myself with a cold fowl and potatoes.

We took three horses and a mounted Aino guide, and found a beaten track the whole way. It turns into the forest at once on leaving Sarufuto, and goes through forest the entire distance, with an abundance of reedy grass higher than my hat on horseback along it, and as it is only twelve inches broad and much overgrown, the horses were constantly pushing through leafage soaking from a night's rain, and I was soon wet up to my shoulders. The forest trees are almost solely the *Ailanthus glandulosus* and the *Zelkowa keaki*, often matted together with a white-flowered trailer of the Hydrangea genus. The undergrowth is simply hideous, consisting mainly of coarse reedy grass, monstrous docks, the large-leaved *Polygonum cuspidatum*, several umbelliferous plants, and a "ragweed," which, like most of its gawky

fellows, grows from five to six feet high. The forest is dark and very silent, threaded by this narrow path, and by others as narrow, made by the hunters in search of game. The "main road" sometimes plunges into deep bogs, at others is roughly corduroyed by the roots of trees, and frequently hangs over the edge of abrupt and much-worn declivities, in going up one of which the baggage-horse rolled down a bank fully thirty feet high, and nearly all the tea was lost. At another the guide's pack-saddle lost its balance, and man, horse, and saddle went over the slope, pots, pans, and packages flying after them. At another time my horse sank up to his chest in a very bad bog, and as he was totally unable to extricate himself, I was obliged to scramble upon his neck and jump to *terra firma* over his ears.

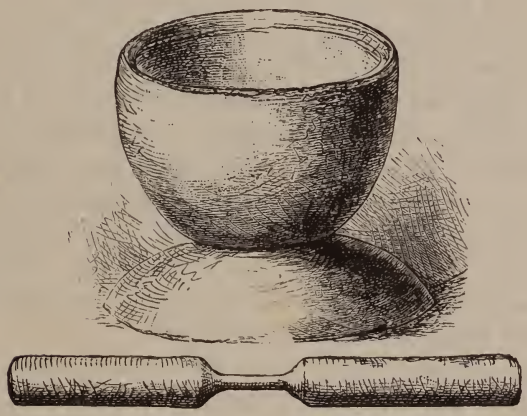
There is something very gloomy in the solitude of this silent land, with its beast-haunted forests, its great patches of pasture, the resort of wild animals which haunt the lower regions in search of food when the snow drives them down from the mountains, and its narrow track, indicating the single file in which the savages of the interior walk with their bare, noiseless feet. Reaching the Sarufutogawa, a river with a treacherous bottom, in which Mr. Von Siebold and his horse came to grief, I hailed an Aino boy, who took me up the stream in a "dug-out," and after that we passed through Biroka, Saruba, and Mina, all purely Aino villages, situated among small patches of millet, tobacco, and pumpkins, so choked with weeds that it was doubtful whether they were crops. I was much surprised with the extreme neatness and cleanliness outside the houses; "model villages" they are in these respects, with no litter lying in sight anywhere, nothing indeed but dog troughs, hollowed out of logs, like "dug-outs," for the numerous yellow dogs, which are a feature of

Aino life. There are neither puddles nor heaps, but the houses, all trim and in good repair, rise clean out of the sandy soil.

Biratori, the largest of the Aino settlements in this region, is very prettily situated among forests and mountains, on rising ground, with a very sinuous river winding at its feet and a wooded height above. A lonelier place could scarcely be found. As we passed among the houses the yellow dogs barked, the women looked shy and smiled, and the men made their graceful salutation. We stopped at the chief's house, where, of course, we were unexpected guests; but Shinondi, his nephew, and two other men came out, saluted us, and with most hospitable intent helped Ito to unload the horses. Indeed their eager hospitality created quite a commotion, one running hither and the other thither in their anxiety to welcome a stranger. It is a large house, the room being 35 by 25, and the roof 20 feet high; but you enter by an ante-chamber, in which are kept the millet-mill and other articles. There is a doorway in this, but the inside is pretty dark, and Shinondi, taking my hand, raised the reed curtain bound with hide, which concealed the entrance into the actual house, and leading me into it, retired a footstep, extended his arms, waved his hands inwards three times, and then stroked his beard several times, after which he indicated by a sweep of his hand and a beautiful smile that the house and all it contained were mine. An aged woman, the chief's mother, who was splitting bark by the fire, waved her hands also. She is the queen-regnant of the house.

Again taking my hand, Shinondi led me to the place of honour at the head of the fire, a rude, movable platform six feet long, by four broad, and a foot high, on which he laid an ornamental mat, apologising for not

having at that moment a bearskin wherewith to cover it. The baggage was speedily brought in by several willing pairs of hands; some reed mats fifteen feet long were laid down upon the very coarse ones which covered the whole floor, and when they saw Ito putting up my stretcher they hung a fine mat along the rough wall to conceal it, and suspended another on the beams of the roof for a canopy. The alacrity and instinctive hospitality with which these men rushed about to make



AINO MILLET-MILL AND PESTLE.

things comfortable were very fascinating, though comfort is a word misapplied in an Aino hut. The women only did what the men told them.

They offered food at once, but I told them that I had brought my own, and would only ask leave to cook it on their fire. I need not have brought any cups, for they have many lacquer bowls, and Shinondi brought me on a lacquer tray a bowl full of water from one of their four wells. They said that Benri, the chief, would wish me to make his house my own for as long as I

cared to stay, and I must excuse them in all things in which their ways were different from my own. Shinondi and four others in the village speak tolerable Japanese, and this of course is the medium of communication. Ito has exerted himself nobly as an interpreter, and has entered into my wishes with a cordiality and intelligence which have been perfectly invaluable; and though he did growl at Mr. Von Siebold's injunctions regarding politeness, he has carried them out to my satisfaction, and even admits that the mountain Ainos are better than he expected; "but," he added, "they have learned their politeness from the Japanese!" They have never seen a foreign woman, and only three foreign men, but there is neither crowding nor staring as among the Japanese, possibly in part from apathy and want of intelligence. For three days they have kept up their graceful and kindly hospitality, going on with their ordinary life and occupations, and though I have lived among them in this room by day and night, there has been nothing which in any way could offend the most fastidious sense of delicacy.

They said they would leave me to eat and rest, and all retired but the chief's mother, a weird, witch-like woman of eighty, with shocks of yellow-white hair, and a stern suspiciousness in her wrinkled face. I have come to feel as if she had the evil eye, as she sits there watching, watching always, and for ever knotting the bark thread like one of the Fates, keeping a jealous watch on her son's two wives, and on other young women who come in to weave — neither the dulness nor the repose of old age about her; and her eyes gleam with a greedy light when she sees *saké*, of which she drains a bowl without taking breath. She alone is suspicious of strangers, and she thinks that my visit bodes no good to her tribe. I see her eyes fixed upon me now, and they make me shudder.

I had a good meal seated in my chair on the top of the guest-seat to avoid the fleas, which are truly legion. At dusk Shinondi returned, and soon people began to drop in, till eighteen were assembled, including the sub-chief, and several very grand-looking old men, with full, grey, wavy beards. Age is held in much reverence, and it is etiquette for these old men to do honour to a guest in the chief's absence. As each entered he saluted me several times, and after sitting down turned towards me and saluted again, going through the same ceremony with every other person. They said they had come "to bid me welcome." They took their places in rigid order at each side of the fireplace, which is six feet long, Benri's mother in the place of honour at the right, then Shinondi, then the sub-chief, and on the other side the old men. Besides these, seven women sat in a row in the background splitting bark. A large iron pan hung over the fire from a blackened arrangement above, and Benri's principal wife cut wild roots, green beans, and seaweed, and shred dried fish and venison among them, adding millet, water, and some strong-smelling fish-oil, and set the whole on to stew for three hours, stirring the "mess" now and then with a wooden spoon.

Several of the older people smoke, and I handed round some mild tobacco, which they received with waving hands. I told them that I came from a land in the sea, very far away, where they saw the sun go down, so very far away that a horse would have to gallop day and night for five weeks to reach it, and that I had come a long journey to see them, and that I wanted to ask them many questions, so that when I went home I might tell my own people something about them. Shinondi and another man, who understood Japanese, bowed, and (as on every occasion) translated what I said into Aino for the venerable group opposite.

Shinondi then said "that he and Shinrichi, the other Japanese speaker, would tell me all they knew, but they were but young men, and only knew what was told to them. They would speak what they believed to be true, but the chief knew more than they, and when he came back he might tell me differently, and then I should think that they had spoken lies." I said that no one who looked into their faces could think that they ever told lies. They were very much pleased, and

SHINONDI AND SHINRICHI.

waved their hands and stroked their beards repeatedly. Before they told me anything, they begged and prayed that I would not inform the Japanese Government that they had told me of their customs, or harm might come to them!

For the next two hours, and for two more after supper, I asked them questions concerning their religion and customs, and again yesterday for a considerable time, and this morning, after Benri's return, I went over the same subjects with him, and have also employed a

considerable time in getting about 300 words from them, which I have spelt phonetically of course, and intend to go over again when I visit the coast Ainos.[1]

The process was slow, as both question and answer had to pass through three languages.. There was a very manifest desire to tell the truth, and I think that their statements concerning their few and simple customs may be relied upon. I shall give what they told me separately when I have time to write out my notes in an orderly manner. I can only say that I have seldom spent a more interesting evening.

About nine the stew was ready, and the women ladled it into lacquer bowls with wooden spoons. The men were served first, but all ate together. Afterwards *saké*, their curse, was poured into lacquer bowls, and across each bowl a finely-carved "*saké-stick*" was laid. These sticks are very highly prized. The bowls were waved several times with an inward motion, then each man took his stick and, dipping it into the *saké*, made six libations to the fire, and several to the "god," a wooden post, with a quantity of spiral white shavings falling from near the top. The Ainos are not affected by *saké* nearly so easily as the Japanese. They took it cold, it is true, but each drank about three times as much as would have made a Japanese foolish, and it had no effect upon them. After two hours more talk one after another got up and went out, making profuse

[1] These words are given in the Appendix. I went over them with the Ainos of a remote village on Volcano Bay, and found the differences in pronunciation very slight, except that the definiteness of the sound which I have represented by *Tsch* was more strongly marked. I afterwards went over them with Mr. Dening, and with Mr. Von Siebold at Tôkiyô, who have made a larger collection of words than I have, and it is satisfactory to find that we have represented the words in the main by the same letters, with the single exception that usually the sound represented by them by the letters *ch*, I have given as *Tsch*, and I venture to think that this is the most correct rendering

salututions to me and to the others. My candles had been forgotten, and our *séance* was held by the fitful light of the big logs on the fire, aided by a succession of chips of birch bark, with which a woman replenished a cleft stick that was stuck into the fire-hole. I never saw such a strangely picturesque sight as that group of magnificent savages with the fitful firelight on their faces, and for adjuncts the flare of the torch, the strong lights, the blackness of the recesses of the room and of the roof, at one end of which the stars looked in, and the row of savage women in the background — eastern savagery and western civilisation met in this hut, savagery giving, and civilisation receiving, the yellow-skinned Ito the connecting-link between the two, and the representative of a civilisation to which our own is but an "infant of days."

I found it very exciting, and when all had left crept out into the starlight. The lodges were all dark and silent, and the dogs, mild like their masters, took no notice of me. The only sound was the rustle of a light breeze through the surrounding forest. The verse came into my mind, "It is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Surely these simple savages are children, as children to be judged; may we not hope as children to be saved through Him who came "not to judge the world, but to save the world"?

I crept back again and into my mosquito net, and suffered not from fleas or mosquitoes, but from severe cold. Shinondi conversed with Ito for some time in a low musical voice, having previously asked if it would keep me from sleeping. No Japanese ever intermitted his ceaseless chatter at any hour of the night for a similar reason. Later, the chief's principal wife, Noma, stuck a triply-cleft stick in the fire-hole, put a potsherd

with a wick and some fish-oil upon it, and by the dim light of this rude lamp sewed until midnight at a garment of bark cloth which she was ornamenting for her lord with strips of blue cloth, and when I opened my eyes the next morning she was at the window sewing by the earliest daylight. She is the most intelligent-looking of all the women, but looks sad and almost stern, and speaks seldom. Although she is the principal wife of the chief, she is not happy, for she is childless, and I thought that her sad look darkened into something evil as the other wife caressed a fine baby boy. Benri seems to me something of a brute, and the mother-in-law obviously holds the reins of government pretty tight. After sewing till midnight she swept the mats with a bunch of twigs, and then crept into her bed behind a hanging mat. For a moment in the stillness I felt a feeling of panic, as if I were incurring a risk by being alone among savages, but I conquered it, and after watching the fire till it went out, fell asleep till I was awoke by the severe cold of the next day's dawn.

AINO HOSPITALITY.

A Supposed Act of Worship — Parental Tenderness — Morning Visits — Wretched Cultivation — Honesty and Generosity — A "Dug-out" — Female Occupations — The Ancient Fate — A New Arrival — A Perilous Prescription — The Shrine of Yoshitsuné — The Chief's Return.

When I crept from under my net, much benumbed with cold, there were about eleven people in the room, who all made their graceful salutation. It did not seem as if they had ever heard of washing, for when water was asked for, Shinondi brought a little in a lacquer bowl, and held it while I bathed my face and hands, supposing the performance to be an act of worship! I was about to throw some cold tea out of the window by my bed, when he arrested me with an anxious face, and I saw what I had not observed before, that there was a god at that window, a stick with festoons of shavings hanging from it, and beside it a dead bird. The Ainos have two meals a day, and their breakfast was a repetition of the previous night's supper. We all ate together, and I gave the children the remains of my rice, and it was most amusing to see little creatures of three, four, and five years old, with no other clothing than a piece of pewter hanging round their necks, first formally asking leave of the parents before taking the rice, and then waving their hands. The obedience of the children is instantaneous. Their parents are more demonstrative in their affection than the Japanese are,

caressing them a good deal, and two of the men are devoted to children who are not their own. These little ones are as grave and dignified as Japanese children, and are very gentle.

I went out soon after five, when the dew was glittering in the sunshine, and the mountain hollow in which Biratori stands was looking its very best, and the silence of the place, even though the people were all astir, was as impressive as that of the night before. What a strange life! knowing nothing, hoping nothing, fearing a little, the need for clothes and food the one motive principle, *saké* in abundance the one good! How very few points of contact it is possible to have! I was just thinking so, when Shinondi met me, and took me to his house to see if I could do anything for a child sorely afflicted with skin disease, and his extreme tenderness for this very loathsome object made me feel that human affections were the same among them as with us. He had carried it on his back from a village, five miles distant, that morning, in the hope that it might be cured. As soon as I entered, he laid a fine mat on the floor, and covered the guest-seat with a bearskin. After breakfast he took me to the lodge of the sub-chief, the largest in the village, 45 feet square, and into about twenty others all constructed in the same way, but some of them were not more than 20 feet square. In all, I was received with the same courtesy, but a few of the people asked Shinondi not to take me into their houses, as they did not want me to see how poor they are. In every house there was the low shelf with more or fewer curios upon it, but besides these, none but the barest necessaries of life, though the skins which they sell or barter every year would enable them to surround themselves with comforts, were it not that their gains represent to them *saké* and

nothing else. They are not nomads. On the contrary, they cling tenaciously to the sites on which their fathers have lived and died. But anything more deplorable than the attempts at cultivation which surround their lodges could not be seen. The soil is little better than white sand, on which without manure they attempt to grow millet, which is to them in the place of rice, pumpkins, onions, and tobacco, but the look of their plots is as if they had been cultivated ten years ago, and some chance-sown grain and vegetables had come up among the weeds. When nothing more will grow, they partially clear another bit of forest, and exhaust that in its turn.

In every house the same honour was paid to a guest. This seems a savage virtue which is not strong enough to survive much contact with civilisation. Before I entered one lodge, the woman brought several of the finer mats, and arranged them as a pathway for me to walk to the fire upon. They will not accept anything for lodging, or for anything that they give, so I was anxious to help them by buying some of their handiwork, but found even this a difficult matter. They were very anxious to give, but when I desired to buy they said they did not wish to part with their things. I wanted what they had in actual use, such as a tobacco-box and pipe-sheath, and knives with carved handles and scabbards, and for three of these I offered 2½ dollars. They said they did not care to sell them, but in the evening they came saying they were not worth more than 1 dollar 10 cents, and they would sell them for that; and I could not get them to take more. They said it was "not their custom." I bought a bow and three poisoned arrows, two reed-mats, with a diamond pattern on them in reeds stained red, some knives with sheaths, and a bark cloth dress. I tried to buy the

saké-sticks with which they make libations to their gods, but they said it was "not their custom" to part with the *saké*-stick of any living man — however, this morning Shinondi has brought me, as a very valuable present, the stick of a dead man! This morning the man who sold the arrows brought two new ones, to replace two which were imperfect. I found them, as Mr. Von Siebold had done, punctiliously honest in all their transactions. They wear very large earrings with hoops an inch and a half in diameter, a pair constituting the dowry of an Aino bride, but they would not part with these.

A house was burned down two nights ago, and "custom" in such a case requires that all the men should work at rebuilding it, so in their absence I got two boys to take me in a "dug-out" as far as we could go up the Sarufutogawa, a lovely river, which winds tortuously through the forests and mountains in unspeakable loveliness. I had much of the feeling of the ancient mariner —

> "We were the first
> Who ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

For certainly no European had ever previously floated on the dark and forest-shrouded waters. I enjoyed those hours thoroughly, for the silence was profound, and the faint blue of the autumn sky, and the soft blue veil which "spiritualised" the distances, were so exquisitely like the Indian summer.

The evening was spent like the previous one, but the hearts of the savages were sad, for there was no more *saké* in Biratori, so they could not "drink to the god," and the fire and the post with the shavings had to go without libations. There was no more oil, so after the strangers retired the hut was in complete darkness.

Yesterday morning we all breakfasted soon after daylight, and the able-bodied men went away to hunt. Hunting and fishing are their occupations, and for "indoor recreation" they carve tobacco-boxes, knife-sheaths, *saké*-sticks, and shuttles. It is quite unneces-

AINO STORE-HOUSE.

sary for them to do anything; they are quite contented to sit by the fire, and smoke occasionally, and eat and sleep, this apathy being varied by spasms of activity when there is no more dried flesh in the *kuras*, and when skins must be taken to Sarufuto to pay for *saké*. The women seem never to have an idle moment. They

rise early to sew, weave, and split bark, for they not only clothe themselves and their husbands in this nearly indestructible cloth, but weave it for barter, and the lower class of Japanese are constantly to be seen wearing the product of Aino industry. They do all the hard work, such as drawing water, chopping wood, grinding millet, and cultivating the soil, after their fashion; but to do the men justice, I often see them trudging along, carrying one and even two children. The women take the exclusive charge of the *kuras*, which are never entered by men.

I was left for some hours alone with the women, of whom there were seven in the hut, with a few children. On the one side of the fire the chief's mother sat like a Fate, for ever splitting and knotting bark, and petrifying me by her cold, fateful eyes. Her thick, grey hair hangs in shocks, the tattooing round her mouth has nearly faded, and no longer disguises her really handsome features. She is dressed in a much ornamented bark-cloth dress, and wears two silver beads tied round her neck by a piece of blue cotton, in addition to very large earrings. She has much sway in the house, sitting on the men's side of the fire, drinking plenty of *saké*, and occasionally chiding her grandson Shinondi for telling me too much, saying that it will bring harm to her people. Though her expression is so severe and forbidding, she is certainly very handsome, and it is a European, not an Asiatic, beauty.

The younger women were all at work; two were seated on the floor weaving without a loom, and the others were making and mending the bark coats which are worn by both sexes. Noma, the chief's principal wife, sat apart, seldom speaking. Two of the youngest women are very pretty — as fair as ourselves, and their comeliness is of the rosy, peasant kind. It turns out

that two of them, though they would not divulge it before men, speak Japanese, and they prattled to Ito with great vivacity and merriment; the ancient Fate scowling at them the while from under her shaggy eyebrows. I got a number of words from them, and they laughed heartily at my erroneous pronunciation. They even asked me a number of questions regarding their own sex among ourselves, but few of these would bear repetition, and they answered a number of mine. As the merriment increased the old woman looked increasingly angry and restless, and at last rated them sharply, as I have heard since, telling them that, if they spoke another word, she should tell their husbands that they had been talking to strangers. After this not another word was spoken, and Noma, who is an industrious housewife, boiled some millet into a mash for a mid-day lunch. During the afternoon a very handsome young Aino, with a washed, richly-coloured skin and fine clear eyes, came up from the coast, where he had been working at the fishing. He saluted the old woman and Benri's wife on entering, and presented the former with a gourd of *saké*, bringing a greedy light into her eyes as she took a long draught, after which, saluting me, he threw himself down in the place of honour by the fire, with the easy grace of a staghound, a savage all over. His name is Pipichari, and he is the chief's adopted son. He had cut his foot badly with a root, and asked me to cure it, and I stipulated that it should be bathed for some time in warm water before anything more was done, after which I bandaged it with lint. He said "he did not like me to touch his foot, it was not clean enough, my hands were too white," etc.; but when I had dressed it, and the pain was much relieved, he bowed very low and then kissed my hand! He was the only one among them all who showed the slightest curiosity regarding

my things. He looked at my scissors, touched my boots, and watched me, as I wrote, with the simple curiosity of a child. He could speak a little Japanese, but he said he was "too young to tell me anything, the older men would know." He is a "total abstainer" from *saké*, and he says that there are four such besides himself among the large number of Ainos who are just now at the fishing at Mombets, and that the others keep separate from them, because they think that the gods will be angry with them for not drinking.

Several "patients," mostly children, were brought in during the afternoon. Ito was much disgusted by my interest in these people, who, he repeated, "are just dogs;" referring to their legendary origin, of which they are not ashamed. His assertion that they have learned politeness from the Japanese, is simply baseless. Their politeness, though of quite another and more manly stamp, is savage, not civilised. The men came back at dark, the meal was prepared, and we sat round the fire as before; but there was no *saké*, except in the possession of the old woman; and again the hearts of the savages were sad. I could multiply instances of their politeness. As we were talking, Pipichari, who is a very "untutored" savage, dropped his coat from one shoulder, and at once Shinondi signed to him to put it on again. Again, a woman was sent to a distant village for some oil, as soon as they heard that I usually burned a light all night. Little acts of courtesy were constantly being performed; but I really appreciated nothing more than the quiet way in which they went on with the routine of their ordinary lives.

During the evening a man came to ask if I would go and see a woman who could hardly breathe; and I found her very ill of bronchitis, accompanied with much fever. She was lying in a coat of skins, tossing on

the hard boards of her bed, with a matting-covered roll under her head, and her husband was trying to make her swallow some salt fish. I took her dry, hot hand, such a small hand, tattooed all over the back; and it gave me a strange thrill. The room was full of people, and they all seemed very sorry. A medical missionary would be of little use here; but a medically-trained nurse, who would give medicines and proper food, with proper nursing, would save many lives and much suffering. It is of no use to tell these people to do anything which requires to be done more than once: they are just like children. I gave her some chlorodyne, which she swallowed with difficulty, and left another dose ready mixed, to give her in a few hours; but about midnight they came to tell me that she was worse; and on going I found her very cold and weak, and breathing very hard, moving her head wearily from side to side. I thought she could not live for many hours, and was much afraid that they would think that I had killed her. I told them that I thought she would die; but they urged me to do something more for her; and as a last hope I gave her some brandy, with twenty-five drops of chlorodyne, and a few spoonfuls of very strong beef-tea. She was unable, or more probably unwilling, to make the effort to swallow it, and I poured it down her throat by the wild glare of strips of birch bark. An hour later they came back to tell me that she felt as if she was very drunk; but going back to her house, I found that she was sleeping quietly, and breathing more easily; and creeping back just at dawn, I found her still sleeping, and with her pulse stronger and calmer. She is now decidedly better, and quite sensible, and her husband, the sub-chief, is much delighted. It seems so sad that they have nothing fit for a sick person's food; and

though I have made a bowl of beef-tea with the remains of my stock, it can only last one day.

I was so tired with these nocturnal expeditions and anxieties, that on lying down I fell asleep, and on waking found more than the usual assemblage in the room, and the men were obviously agog about something. They have a singular, and I hope an unreasonable, fear of the Japanese Government. Mr. Von Siebold thinks that the officials threaten and knock them about; and this is possible; but I really think that the *Kaitaikushi* Department means well by them, and, besides removing the oppressive restrictions by which, as a conquered race, they were fettered, treats them far more humanely and equitably than the U. S. Government, for instance, treats the North American Indians. However, they are ignorant; and one of the men who had been most grateful because I said I would get Dr. Hepburn to send some medicine for his child, came this morning and begged me not to do so, as, he said, "the Japanese Government would be angry." After this they again prayed me not to tell the Japanese Government that they had told me their customs; and then they began to talk earnestly together.

The sub-chief then spoke, and said that I had been kind to their sick people, and they would like to show me their temple, which had never been seen by any foreigner; but they were very much afraid of doing so, and they asked me many times "not to tell the Japanese Government that they showed it to me, lest some great harm should happen to them." The sub-chief put on a sleeveless Japanese war-cloak to go up, and he, Shinondi, Pipichari, and two others accompanied me. It was a beautiful but very steep walk, or rather climb, to the top of an abrupt acclivity beyond the

village, on which the temple or shrine stands. It would be impossible to get up, were it not for the remains of a wooden staircase, not of Aino construction. Forest and mountain surround Biratori, and the only breaks in the dense greenery are glints of the shining waters of the Sarufutogawa, and the tawny roofs of the Aino lodges. It is a lonely and a silent land, fitter for the *hiding* place than the *dwelling* place of men.

When the splendid young savage, Pipichari, saw that I found it difficult to get up, he took my hand and helped me up, as gently as an English gentleman would have done; and when he saw that I had greater difficulty in getting down, he all but insisted on my riding down on his back, and certainly would have carried me, had not Benri, the chief, who arrived while we were at the shrine, made an end of it by taking my hand and helping me down himself. Their instinct of helpfulness to a foreign woman strikes me as so odd, because they never show any courtesy to their own women, whom they treat (though to a less extent than is usual among savages) as inferior beings.

On the very edge of the cliff, at the top of the zigzag, stands a wooden temple or shrine, such as one sees in any grove, or on any high place on the main island, obviously of Japanese construction, but concerning which Aino tradition is silent. No European had ever stood where I stood, and there was a solemnity in the knowledge. The sub-chief drew back the sliding doors, and all bowed with much reverence. It was a simple shrine of unlacquered wood, with a broad shelf at the back, on which there was a small shrine containing a figure of the historical hero Yoshitsuné, in a suit of inlaid brass armour, some metal *gohei*, a pair of tarnished brass candlesticks, and a coloured Chinese picture representing a junk. Here, then, I was introduced to the

great god of the mountain Ainos. There is something very pathetic in these people keeping alive the memory of Yoshitsuné, not on account of his martial exploits, but simply because their tradition tells them that he was kind to them. They pulled the bell three times to attract his attention, bowed three times, and made six libations of *saké*, without which ceremony he cannot be approached. They asked me to worship their god, but when I declined on the ground that I could only worship my own God, the Lord of Earth and Heaven, of the dead and of the living, they were too courteous to press their request. As to Ito, it did not signify to him whether or not he added another god to his already crowded Pantheon, and he "worshipped," *i.e.* bowed down, most willingly before the great hero of his own, the conquering race.

While we were crowded there on the narrow ledge of the cliff, Benri, the chief, arrived, a square-built, broad-shouldered, elderly man, strong as an ox, and very handsome, but his expression is not pleasing, and his eyes are bloodshot with drinking. The others saluted him very respectfully, but I noticed then and since that his manner is very arbitrary, and that a blow not infrequently follows a word. He had sent a message to his people by Ito that they were not to answer any questions till he returned, but Ito very tactfully neither gave it nor told me of it, and he was displeased with the young men for having talked to me so much. His mother had evidently "peached." I like him less than any of his tribe. He has some fine qualities, truthfulness among others, but he has been contaminated by the four or five foreigners that he has seen, and is a brute and a sot. The hearts of his people are no longer sad, for there is *saké* in every house to-night.

I. L. B.

SAVAGE LIFE.

Barrenness of Savage Life — Irreclaimable Savages — The Aino *Physique* — Female Comeliness — Torture and Ornament — Child Life — Docility and Obedience.

BIRATORI, YEZO, *August* 24.

I EXPECTED to have written out my notes on the Ainos in the comparative quiet and comfort of Sarufuto, but the delay in Benri's return, and the non-arrival of the horses, have compelled me to accept Aino hospitality for another night, which involves living on tea and potatoes, for my stock of food is exhausted. In some respects I am glad to remain longer, as it enables me to go over my stock of words, as well as my notes, with the chief, who is intelligent, and it is a pleasure to find that his statements confirm those which have been made by the young men. The glamour which at first disguises the inherent barrenness of savage life has had time to pass away, and I see it in all its nakedness as a life not much raised above the necessities of animal existence, timid, monotonous, barren of good, dark, dull, "without hope, and without God in the world;" though at its lowest and worst considerably higher and better than that of many other aboriginal races, and, must I say it? considerably higher and better than that of thousands of the lapsed masses of our own great cities, who are baptized into Christ's name, and are laid at last in holy ground, inasmuch as the Ainos are truthful, and, on the whole, chaste, hospitable, honest, rever-

ent, and kind to the aged. Drinking, their great vice, is not, as among us, in antagonism to their religion, but is actually a part of it, and as such would be exceptionally difficult to eradicate.

The early darkness has once again come on, and once again the elders have assembled round the fire in two long lines, with the younger men at the ends, Pipichari, who yesterday sat in the place of honour, and was helped to food first as the newest arrival, taking his place as the youngest at the end of the right-hand row. The birch-bark chips beam with fitful glâre, the evening *saké* bowls are filled, the fire-god and the garlanded god receive their libations, the ancient woman, still sitting like a Fate, splits bark, and the younger women knot it, and the log-fire lights up as magnificent a set of venerable heads as painter or sculptor would desire to see, — heads, full of, — what? They have no history, their traditions are scarcely worthy the name, they claim descent from a dog, their houses and persons swarm with vermin, they are sunk in the grossest ignorance, they have no letters, or any numbers above a thousand, they are clothed in the bark of trees and the untanned skins of beasts, they worship the bear, the sun, moon, fire, water, and I know not what, they are uncivilisable and altogether irreclaimable savages, yet they are attractive, and in some ways fascinating, and I hope I shall never forget the music of their low, sweet voices, the soft light of their mild, brown eyes, and the wonderful sweetness of their smile.

After the yellow skins, the stiff horse hair, the feeble eyelids, the elongated eyes, the sloping eyebrows, the flat noses, the sunken chests, the Mongolian features, the puny *physique*, the shaky walk of the men, the restricted totter of the women, and the general impression of degeneracy conveyed by the appearance of the

Japanese, the Ainos make a very singular impression. All but two or three that I have seen are the most ferocious-looking of savages, with a *physique* vigorous enough for carrying out the most ferocious intentions, but as soon as they speak the countenance brightens into a smile as gentle as that of a woman, something which can never be forgotten.

The men are about the middle height, broad-chested, broad-shouldered, "thick set," very strongly built, the arms and legs short, thick, and muscular, the hands and feet large. The bodies, and specially the limbs, of many are covered with short bristly hair. I have seen two boys whose backs are covered with fur as fine and soft as that of a cat. The heads and faces are very striking. The foreheads are very high, broad, and prominent, and at first sight give one the impression of an unusual capacity for intellectual development; the ears are small and set low; the noses are straight but short, and broad at the nostrils; the mouths are wide but well formed; and the lips rarely show a tendency to fulness. The neck is short, the cranium rounded, the cheek-bones low, and the lower part of the face is small as compared with the upper, the peculiarity called a "jowl" being unknown. The eyebrows are full, and form a straight line nearly across the face. The eyes are large, tolerably deeply set, and very beautiful, the colour a rich liquid brown, the expression singularly soft, and the eyelashes long, silky, and abundant. The skin has the Italian olive tint, but in most cases is thin, and light enough to show the changes of colour in the cheek. The teeth are small, regular, and very white; the incisors and "eye teeth" are not disproportionately large, as is usually the case among the Japanese; there is no tendency towards prognathism; and the fold of integument which conceals the upper eyelids of the Japanese

is never to be met with. The features, expression, and aspect, are European rather than Asiatic.

The "ferocious savagery" of the appearance of the men is produced by a profusion of thick, soft, black

AN AINO PATRIARCH.

hair, divided in the middle, and falling in heavy masses nearly to the shoulders. Out of doors it is kept from falling over the face by a fillet round the brow. The beards are equally profuse, quite magnificent, and generally wavy, and in the case of the old men they give a truly patriarchal and venerable aspect, in spite of the

yellow tinge produced by smoke and want of cleanliness. The savage look produced by the masses of hair and beard, and the thick eyebrows, is mitigated by the softness in the dreamy brown eyes, and is altogether obliterated by the exceeding sweetness of the smile, which belongs in greater or less degree to all the rougher sex.

I have measured the height of thirty of the adult men of this village, and it ranges from 5 feet 4 inches to five feet 6½ inches. The circumference of the heads averages 22.1 inches, and the arc, from ear to ear, 13 inches. According to Mr. Davies, the average weight of the Aino adult masculine brain, ascertained by measurement of Aino skulls, is 45.90 ounces avoirdupois, a brain weight said to exceed that of all the races, Hindoo and Mussulman, on the Indian plains, and that of the aboriginal races of India and Ceylon, and is only paralleled by that of the races of the Himalayas, the Siamese, and the Chinese Burmese. Mr. Davies says, further, that it exceeds the mean brain weight of Asiatic races in general. Yet with all this the Ainos are a stupid people.

Passing travellers who have seen a few of the Aino women on the road to Satsuporo speak of them as very ugly, but as making amends for their ugliness by their industry and conjugal fidelity. Of the latter there is no doubt, but I am not disposed to admit the former. The ugliness is certainly due to art and dirt. The Aino women seldom exceed five feet and half an inch in height, but they are beautifully formed, straight, lithe, and well-developed, with small feet and hands, well-arched insteps, rounded limbs, well-developed busts, and a firm, elastic gait. Their heads and faces are small; but the hair, which falls in masses on each side of the face like that of the men, is equally redundant.

They have superb teeth, and display them liberally in smiling. Their mouths are somewhat wide, but well formed, and they have a ruddy comeliness about them which is pleasing, in spite of the disfigurement of the band which is tattooed both above and below the mouth, and which, by being united at the corners, enlarges its apparent size and width. A girl at Shirôai, who, for some reason, has not been subjected to this process, is the most beautiful creature in features, colouring, and natural grace of form, that I have seen for a long time. Their complexions are lighter than those of the men. There are not many here even as dark as our European brunettes. A few unite the eyebrows by a streak of tattooing, so as to produce a straight line. Like the men, they cut their hair short for two or three inches above the nape of the neck, but instead of using a fillet they take two locks from the front and tie them at the back.

TATTOOED FEMALE HAND.

They are universally tattooed, not only with the broad band above and below the mouth, but with a band across the knuckles, succeeded by an elaborate pattern on the back of the hand, and a series of bracelets extending to the elbow. The process of disfigurement begins at the age of five, when some of the sufferers are yet unweaned. I saw the operation performed on a dear little bright girl this morning. A woman took a large knife with a sharp edge, and rapidly cut several horizontal lines on the up-

per lip, following closely the curve of the very pretty mouth, and before the slight bleeding had ceased carefully rubbed in some of the shiny soot which collects on the mat above the fire. In two or three days the scarred lip will be washed with the decoction of the bark of a tree to fix the pattern, and give it that blue look which makes many people mistake it for a daub of paint. A child who had this second process performed yesterday has her lip fearfully swollen and inflamed. The latest victim held her hands clasped tightly together while the cuts were inflicted, but never cried. The pattern on the lips is deepened and widened every year up to the time of marriage, and the circles on the arm are extended in a similar way. The men cannot give any reason for the universality of this custom. It is an old custom, they say, and part of their religion, and no woman could marry without it. Benri fancies that the Japanese custom of blackening the teeth is equivalent to it; but he is mistaken, as that ceremony usually succeeds marriage. They begin to tattoo the arms when a girl is five or six, and work from the elbow downwards. They expressed themselves as very much grieved and tormented by the recent prohibition of tattooing. They say the gods will be angry, and that the women can't marry unless they are tattooed; and they implored both Mr. Von Siebold and me to intercede with the Japanese Government on their behalf in this respect. They are less apathetic on this than on any subject, and repeat frequently, "It's a part of our religion."

The children are very pretty and attractive, and their faces give promise of an intelligence which is lacking in those of the adults. They are much loved, and are caressing as well as caressed. The infants of the mountain Ainos have seeds of millet put into their mouths as soon as they are born, and those of the coast

Ainos a morsel of salt fish; and whatever be the hour of birth, "custom" requires that they shall not be fed until a night has passed. They are not weaned until they are at least three years old. Boys are preferred to girls, but both are highly valued, and a childless wife may be divorced. Children do not receive names till they are four or five years old, and then the father chooses a name by which his child is afterwards known. Young children when they travel are either carried on their mothers' backs in a net, or in the back of the loose garment; but in both cases the weight is mainly supported by a broad band which passes round the woman's forehead. When men carry them they hold them in their arms. The hair of very young children is shaven, and from about five to fifteen the boys wear either a large tonsure or tufts above the ears, while the girls are allowed to grow hair all over their heads.

Implicit and prompt obedience is required from infancy; and from a very early age the children are utilised by being made to fetch and carry and go on messages. I have seen children apparently not more than two years old sent for wood; and even at this age they are so thoroughly trained in the observances of etiquette, that babies just able to walk never toddle into or out of this house without formal salutations to each person within it, the mother alone excepted. They don't wear any clothing till they are seven or eight years old, and are then dressed like their elders. Their manners to their parents are very affectionate. Even to-day, in the chief's awe-inspiring presence, one dear little nude creature, who had been sitting quietly for two hours staring into the fire with her big brown eyes, rushed to meet her mother when she entered, and threw her arms round her, to which the woman responded by a look of true maternal tenderness and a kiss. These

little creatures, in the absolute unconsciousness of innocence, with their beautiful faces, olive-tinted bodies, — all the darker, sad to say, from dirt — their perfect docility, and absence of prying curiosity, are very bewitching. They all wear silver or pewter ornaments tied round their necks by a wisp of blue cotton.

Apparently the ordinary infantile maladies, such as whooping-cough and measles, do not afflict the Ainos fatally; but the children suffer from a cutaneous affection, which wears off as they reach the age of ten or eleven years, as well as from severe toothache with their first teeth.

COSTUME AND CUSTOMS.

Aino Clothing — Holiday Dress — Domestic Architecture — Household Gods — Japanese Curios — The Necessaries of Life — Clay Soup — Arrow Poison — Arrow Traps — Female Occupations — Bark Cloth — The Art of Weaving.

AINO clothing, for savages, is exceptionally good. In the winter it consists of one, two, or more coats of skins, with hoods of the same, to which the men add rude moccasins when they go out hunting. In summer they wear *kimonos*, or loose coats, made of cloth woven from the split bark of a forest tree. This is a durable and beautiful fabric in various shades of natural buff, and somewhat resembles what is known to fancy workers as "Panama canvas." Under this a skin or bark-cloth vest may or may not be worn. The men wear these coats reaching a little below the knees, folded over from right to left, and confined at the waist by a narrow girdle of the same cloth, to which is attached a rude, dagger-shaped knife, with a carved and engraved wooden handle and sheath. Smoking is by no means a general practice, consequently the pipe and tobacco-box are not, as with the Japanese, a part of ordinary male attire. Tightly-fitting leggings, either of bark-cloth or skin, are worn by both sexes, but neither shoes nor sandals. The coat worn by the women reaches half-way between the knees and ankles, and is quite loose and without a girdle. It is fastened the whole way up to the collar-bone; and not only is the Aino woman com-

pletely covered, but she will not change one garment for another except alone or in the dark. Lately a Japanese woman at Sarufuto took an Aino woman into her house, and insisted on her taking a bath, which she absolutely refused to do till the bath-house had been made quite private by means of screens. On the Japanese woman going back a little later to see what had become of her, she found her sitting in the water in her clothes; and on being remonstrated with, she said that the gods would be angry if they saw her without clothes!

Many of the garments for holiday occasions are exceedingly handsome, being decorated with "geometrical" patterns, in which the "Greek fret" takes part, in coarse blue cotton, braided most dexterously with scarlet and white thread. Some of the handsomest take half a year to make. The masculine dress is completed by an apron of oblong shape decorated in the same elaborate manner. These handsome savages, with their powerful *physique*, look remarkably well in their best clothes. I have not seen a boy or girl above nine who is not thoroughly clothed. The "jewels" of the women are large, hoop earrings of silver or pewter, with attachments of a classical pattern, and silver neck ornaments, and a few have brass bracelets soldered upon their arms. The women have a perfect passion for every hue of red, and I have made friends with them by dividing among them a large turkey-red silk handkerchief, strips of which are already being utilised for the ornamenting of coats.

The houses in the five villages up here are very good. So they are at Horobets, but at Shiraôi, where the aborigines suffer from the close proximity of several grog shops, they are inferior. They differ in many ways from any that I have before seen, approaching most nearly to

the grass houses of the natives of Hawaii. Custom does not appear to permit either of variety or innovations; in all the style is the same, and the difference consists in the size and plenishings. The dwellings seemed ill-fitted for a rigorous climate, but the same thing may be said of those of the Japanese. In their houses, as in their faces, the Ainos are more European than their conquerors, as they possess doorways, windows, central fireplaces, like those of the Highlanders of Scotland, and raised sleeping-places.

The usual appearance is that of a small house built on at the end of a larger one. The small house is the vestibule or ante-room, and is entered by a low doorway screened by a heavy mat of reeds. It contains the large wooden mortar and pestle with two ends, used for pounding millet, a wooden receptacle for millet, nets or hunting gear, and some bundles of reeds for repairing roof or walls. This room never contains a window. From it the large room is entered by a doorway, over which a heavy reed-mat, bound with hide, invariably hangs. This room in Benri's case is 35 feet long by 25 feet broad, another is 45 feet square, the smallest measures 20 feet by 15. On entering, one is much impressed by the great height and steepness of the roof, altogether out of proportion to the height of the walls.

The frame of the house is of posts, 4 feet 10 inches high, placed 4 feet apart, and sloping slightly inwards. The height of the walls is apparently regulated by that of the reeds, of which only one length is used, and which never exceed 4 feet 10 inches. The posts are scooped at the top, and heavy poles, resting on the scoops, are laid along them to form the top of the wall. The posts are again connected twice by slighter poles tied on horizontally. The wall is double; the outer part being formed of reeds tied very neatly to the framework in

small, regular bundles, the inner layer or wall being made of reeds attached singly. From the top of the pole, which is secured to the top of the posts, the framework of the roof rises to a height of twenty-two feet, made, like the rest, of poles tied to a heavy and roughly-hewn ridge-beam. At one end under the ridge-beam there is a large triangular aperture for the exit of smoke. Two very stout, roughly-hewn beams cross the width of the house, resting on the posts of the wall, and on props let into the floor, and a number of poles are laid at the same height, by means of which a secondary roof formed of mats can be at once extemporised, but this is only used for guests. These poles answer the same purpose as shelves. Very great care is bestowed upon the outside of the roof, which is a marvel of neatness and prettiness, and has the appearance of a series of frills, being thatched in ridges. The ridge-pole is very thickly covered, and the thatch both there and at the corners is elaborately laced with a pattern in strong peeled twigs. The poles, which, for much of the room, run from wall to wall, compel one to stoop, to avoid fracturing one's skull, and bringing down spears, bows and arrows, arrow-traps, and other primitive property. The roof and rafters are black and shiny from wood smoke. Immediately under them, at one end and one side, are small, square windows, which are closed at night by wooden shutters, which during the day-time hang by ropes. Nothing is a greater insult to an Aino than to look in at his window.

On the left of the doorway is invariably a fixed wooden platform, eighteen inches high, and covered with a single mat, which is the sleeping-place. The pillows are small stiff bolsters, covered with ornamental matting. If the family be large there are several of these sleeping platforms. A pole runs horizontally at

a fitting distance above the outside edge of each, over which mats are thrown to conceal the sleepers from the rest of the room. The inside half of these mats is plain, but the outside, which is seen from the room, has a diamond pattern woven into it in dull reds and browns. The whole floor is covered with a very coarse reed-mat, with interstices half an inch wide. The fireplace, which is six feet long, is oblong. Above it, on a very black

AINO GODS.

and elaborate framework, hangs a very black and shiny mat, whose superfluous soot forms the basis of the stain used in tattooing, and whose apparent purpose is to prevent the smoke ascending, and to diffuse it equally throughout the room. From this framework depends the great cooking-pot, which plays a most important part in Aino economy.

Household gods form an essential part of the furnish-

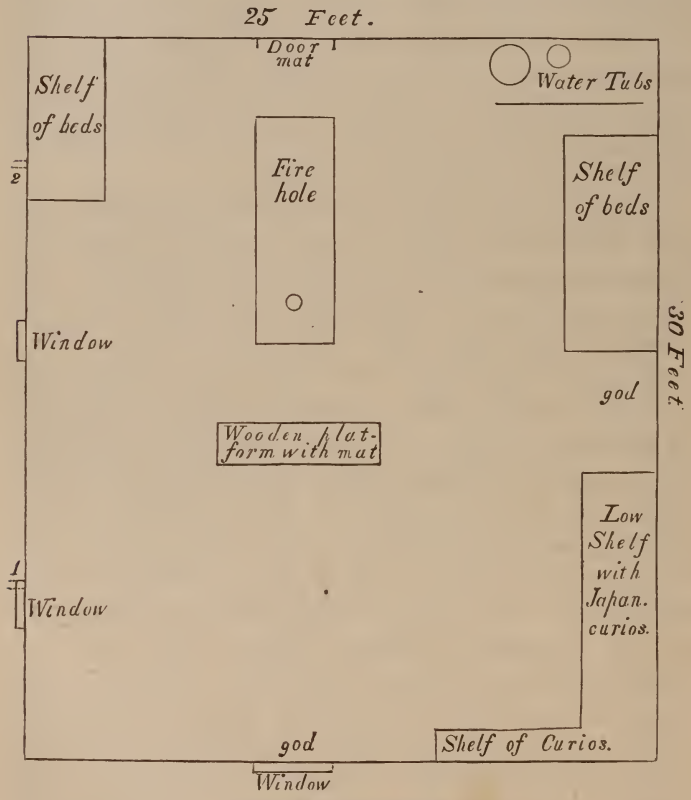
ing of every house. In this one, at the left of the entrance, there are ten white wands, with shavings depending from the upper end, stuck in the wall; another projects from the window which faces the sunrise, and the great god, a white post, two feet high, with spirals of shavings depending from the top, is always planted in the floor, near the wall, on the left side, opposite the fire, between the platform bed of the householder and the low, broad shelf placed invariably on the same side, and which is a singular feature of all Aino houses, coast and mountain, down to the poorest, containing, as it does, Japanese curios, many of them very valuable objects of antique art, though much destroyed by damp and dust. They are true curiosities in the dwellings of these northern aborigines, and look almost solemn ranged against the wall. In this house there are twenty-four lacquered urns, or tea-chests, or seats, each standing two feet high on four small legs, shod with engraved or filigree brass. Behind these are eight lacquered tubs, and a number of bowls and lacquer trays, and above are spears with inlaid handles, and fine Kaga and Awata bowls. The lacquer is good, and several of the urns have *daimiyô's* crests in gold upon them. One urn and a large covered bowl are beautifully inlaid with Venus' ear. The great urns are to be seen in every house, and in addition there are suits of inlaid armour, and swords with inlaid hilts, engraved blades, and *répoussé* scabbards, for which a collector would give almost anything. No offers, however liberal, can tempt them to sell any of these antique possessions. "They were presents," they say in their low, musical voices; "they were presents from those who were kind to our fathers; no, we cannot sell them; they were presents." And so gold lacquer, and pearl inlaying, and gold niello-work, and *daimiyô's* crests in gold, continue to gleam

in the smoky darkness of their huts. Some of these things were doubtless gifts to their fathers when they went to pay tribute to the representative of the Shôgun and the prince of Matsumæ, soon after the conquest of Yezo. Others were probably gifts from *samurai*, who took refuge here during the rebellion, and some must have been obtained by barter. They are the one possession which they will not barter for *saké*, and are only parted with in payment of fines at the command of a chief, or as the dower of a girl.

Except in the poorest houses, where the people can only afford to lay down a mat for a guest, they cover the coarse mat with fine ones on each side of the fire. These mats and the bark-cloth are really their only manufactures. They are made of fine reeds, with a pattern in dull reds or browns, and are 14 feet long by 3 feet 6 inches wide. It takes a woman eight days to make one of them. In every house there are one or two movable platforms 6 feet by 4 and 14 inches high, which are placed at the head of the fireplace, and on which guests sit and sleep on a bearskin or a fine mat. In many houses there are broad seats a few inches high, on which the elder men sit cross-legged, as their custom is, not squatting Japanese fashion on the heels. A water-tub always rests on a stand by the door, and the dried fish and venison or bear for daily use hang from the rafters, as well as a few skins. Besides these things there are a few absolute necessaries, — lacquer or wooden bowls for food and *saké*, a chopping-board and rude chopping knife, a cleft stick for burning strips of birch-bark, a triply-cleft stick for supporting the potsherd in which, on rare occasions, they burn a wick with oil, the component parts of their rude loom, the bark of which they make their clothes, the reeds of which they make their mats, — and the inventory of the essentials of

their life is nearly complete. No iron enters into the construction of their houses, its place being supplied by a remarkably tenacious fibre.

I have before described the preparation of their food,



PLAN OF AN AINO HOUSE.

which usually consists of a stew "of abominable things." They eat salt and fresh fish, dried fish, seaweed, slugs, the various vegetables which grow in the wilderness of tall weeds which surrounds their villages, wild roots and berries, fresh and dried venison and bear; their carni-

val consisting of fresh bear's flesh and *saké*, seaweed, mushrooms, and anything they can get, in fact, which is not poisonous, mixing everything up together. They use a wooden spoon for stirring, and eat with chopsticks. They have only two regular meals a-day, but eat very heartily. In addition to the eatables just mentioned they have a thick soup made from a putty-like clay which is found in one or two of the valleys. This is boiled with the bulb of a wild lily, and after much of the clay has been allowed to settle, the liquid, which is very thick, is poured off. In the north, a valley where this earth is found is called Tsie-toi-nai, literally, "eat-earth-valley."

The men spend the autumn, winter, and spring in hunting deer and bears. Part of their tribute or taxes is paid in skins, and they subsist on the dried meat. Up to about this time the Ainos have obtained these beasts by means of poisoned arrows, arrow-traps, and pitfalls, but the Japanese Government has prohibited the use of poison and arrow-traps, and these men say that hunting is becoming extremely difficult, as the wild animals are driven back farther and farther into the mountains by the sound of the guns. However, they add significantly, "the eyes of the Japanese Government are not in every place!"

Their bows are only three feet long, and are made of stout saplings with the bark on, and there is no attempt to render them light or shapely at the ends. The wood is singularly inelastic. The arrows (of which I have obtained a number) are very peculiar, and are made in three pieces, the point consisting of a sharpened piece of bone with an elongated cavity on one side for the reception of the poison. This point or head is very slightly fastened by a lashing of bark to a fusiform piece of bone about four inches long, which is in its

turn lashed to a shaft about fourteen inches long, the other end of which is sometimes equipped with a triple feather and sometimes is not.

The poison is placed in the elongated cavity in the head in a very soft state, and hardens afterwards. In some of the arrow-heads fully half a teaspoonful of the paste is inserted. From the nature of the very slight lashings which attach the arrow-head to the shaft, it constantly remains fixed in the slight wound that it makes, while the shaft falls off.

Pipichari has given me a small quantity of the poisonous paste, and has also taken me to see the plant from the root of which it is made, the *Aconitum Japonicum*, a monkshood, whose tall spikes of blue flowers are brightening the brushwood in all directions. The root is pounded into a pulp, mixed with a reddish earth like an iron ore pulverised, and again with animal fat, before being placed in the arrow. It has been said that the poison is prepared for use by being buried in the earth, but Benri says that this is needless. They claim for it that a single wound kills a bear in ten minutes, but that the flesh is not rendered unfit for eating, though they take the precaution of cutting away a considerable quantity of it round the wound.

Dr. Eldridge, formerly of Hakodaté, obtained a small quantity of the poison, and, after trying some experiments with it, came to the conclusion that it is less virulent than other poisons employed for a like purpose, as by the natives of Java, the Bushmen, and certain tribes of the Amazon and Orinoco. The Ainos say that if a man is accidentally wounded by a poisoned arrow the only cure is immediate excision of the part.

I do not wonder that the Government has prohibited arrow-traps, for they made locomotion unsafe, and it is still unsafe a little farther north, where the hunters are

more out of observation than here. The traps consist of a large bow with a poisoned arrow, fixed in such a way that when the bear walks over a cord which is attached to it he is simultaneously transfixed. I have seen as many as fifty in one house. The simple contrivance for inflicting this silent death is most ingenious.

WEAVER'S SHUTTLE.

The women are occupied all day, as I have before said. They look cheerful, and even merry when they smile, and are not like the Japanese, prematurely old, partly perhaps because their houses are well ventilated, and the use of charcoal is unknown. I do not think that they undergo the unmitigated drudgery which falls to the lot of most savage women, though they work hard. The men do not like them to speak to strangers, however, and say that their place is to work and rear children. They eat of the same food, and at the same time as the men, laugh and talk before them, and receive equal support and respect in old age. They sell mats and bark-cloth in the piece, and made up, when they can, and their husbands do not take their earnings from them. All Aino women understand the making of bark-cloth. The men bring in the bark in strips, five feet long, having removed the outer coating. This inner bark is easily separated into several thin layers, which are split into very narrow strips by the older women, very neatly knotted, and wound

into balls weighing about a pound each. No preparation of either the bark or the thread is required to fit it for weaving, but I observe that some of the women steep it in a decoction of a bark which produces a brown dye to deepen the buff tint.

The loom is so simple that I almost fear to represent it as complicated by description. It consists of a stout hook fixed in the floor, to which the threads of the far end of the web are secured, a cord fastening the near end to the waist of the worker, who supplies, by dexterous rigidity, the necessary tension; a frame like a comb resting on the ankles, through which the threads pass, a hollow roll for keeping the upper and under threads separate, a spatula-shaped shuttle of engraved wood, and a roller on which the cloth is rolled as it is made. The length of the web is fifteen feet, and the width of the cloth fifteen inches. It is woven with great regularity, and the knots in the thread are carefully kept on the under side.[1] It is a very slow and fatiguing process, and a woman cannot do much more than a foot a day. The weaver sits on the floor with the whole arrangement attached to her waist, and the loom, if such it may be called, on her ankles. It takes long practice before she can supply the necessary tension by spinal rigidity. As the work proceeds she drags herself almost imperceptibly nearer the hook. In this house and other large ones two or three women bring in their webs in the morning, fix their hooks, and weave all day, while others, who have not equal advantages, put their hooks in the ground and weave in the sunshine. The web and loom can be bundled up in two minutes, and carried away quite as easily as a

[1] I have not been able to obtain from any botanist the name of the tree from the bark of which the thread is made, but suppose it to be a species of *Tiliaceæ*.

knitted sofa blanket. It is the simplest and perhaps the most primitive form of hand-loom, and comb, shuttle, and roll, are all easily fashioned with an ordinary knife.

RELIGION OF AINOS.

A Simple Nature Worship — Aino Gods — A Festival Song — Religious Intoxication — Bear Worship — The Annual Saturnalia — The Future State — Marriage and Divorce — Musical Instruments — Etiquette — The Chieftainship — Death and Burial — Old Age — Moral Qualities.

THERE cannot be anything more vague and destitute of cohesion than Aino religious notions. With the exception of the hill shrines of Japanese construction dedicated to Yoshitsuné, they have no temples, and they have neither priests, sacrifices, nor worship. Apparently through all traditional time their *cultus* has been the rudest and most primitive form of nature worship, the attaching of a vague sacredness to trees, rivers, rocks, and mountains, and of vague notions of power for good or evil to the sea, the forest, the fire, and the sun and moon. I cannot make out that they possess a trace of the deification of ancestors, though their rude nature worship may well have been the primitive form of Japanese Shintô. The solitary exception to their adoration of animate and inanimate nature appears to be the reverence paid to Yoshitsuné, to whom they believe they are greatly indebted, and who, it is supposed by some, will yet interfere on their behalf.[1] Their gods, that is, the outward symbols of

[1] Yoshitsuné is the most popular hero of Japanese history, and the special favourite of boys. He was the brother of Yoritomo, who was appointed by the Mikado in 1192, *Sei-i Tai Shôgun* (barbarian-subjugat-

their religion, corresponding most likely with the Shintô *gohei*, are wands and posts of peeled wood, whittled nearly to the top, from which the pendent shavings fall down in white curls. These are not only set up in their houses, sometimes to the number of twenty, but on precipices, banks of rivers and streams, and mountain passes, and such wands are thrown into the rivers as the boatmen descend rapids and dangerous places. Since my baggage horse fell over an acclivity on the trail from Sarufuto, four such wands have been placed there. It is nonsense to write of the religious ideas of a people who have none, and of beliefs among people who are merely adult children. The traveller who formulates an Aino creed must "evolve it from his inner consciousness." I have taken infinite trouble to learn from themselves what their religious notions are, and Shinondi tells me that they have told me all they know, and the whole sum is a few vague fears and hopes, and a suspicion that there are things outside themselves

ing great general) for his victories, and was the first of that series of great Shôguns whom our European notions distorted into "Temporal Emperors" of Japan. Yoshitsuné, to whom the real honour of these victories belonged, became the object of the jealousy and hatred of his brother, and was hunted from province to province, till, according to popular belief, he committed *hara-kiri*, after killing his wife and children, and his head, preserved in *saké*, was sent to his brother at Kamakura. Scholars, however, are not agreed as to the manner, period, or scene of his death. Many believe that he escaped to Yezo and lived among the Ainos for many years, dying among them at the close of the twelfth century. None believe this more firmly than the Ainos themselves, who assert that he taught their fathers the arts of civilisation, with letters and numbers, and gave them righteous laws, and he is worshipped by many of them under a name which signifies Master of the Law. I have been told by old men in Biratori, Usu, and Lebungé, that a later Japanese conqueror carried away the books in which the arts were written, and that since his time the arts themselves have been lost, and the Ainos have fallen into their present condition! On asking why the Ainos do not make vessels of iron and clay as well as knives and spears, the invariable answer is, "The Japanese took away the books."

more powerful than themselves, whose good influences may be obtained, or whose evil influences may be averted, by libations of *saké*.

The word worship is in itself misleading. When I use it of these savages it simply means libations of *saké*, waving bowls and waving hands, without any spiritual act of deprecation or supplication. In such a sense and such alone they worship the sun and moon (but not the stars), the forest, and the sea. The wolf, the black snake, the owl, and several other beasts and birds have the word *kamoi*, god, attached to them, as the wolf is the "howling god," the owl "the bird of the gods," a black snake the "raven god," but none of these things are now "worshipped," wolf-worship having quite lately died out. Thunder, "the voice of the gods," inspires some fear. The sun, they say, is their best god, and the fire their next best, obviously the divinities from whom their greatest benefits are received. Some idea of gratitude pervades their rude notions, as in the case of the "worship" paid to Yoshitsuné, and it appears in one of the rude recitations chanted at the Saturnalia which in several places conclude the hunting and fishing seasons: —

"To the sea which nourishes us, to the forest which protects us, we present our grateful thanks. You are two mothers that nourish the same child; do not be angry if we leave one to go to the other.

"The Ainos will always be the pride of the forest and of the sea."

The solitary act of sacrifice which they perform is the placing of a worthless, dead bird, something like a sparrow, near one of their peeled wands, where it is left till it reaches an advanced stage of putrefaction. "To drink for the god" is the chief act of "worship," and thus drunkenness and religion are inseparably con-

nected, as the more *saké* the Ainos drink the more devout they are, and the better pleased are the gods. It does not appear that anything but *saké* is of sufficient value to please the gods. The libations to the fire and the peeled post are never omitted, and are always accompanied by the inward waving of the *saké* bowls.

The peculiarity which distinguishes this rude mythology is the "worship" of the bear, the Yezo bear being one of the finest of his species, but it is impossible to understand the feelings by which it is prompted, for they worship it after their fashion, and set up its head in their villages, yet they trap it, kill it, eat it, and sell its skin. There is no doubt that this wild beast inspires more of the feeling which prompts worship than the inanimate forces of nature, and the Ainos may be distinguished as bear-worshippers, and their greatest religious festival or Saturnalia as the Festival of the Bear. Gentle and peaceable as they are, they have a great admiration for fierceness and courage; and the bear, which is the strongest, fiercest, and most courageous animal known to them, has probably in all ages inspired them with veneration. Some of their rude chants are in praise of the bear, and their highest eulogy on a man is to compare him to a bear. Thus Shinondi said of Benri the chief, "He is as strong as a bear," and the old Fate praising Pipichari called him "The young bear."

In all Aino villages, specially near the chief's house, there are several tall poles with the fleshless skull of a bear on the top of each, and in most there is also a large cage, made gridiron fashion, of stout timbers, and raised two or three feet from the ground. At the present time such cages contain young but well-grown bears, captured when quite small in the early spring. After the capture the bear cub is introduced into a dwelling-house,

generally that of the chief, or sub-chief, where it is suckled by a woman, and played with by the children, till it grows too big and rough for domestic ways, and is placed in a strong cage, in which it is fed and cared for, as I understand, till the autumn of the following year, when, being strong and well-grown, the Festival of the Bear is celebrated. The customs of this festival vary considerably, and the manner of the bear's death differs among the mountain and coast Ainos, but everywhere there is a general gathering of the people, and it is the occasion of a great feast, accompanied with much *saké* and a curious dance, in which men alone take part.

Yells and shouts are used to excite the bear, and when he becomes much agitated a chief shoots him with an arrow, inflicting a slight wound which maddens him, on which the bars of the cage are raised, and he springs forth, very furious. At this stage the Ainos run upon him with various weapons, each one striving to inflict a wound, as it brings good luck to draw his blood. As soon as he falls down exhausted, his head is cut off, and the weapons with which he has been wounded are offered to it, and he is asked to avenge himself upon them. Afterwards the carcass, amidst a frenzied uproar, is distributed among the people, and amidst feasting and riot the head, placed upon a pole, is worshipped, *i.e.* it receives libations of *saké*, and the festival closes with general intoxication. In some villages it is customary for the foster-mother of the bear to utter piercing wails while he is delivered to his murderers, and after he is slain to beat each one of them with a branch of a tree. [Afterwards at Usu, on Volcano Bay, the old men told me that at their festival they despatch the bear after a different manner. On letting it loose from the cage two men seize it by the ears, and

others simultaneously place a long, stout pole across the nape of its neck, upon which a number of Ainos mount, and after a prolonged struggle the neck is broken. As the bear is seen to approach his end, they shout in chorus, "We kill you, O bear! come back soon into an Aino."] When a bear is trapped or wounded by an arrow, the hunters go through an apologetic or propitiatory ceremony. They appear to have certain rude ideas of metempsychosis, as is evidenced by the Usu prayer to the bear and certain rude traditions, but whether these are indigenous, or have arisen by contact with Buddhism at a later period, it is impossible to say.

They have no definite ideas concerning a future state; and the subject is evidently not a pleasing one to them. Such notions as they have are few and confused. Some think that the spirits of their friends go into wolves and snakes; others, that they wander about the forests; and they are much afraid of ghosts. A few think that they go to "a good or bad place," according to their deeds; but Shinondi said, and there was an infinite pathos in his words, "How can we know? No one ever came back to tell us!" On asking him what were bad deeds, he said, "Being bad to parents, stealing, and telling lies." The future, however, does not occupy any place in their thoughts, and they can hardly be said to believe in the immortality of the soul, though their fear of ghosts shows that they recognise a distinction between body and spirit.

Their social customs are very simple. Girls never marry before the age of seventeen, or men before twenty-one. When a man wishes to marry, he thinks of some particular girl, and asks the chief if he may ask for her. If leave is given, either through a "go-between" or personally, he asks her father for her, and if he consents, the bridegroom gives him a present,

usually a Japanese "curio." This constitutes betrothal, and the marriage, which immediately follows, is celebrated by carousals and the drinking of much *saké*. The bride receives as her dowry her earrings and a highly-ornamented *kimono*. It is an essential that the husband provides a house to which to take his wife Each couple lives separately, and even the eldest son does not take his bride to his father's house. Polygamy is only allowed in two cases. The chief may have three wives; but each must have her separate house. Benri has two wives; but it appears that he took the second because the first was childless. [The Usu Ainos told me that among the tribes of Volcano Bay polygamy is not practised, even by the chiefs.] It is also permitted in the case of a childless wife; but there is no instance of it in Biratori, and the men say that they prefer to have one wife, as two quarrel.

Widows are allowed to marry again with the chief's consent; but among these mountain Ainos a woman must remain absolutely secluded within the house of her late husband for a period varying from six to twelve months, only going to the door at intervals, to throw *saké* to the right and left. A man secludes himself similarly for thirty days. [So greatly do the customs vary, that round Volcano Bay I found that the period of seclusion for a widow is only thirty days, and for a man twenty-five; but that after a father's death the house in which he has lived is burned down after the thirty days of seclusion, and the widow and her children go to a friend's house for three years, after which the house is rebuilt on its former site.]

If a man does not like his wife, by obtaining the chief's consent he can divorce her; but he must send her back to her parents with plenty of good clothes; but divorce is impracticable where there are children,

and is rarely if ever practised. Conjugal fidelity is a virtue among Aino women; but "custom" provides that, in case of unfaithfulness, the injured husband may bestow his wife upon her paramour, if he be an unmarried man; in which case the chief fixes the amount of damages which the paramour must pay; and these are usually valuable Japanese curios.

The old and blind people are entirely supported by their children, and receive until their dying day filial reverence and obedience.

If one man steals from another, he must return what he has taken, and give the injured man a present besides, the value of which is fixed by the chief.

Their mode of living you already know, as I have shared it, and am still receiving their hospitality. "Custom" enjoins the exercise of hospitality on every Aino. They receive all strangers as they received me, giving them of their best, placing them in the most honourable place, bestowing gifts upon them, and, when they depart, furnishing them with cakes of boiled millet.

They have few amusements, except certain feasts. Their dance, which they have just given in my honour, is slow and mournful, and their songs are chants or recitative. They have a musical instrument, something like a guitar, with three, five, or six strings, which are made from sinews of whales cast up on the shore. They have another, which is believed to be peculiar to themselves, consisting of a thin piece of wood, about five inches long and two and a half inches broad, with a pointed wooden tongue, about two lines in breadth and sixteen in length, fixed in the middle, and grooved on three sides. The wood is held before the mouth, and the tongue is set in motion by the vibration of the breath in singing. Its sound, though

less penetrating, is as discordant as that of a Jew's harp, which it somewhat resembles. One of the men used it as an accompaniment of a song; but they are unwilling to part with them, as they say that it is very seldom that they can find a piece of wood which will bear the fine splitting necessary for the tongue.

They are a most courteous people among each other. The salutations are frequent — on entering a house, on leaving it, on meeting on the road, on receiving anything from the hand of another, and on receiving a kind or complimentary speech. They do not make any acknowledgments of this kind to the women, however. The common salutation consists in extending the hands and waving them inwards, once or oftener, and stroking the beard; the formal one in raising the hands with an inward curve to the level of the head two or three times, lowering them, and rubbing them together; the ceremony concluding with stroking the beard several times. The latter and more formal mode of salutation is offered to the chief, and by the young to the old men. The women have no "manners!"

They have no "medicine men," and though they are aware of the existence of healing herbs, they do not know their special virtues or the manner of using them. Dried and pounded bear's liver is their specific, and they place much reliance on it in colic and other pains. They are a healthy race. In this village of 300 souls, there are no chronically ailing people; nothing but one case of bronchitis, and some cutaneous maladies among children. Neither is there any case of deformity in this and five other large villages which I have visited, except that of a girl, who has one leg slightly shorter than the other.

They ferment a kind of intoxicating liquor from the root of a tree, and also from their own millet and Jap-

anese rice, but Japanese *saké* is the one thing that they care about. They spend all their gains upon it, and drink it in enormous quantities. It represents to them all the good of which they know, or can conceive. Beastly intoxication is the highest happiness to which these poor savages aspire, and the condition is sanctified to them under the fiction of "drinking to the gods." Men and women alike indulge in this vice. A few, however, like Pipichari, abstain from it totally, taking the bowl in their hands, making the libations to the gods, and then passing it on. I asked Pipichari why he did not take *saké*, and he replied with a truthful terseness, "Because it makes men like dogs."

Except the chief, who has two horses, they have no domestic animals except very large, yellow dogs, which are used in hunting, but are never admitted within the houses.

The habits of the people, though by no means destitute of decency and propriety, are not cleanly. The women bathe their hands once a day, but any other washing is unknown. They never wash their clothes, and wear the same by day and night. I am afraid to speculate on the condition of their wealth of coal-black hair. They may be said to be very dirty, as dirty fully as masses of our people at home. Their houses swarm with fleas, but they are not worse in this respect than the Japanese *yadoyas*. The mountain villages have, however, the appearance of extreme cleanliness, being devoid of litter, heaps, puddles, and untidiness of all kinds, and there are no unpleasant odours inside or outside the houses, as they are well ventilated and smoked, and the salt fish and meat are kept in the godowns. The hair and beards of the old men, instead of being snowy as they ought to be, are yellow from smoke and dirt.

They have no mode of computing time, and do not know their own ages. To them the past is dead, yet like other conquered and despised races they cling to the idea that in some far-off age they were a great nation. They have no traditions of internecine strife, and the art of war seems to have been lost long ago. I asked Benri about this matter, and he says that formerly Ainos fought with spears and knives as well as with bows and arrows, but that Yoshitsuné, their hero god, forbade war for ever, and since then the two-edged spear, with a shaft nine feet long, has only been used in hunting bears.

The Japanese Government of course exercises the same authority over the Ainos as over its other subjects, but probably it does not care to interfere in domestic or tribal matters, and within this outside limit despotic authority is vested in the chiefs. The Ainos live in village communities, and each community has its own chief, who is its lord paramount. It appears to me that this chieftainship is but an expansion of the paternal relation, and that all the village families are ruled as a unit. Benri, in whose house I am, is the chief of Biratori, and is treated by all with very great deference of manner. The office is nominally for life; but if a chief becomes blind, or too infirm to go about, he appoints a successor. If he has a "smart" son, who he thinks will command the respect of the people, he appoints him; but if not he chooses the most suitable man in the village. The people are called upon to approve the choice, but their ratification is never refused. The office is not hereditary anywhere.

Benri appears to exercise the authority of a very strict father. His manner to all the men is like that of a master to slaves, and they bow when they speak

to him. No one can marry without his approval. If any one builds a house he chooses the site. He has absolute jurisdiction in civil and criminal cases, unless (which is very rare) the latter should be of sufficient magnitude to be reported to the Imperial officials. He compels restitution of stolen property, and in all cases fixes the fines which are to be paid by delinquents. He also fixes the hunting arrangements and the festivals. The younger men were obviously much afraid of incurring his anger in his absence.

An eldest son does not appear to be, as among the Japanese, a privileged person. He does not necessarily inherit the house and curios. The latter are not divided, but go with the house to the son whom the father regards as being the "smartest." Formal adoption is practised. Pipichari is an adopted son, and is likely to succeed to Benri's property to the exclusion of his own children. I cannot get at the word which is translated "smartness," but I understand it as meaning general capacity. The chief, as I have mentioned before, is allowed three wives among the mountain Ainos, otherwise authority seems to be his only privilege.

The Ainos have a singular dread of snakes. Even their bravest fly from them. One man says that it is because they know of no cure for their bite, but there is something more than this, for they flee from snakes which they know to be harmless.

They have an equal dread of their dead. Death seems to them very specially "the shadow fear'd of man." When it comes, which it usually does from bronchitis in old age, the corpse is dressed in its best clothing, and laid upon a shelf for from one to three days. In the case of a woman her ornaments are buried with her, and in that of a man his knife and

saké-stick, and, if he were a smoker, his smoking apparatus. The corpse is sewn up with these things in a mat, and, being slung on poles, is carried to a solitary grave, where it is laid in a recumbent position. Nothing will induce an Aino to go near a grave. Even if a valuable bird or animal falls near one, he will not go to pick it up. A vague dread is for ever associated with the departed, and no dream of Paradise ever lights for the Aino the "Stygian shades."

Benri is, for an Aino, intelligent. Two years ago Mr. Dening of Hakodaté came up here and told him that there was but one God who made us all, to which the shrewd old man replied, "If the God who made you made us, how is it that you are so different, you so rich, we so poor?" On asking him about the magnificent pieces of lacquer and inlaying which adorn his curio shelf, he said that they were his father's, grandfather's, and great-grandfather's at least, and he thinks they were gifts from the *daimiyô* of Matsumae soon after the conquest of Yezo. He is a grand-looking man, in spite of the havoc wrought by his intemperate habits. There is plenty of room in the house, and this morning, when I asked him to show me the use of the spear, he looked a truly magnificent savage, stepping well back with the spear in rest, and then springing forward for the attack, his arms and legs turning into iron, the big muscles standing out in knots, his frame quivering with excitement, the thick hair falling back in masses from his brow, and the fire of the chase in his eye. I trembled for my boy, who was the object of the imaginary onslaught, the passion of sport was so admirably acted.

As I write, seven of the older men are sitting by the fire. Their grey beards fall to their waists in rippled masses, and the slight baldness of age not only gives

them a singularly venerable appearance, but enhances the beauty of their lofty brows. I took a rough sketch of one of the handsomest, and showing it to him, asked if he would have it, but instead of being amused or pleased he showed symptoms of fear, and asked me to burn it, saying it would bring him bad luck, and he should die. However, Ito pacified him, and he accepted it, after a Chinese character, which is understood to mean good luck, had been written upon it, but all the others begged me not to "make pictures" of them, except Pipichari, who lies at my feet like a staghound.

The profusion of black hair, and a curious intensity about their eyes, coupled with the hairy limbs and singularly vigorous *physique*, give them a formidably savage appearance, but the smile, full of "sweetness and light," in which both eyes and mouth bear part, and the low, musical voice, softer and sweeter than anything I have previously heard, make me at times forget that they are savages at all. The venerable look of these old men harmonises with the singular dignity and courtesy of their manners, but as I look at the grand heads, and reflect that the Ainos have never shown any capacity, and are merely adult children, they seem to suggest water on the brain rather than intellect. I am more and more convinced that the expression of their faces is European. It is truthful, straightforward, manly, but both it and the tone of voice are strongly tinged with pathos.

Before these elders Benri asked me, in a severe tone, if I had been annoyed in any way during his absence. He feared, he said, that the young men and the women would crowd about me rudely. I made a complimentary speech in return, and all the ancient hands were waved, and the venerable beards were stroked in acknowledgment.

These Ainos, doubtless, stand high among uncivilised peoples. They are, however, as completely irreclaimable as the wildest of nomad tribes, and contact with civilisation, where it exists, only debases them. Several young Ainos were sent to Tôkiyô, and educated and trained in various ways, but as soon as they returned to Yezo they relapsed into savagery, retaining nothing but a knowledge of Japanese. They are charming in many ways, but make one sad, too, by their stupidity, apathy, and hopelessness, and all the sadder that their numbers appear to be again increasing, and as their *physique* is very fine, there does not appear to be a prospect of the race dying out at present.

They are certainly superior to many aborigines, as they have an approach to domestic life. They have one word for *house*, and another for *home*, and one word for husband approaches very nearly to house-band. Truth is of value in their eyes, and this in itself raises them above some peoples. Infanticide is unknown, and aged parents receive filial reverence, kindness, and support, while in their social and domestic relations there is much that is praiseworthy.

I must conclude this letter abruptly, as the horses are waiting, and I must cross the rivers, if possible, before the bursting of an impending storm.

I. L. B.

A TIPSY SCENE.

A Parting Gift — A Delicacy — Generosity — A Seaside Village — Pipichari's Advice — A Drunken Revel — Ito's Prophecies — The *Kôchô's* Illness — Patent Medicines.

SARUFUTO, YEZO, *August* 27.

I LEFT the Ainos yesterday with real regret, though I must confess that sleeping in one's clothes, and the lack of ablutions, are very fatiguing. Benri's two wives spent the early morning in the laborious operation of grinding millet into coarse flour, and before I departed, as their custom is, they made a paste of it, rolled it with their unclean fingers into well-shaped cakes, boiled them in the unwashed pot in which they make their stew of "abominable things," and presented them to me on a lacquer tray. They were distressed that I did not eat their food, and a woman went to a village at some distance and brought me some venison fat as a delicacy. All those of whom I had seen much came to wish me good-bye, and they brought so many presents (including a fine bearskin) that I should have needed an additional horse to carry them had I accepted but one half.

I rode twelve miles through the forest to Mombets, where I intended to spend Sunday, but I had the worst horse I ever rode, and we took five hours. The day was dull and sad, threatening a storm, and when we got out of the forest, upon a sand-hill covered with oak scrub, we encountered a most furious wind. Among the many

views which I have seen, that is one to be remembered. Below lay a bleached and bare sand-hill, with a few grey houses huddled in its miserable shelter, and a heaped-up shore of grey sand, on which a brown-grey sea was breaking with clash and boom in long, white, ragged lines, with all beyond a confusion of surf, surge, and mist, with driving brown clouds mingling sea and sky, and all between showing only in glimpses amidst scuds of sand.

At a house in the scrub a number of men were drinking *saké* with much uproar, and a superb-looking Aino came out, staggered a few yards, and then fell backwards among the weeds, a picture of debasement. I forgot to tell you that before I left Biratori, I inveighed to the assembled Ainos against the practice and consequences of *saké*-drinking, and was met with the reply, "We must drink to the gods, or we shall die," but Pipichari said, "You say that which is good; let us give *saké* to the gods, but not drink it," for which bold speech he was severely rebuked by Benri.

Mombets is a stormily-situated and most wretched cluster of twenty-seven decayed houses, some of them Aino, and some Japanese. The fish-oil and seaweed fishing trades are in brisk operation there now for a short time, and a number of Aino and Japanese strangers are employed. The boats could not get out because of the surf, and there was a drunken debauch. The whole place smelt of *saké*. Tipsy men were staggering about and falling flat on their backs, to lie there like dogs till they were sober, — Aino women were vainly endeavouring to drag their drunken lords home, and men of both races were reduced to a beastly equality. I went to the *yadoya* where I intended to spend Sunday, but besides being very dirty and forlorn, it was the very centre of the *saké* traffic, and in its open space

there were men in all stages of riotous and stupid intoxication. It was a sad scene, yet one to be matched in a hundred places in Scotland every Saturday afternoon. I am told by the *Kôchô* here that an Aino can drink four or five times as much as a Japanese without being tipsy, so for each tipsy Aino there had been an outlay of 6s. or 7s., for *saké* is 8d. a cup here!

I had some tea and eggs in the *daidokoro*, and altered my plans altogether, on finding that if I proceeded farther round the east coast as I intended, I should run the risk of several days' detention on the banks of numerous "bad rivers," if rain came on, by which I should run the risk of breaking my promise to deliver Ito to Mr. Maries by a given day. I do not surrender this project, however, without an equivalent, for I intend to add 100 miles to my journey, by taking an almost disused track round Volcano Bay, and visiting the coast Ainos of a very primitive region. Ito is very much opposed to this, thinking that he has made a sufficient sacrifice of personal comfort at Biratori, and plies me with stories, such as that there are "many bad rivers to cross," that the track is so worn as to be impassable, that there are no *yadoyas*, and that at the Government offices we shall neither get rice nor eggs! An old man who has turned back unable to get horses is made responsible for these stories. The machinations are very amusing. Ito was much smitten with the daughter of the house-master at Mororan, and left some things in her keeping, and the desire to see her again is at the bottom of his opposition to the other route.

Monday. — The horse could not or would not carry me farther than Mombets, so, sending the baggage on, I walked through the oak wood, and enjoyed its silent solitude, in spite of the sad reflections upon the enslavement of the Ainos to *saké*. I spent yesterday quietly

in my old quarters, with a fearful storm of wind and rain outside. Pipichari appeared at noon, nominally to bring news of the sick woman, who is recovering, and to have his nearly healed foot bandaged again, but really to bring me a knife sheath which he has carved for me. He lay on the mat in the corner of my room most of the afternoon, and I got a great many more words from him. The house-master, who is the *Kôchô* of Sarufuto, paid me a courteous visit, and in the evening sent to say that he would be very glad of some medicine, for he was "very ill and going to have fever." He had caught a bad cold and sore throat, had bad pains in his limbs, and was bemoaning himself ruefully. To pacify his wife, who was very sorry for him, I gave him some "Cockle's Pills," and the trapper's remedy of "a pint of hot water with a pinch of cayenne pepper," and left him moaning, and bundled up under a pile of *futons*, in a nearly hermetically sealed room, with a *hibachi* of charcoal vitiating the air. This morning, when I went and inquired after him in a properly concerned tone, his wife told me very gleefully that he was quite well and had gone out, and had left 25 *sen* for some more of the medicines that I had given him, so with great gravity I put up some of Duncan and Flockhart's most pungent cayenne pepper, and showed her how much to use. She was not content, however, without some of the "Cockles," a single box of which has performed six of those "miraculous cures" which rejoice the hearts and fill the pockets of patent medicine makers'

I. L. B.

VISIT TO A VOLCANO.

A Welcome Gift — Recent Changes — Volcanic Phenomena — Interesting Tufa Cones — An Aggressive Trailer — Semi-strangulation — A Fall into a Bear-trap — The Shiraôi Ainos — Horsebreaking and Cruelty.

OLD MORORAN, VOLCANO BAY, YEZO, *September* 2.

After the storm of Sunday, Monday was a grey, still, tender day, and the ranges of wooded hills were bathed in the richest indigo colouring. A canter of seventeen miles among the damask roses on a very rough horse only took me to Yubets, whose indescribable loneliness fascinated me into spending a night there again, and encountering a wild clatter of wind and rain; and another canter of seven miles the next morning took me to Tomakomai, where I rejoined my *kuruma*, and after a long delay, three trotting Ainos took me to Shiraôi, where the "clear shining after rain," and the mountains against a lemon-coloured sky, were extremely beautiful; but the Pacific was as unrestful as a guilty thing, and its crash and clamour and the severe cold fatigued me so much that I did not pursue my journey the next day, and had the pleasure of a flying visit from Mr. Von Siebold and Count Diesbach, who bestowed a chicken upon me.

I like Shiraôi very much, and if I were stronger would certainly make it a basis for exploring a part of the interior, in which there is much to reward the explorer. Obviously the changes in this part of Yezo have been comparatively recent, and the energy of the

force which has produced them is not yet extinct. The land has gained from the sea along the whole of this part of the coast to the extent of two or three miles, the old beach with its bays and headlands being a marked feature of the landscape. This new formation appears to be a vast bed of pumice, covered by a thin layer of vegetable mould, which cannot be more than fifty years old. This pumice fell during the eruption of the volcano of Tarumai, which is very near Shiraôi, and is also brought down in large quantities from the interior hills and valleys by the numerous rivers, besides being washed up by the sea. At the last eruption pumice fell over this region of Yezo to a medium depth of 3 feet 6 inches. In nearly all the rivers good sections of the formation may be seen in their deeply-cleft banks, broad, light-coloured bands of pumice, with a few inches of rich, black, vegetable soil above, and several feet of black sea-sand below. During a freshet which occurred the first night I was at Shiraôi, a single stream covered a piece of land with pumice to the depth of nine inches, being the wash from the hills of the interior, in a course of less than fifteen miles.

Looking inland, the volcano of Tarumai, with a bare grey top and a blasted forest on its sides, occupies the right of the picture. To the left and inland are mountains within mountains, tumbled together in most picturesque confusion, densely covered with forest and cleft by magnificent ravines, here and there opening out into narrow valleys. The whole of the interior is jungle, penetrable for a few miles by shallow and rapid rivers, and by nearly smothered trails made by the Ainos in search of game. The general lie of the country made me very anxious to find out whether a much-broken ridge lying among the mountains is or is not a series of tufa cones of ancient date; and apply-

ing for a good horse and Aino guide on horseback, I left Ito to amuse himself, and spent much of a most splendid day in investigations and in attempting to get round the back of the volcano and up its inland side. There is a great deal to see and learn there. Oh that I had strength! After hours of most tedious and exhausting work I reached a point where there were several great fissures emitting smoke and steam, with occasional subterranean detonations. These were on the side of a small, flank crack which was smoking heavily. There was light pumice everywhere, but nothing like recent lava or scoriæ. One fissure was completely lined with exquisite, acicular crystals of sulphur, which perished with a touch. Lower down there were two hot springs with a deposit of sulphur round their margins, and bubbles of gas, which, from its strong, garlicky smell, I suppose to be sulphuretted hydrogen. Farther progress in that direction was impossible without a force of pioneers. I put my arm down several deep crevices which were at an altitude of only about 500 feet, and had to withdraw it at once, owing to the great heat, in which some beautiful specimens of tropical ferns were growing. At the same height I came to a hot spring — hot enough to burst one of my thermometers, which was graduated above the boiling point of Fahrenheit; and tying up an egg in a pocket-handkerchief and holding it by a stick in the water, it was hard boiled in 8½ minutes. The water evaporated without leaving a trace of deposit on the handkerchief, and there was no crust round its margin. It boiled and bubbled with great force.

Three hours more of exhausting toil, which almost knocked up the horses, brought us to the apparent ridge, and I was delighted to find that it consisted of a lateral range of tufa cones, which I estimate as being

from 200 to 350, or even 400 feet high. They are densely covered with trees of considerable age, and a rich deposit of mould; but their conical form is still admirably defined. An hour of very severe work, and energetic use of the knife on the part of the Aino, took me to the top of one of these through a mass of entangled and gigantic vegetation, and I was amply repaid by finding a deep, well-defined crateriform cavity of great depth, with its sides richly clothed with vegetation, closely resembling some of the old cones in the island of Kauai. This cone is partially girdled by a stream, which in one place has cut through a bank of both red and black volcanic ash. All the usual phenomena of volcanic regions are probably to be met with north of Shiraôi, and I hope they will at some future time be made the object of careful investigation.

In spite of the desperate and almost overwhelming fatigue, I have enjoyed few things more than that "exploring expedition." If the Japanese have no one to talk to they croon hideous discords to themselves, and it was a relief to leave Ito behind and get away with an Aino, who was at once silent, trustworthy, and faithful. Two bright rivers bubbling over beds of red pebbles run down to Shiraôi out of the back country, and my directions, which were translated to the Aino, were to follow up one of these and go into the mountains in the direction of one I pointed out till I said "Shiraôi." It was one of those exquisite mornings which are seen sometimes in the Scotch Highlands before rain, with intense clearness and visibility, a blue atmosphere, a cloudless sky, blue summits, heavy dew, and glorious sunshine, and under these circumstances scenery beautiful in itself became entrancing.

The forest is a true forest, extending northwards for over 100 miles, with unknown eastern and western

limits. The principal trees are two species of oak, three varieties of maple, beeches of enormous size, ash and elm, all entangled by a wild vine with enormous cordate leaves and a redundant vigour which is almost irritating. A most aggressive trailer it is. It goes up to the tops of the tallest trees, and, not content with overrunning them, leaps from one tree top to another, clothes dead trees with more than their living beauty, twists, loops, and knots itself as if it did not know what to do with its strength, crushes feeble trees in its embrace, hangs loops and nooses down everywhere, makes arbours, disports itself, runs altogether riot, and is at once the pride and the peril of the forest. Some of its stems are as thick as a man's leg, and will bear a heavier strain, they say, than a frigate's best hawser. Then there is a trailer of the hydrangea genus, with clusters of white blossoms, which is not riotous, and contents itself with climbing to the top of the tallest trees, and clinging to them with the tenacity of ivy, besides the wild hop, and the mistletoe growing on oaks, and many others less striking. The undergrowth is composed mainly of ugly weeds six feet high, and in some places solely of the dwarf, dark-leaved bamboo. In the openings the ground is covered densely with a plumed, reed-like grass, the *Eulalia Japonica*, which in that rich soil attains a height of eight feet: and bamboo and grass would be equally impossible to penetrate without the use of the bill-hook, were it not for the remains of the trails made by Aino hunters.

The trailers are so formidable that we had to stoop over our horses' necks at all times, and with pushing back branches and guarding my face from slaps and scratches, my thick dogskin gloves were literally frayed off, and some of the skin of my hands and face in addition, so that I returned with both bleeding and swelled.

It was on the return ride fortunately that, in stooping to escape one great liana the loop of another grazed my nose, and, being unable to check my unbroken horse instantaneously, the loop caught me by the throat, nearly strangled me, and in less time than it takes to tell it I was drawn over the back of the saddle, and found myself lying on the ground, jammed between a tree and the hind leg of the horse, which was quietly feeding. The Aino, whose face was very badly scratched, missing me, came back, said never a word, helped me up, brought me some water in a leaf, brought my hat, and we rode on again. I was little the worse for the fall, but on borrowing a looking-glass I see not only scratches and abrasions all over my face, but a livid mark round my throat as if I had been hung! The Aino left portions of his bushy locks on many of the branches. You would have been amused to see me in this forest, preceded by this hairy and formidable-looking savage, who was dressed in a coat of skins with the fur outside, seated on the top of a pack-saddle covered with a deer hide, and with his hairy legs crossed over the horse's neck, a fashion in which the Ainos ride any horses over any ground with the utmost serenity.

It was a wonderful region for beauty. I have not seen so beautiful a view in Japan as from the river-bed from which I had the first near view of the grand assemblage of tufa cones, covered with an ancient vegetation, backed by high mountains of volcanic origin, on whose ragged crests the red ash was blazing vermilion against the blue sky, with a foreground of bright waters flashing through a primeval forest. The banks of these streams were deeply excavated by the heavy rains, and sometimes we had to jump three and even four feet out of the forest into the river, and as much up again, fording the Shiraôi river only more than twenty times, and often

making a pathway of its treacherous bed and rushing waters, because the forest was impassable from the great size of the prostrate trees. The horses look at these jumps, hold back, try to turn, and then, making up their minds, suddenly plunge down or up. When the last vestige of a trail disappeared, I signed to the Aino to go on, and our subsequent "exploration" was all done at the rate of about a mile an hour. On the openings the grass grows stiff and strong to the height of eight feet, with its soft reddish plumes waving in the breeze. The Aino first forced his horse through it, but of course it closed again, so that constantly when he was close in front I was only aware of his proximity by the tinkling of his horse's bells, for I saw nothing of him or of my own horse except the horn of my saddle. We tumbled into holes often, and as easily tumbled out of them; but once we both went down in the most unexpected manner into what must have been an old bear-trap, both going over our horses' heads, the horses and ourselves struggling together in a narrow space in a mist of grassy plumes, and being unable to communicate with my guide, the sense of the ridiculous situation was so overpowering that, even in the midst of the mishap, I was exhausted with laughter, though not a little bruised. It was very hard to get out of that pit-fall, and I hope I shall never get into one again. It is not the first occasion on which I have been glad that the Yezo horses are shoeless. It was through this long grass that we fought our way to the tufa cones, with the red, ragged crests against the blue sky.

The scenery was magnificent, and after getting so far, I longed to explore the sources of the rivers, but besides the many difficulties the day was far spent. I was also too weak for any energetic undertaking, yet I felt an intuitive perception of the passion and fascination

of exploring, and understood how people could give up their lives to it. I turned away from the tufa cones and the glory of the ragged crests very sadly, to ride a tired horse through great difficulties; and the animal was so thoroughly done up that I had to walk or rather wade for the last hour, and it was nightfall when I returned, to find that Ito had packed up all my things, had been waiting ever since noon to start for Horobets, was very grumpy at having to unpack, and thoroughly disgusted when I told him that I was so tired and bruised that I should have to remain the next day to rest. He said indignantly, "I never thought that when you'd got the *Kaitakushi kuruma* you'd go off the road into those woods!" We had seen some deer and many pheasants, and a successful hunter brought in a fine stag, so that I had venison steak for supper, and was much comforted, though Ito seasoned the meal with well-got-up stories of the impracticability of the Volcano Bay route.

Shiraôi consists of a large old *Honjin*, or *yadoya*, where the *daimiyô* and his train used to lodge in the old days, and about eleven Japanese houses, most of which are *saké* shops, a fact which supplies an explanation of the squalor of the Aino village of fifty-two houses, which is on the shore at a respectful distance. There is no cultivation, in which it is like all the fishing villages on this part of the coast, but fish-oil and fish-manure are made in immense quantities, and though it is not the season here, the place is pervaded by "an ancient and fish-like smell."

The Aino houses are much smaller, poorer, and dirtier than those of Biratori. I went into a number of them, and conversed with the people, many of whom understand Japanese. Some of the houses looked like dens, and, as it was raining, husband, wife, and five or six

naked children, all as dirty as they could be, with unkempt, elf-like locks, were huddled round the fires. Still, bad as it looked and smelt, the fire was the hearth, and the hearth was inviolate, and each smoked and dirt-stained group was a family, and it was an advance upon the social life of, for instance, Salt Lake City. The roofs are much flatter than those of the mountain Ainos, and as there are few store-houses, quantities of fish, "green" skins, and venison, hang from the rafters, and the smell of these and the stinging of the smoke were most trying. Few of the houses had any guest-seats, but in the very poorest, when I asked shelter from the rain, they put their best mat upon the ground, and insisted, much to my distress, on my walking ove it in muddy boots, saying, "It is Aino custom." Even in those squalid homes the broad shelf, with its rows of Japanese curios, always has a place. I mentioned that it is customary for a chief to appoint a successor when he becomes infirm, and I came upon a case in point, through a mistaken direction, which took us to the house of the former chief, with a great empty bear cage at its door. On addressing him as the chief, he said, "I am old and blind, I cannot go out, I am of no more good," and directed us to the house of his successor. Altogether it is obvious, from many evidences in this village, that Japanese contiguity is hurtful, and that the Ainos have reaped abundantly of the disadvantages without the advantages of contact with Japanese civilisation.

That night I saw a specimen of Japanese horse-breaking as practised in Yezo. A Japanese brought into the village street a handsome, spirited young horse, equipped with a Japanese *demi-pique* saddle, and a most cruel gag bit. The man wore very cruel spurs, and was armed with a bit of stout board two feet long

by six inches broad. The horse had not been mounted before, and was frightened, but not the least vicious. He was spurred into a gallop, and ridden at full speed up and down the street, turned by main force, thrown on his haunches, goaded with the spurs, and cowed by being mercilessly thrashed over the ears and eyes with the piece of board, till he was blinded with blood. Whenever he tried to stop from exhaustion, he was spurred, jerked, and flogged, till at last, covered with sweat, foam, and blood, and with blood running from his mouth and splashing the road, he reeled, staggered, and fell, the rider dexterously disengaging himself. As soon as he was able to stand, he was allowed to crawl into a shed, where he was kept without food till morning, when a child could do anything with him. He was "broken," effectually spirit-broken, useless for the rest of his life. It was a brutal and brutalising exhibition, as triumphs of brute force always are.

A WET TRIP.

The Universal Language — The Yezo *Corrals* — A "Typhoon Rain" — Difficult Tracks — An Unenviable Ride — Drying Clothes — A Woman's Remorse.

THIS morning I left early in the *kuruma* with two kind and delightful savages. The road being much broken by the rains, I had to get out frequently, and every time I got in again they put my air-pillow behind me, and covered me up in a blanket; and when we got to a rough river, one made a step of his back by which I mounted their horse, and gave me nooses of rope to hold on by, and the other held my arm to keep me steady, and they would not let me walk up or down any of the hills. What a blessing it is that, amidst the confusion of tongues, the language of kindness and courtesy is universally understood, and that a kindly smile on a savage face is as intelligible as on that of one's own countryman! They had never drawn a *kuruma*, and were as pleased as children when I showed them how to balance the shafts. They were not without the capacity to originate ideas, for when they were tired of the frolic of pulling, they attached the *kuruma* by ropes to the horse, which one of them rode at a "scramble," while the other merely ran in the shafts to keep them level. This is an excellent plan.

Horobets is a fishing station of antique and decayed aspect, with eighteen Japanese and forty-seven Aino houses. The latter are much larger than at Shiraôi,

and their very steep roofs are beautifully constructed. It was a miserable day, with fog concealing the mountains and lying heavily on the sea, but as no one expected rain, I sent the *kuruma* back to Mororan and secured horses. On principle I always go to the *corral* myself to choose animals, if possible, without sore backs, but the choice is often between one with a mere *raw*, and others which have holes in their backs into which I could put my hand, or altogether uncovered spines. The practice does no immediate good, but by showing the Japanese that foreign opinion condemns these cruelties an amendment may eventually be brought about. At Horobets, among twenty horses, there was not one that I would take, — I should like to have had them all shot. They are cheap and abundant, and are of no account. They drove a number more down from the hills, and I chose the largest and finest horse I have seen in Japan, with some spirit and action, but I soon found that he had tender feet. We shortly left the high-road, and in torrents of rain turned off on "unbeaten tracks," which led us through a very bad swamp and some much swollen and very rough rivers into the mountains, where we followed a worn-out track for eight miles. It was literally "*foul* weather," dark and still, with a brown mist, and rain falling in sheets. I threw my paper waterproof away as useless, my clothes were of course soaked, and it was with much difficulty that I kept my *shomon* and paper money from being reduced to pulp. Typhoons are not known so far north as Yezo, but it was what they call a "typhoon rain" without the typhoon, and in no time it turned the streams into torrents barely fordable, and tore up such of a road as there is, which at its best is a mere water-channel. Torrents, bringing tolerable-sized stones, tore down the track, and when the horses had been

struck two or three times by these, it was with difficulty that they could be induced to face the rushing water. Constantly in a pass, the water had gradually cut a track several feet deep between steep banks, and the only possible walking place was a stony gash not wide enough for the two feet of a horse alongside of each other, down which water and stones were rushing from behind, with all manner of trailers matted overhead, and between avoiding being strangled and attempting to keep a tender-footed horse on his legs, the ride was a very severe one. The poor animal fell five times from stepping on stones, and in one of his falls twisted my left wrist badly. I thought of the many people who envied me my tour in Japan, and wondered whether they would envy me that ride!

After this had gone on for four hours, the track, with a sudden dip over a hill-side, came down on Old Moro-ran, a village of thirty Aino and nine Japanese houses, very unpromising-looking, although exquisitely situated on the rim of a lovely cove. The Aino huts were small and poor, with an unusual number of bear skulls on poles, and the village consisted mainly of two long dilapidated buildings, in which a number of men were mending nets. It looked a decaying place, of low, mean lives. But at a "merchant's" there was one delightful room with two translucent sides — one opening on the village, the other looking to the sea down a short, steep slope, on which is a quaint little garden, with dwarfed fir-trees in pots, a few balsams, and a red cabbage grown with much pride as a "foliage plant."

It is nearly midnight, but my bed and bedding are so wet that I am still sitting up and drying them, patch by patch, with tedious slowness, on a wooden frame placed over a charcoal brazier, which has given my room the dryness and warmth which are needed when a person

has been for many hours in soaked clothing, and has nothing really dry to put on. Ito bought a chicken for my supper, but when he was going to kill it an hour later, its owner in much grief returned the money, saying she had brought it up, and could not bear to see it killed. This is a wild, outlandish place, but an intuition tells me that it is beautiful. The ocean at present is thundering up the beach with the sullen force of a heavy ground swell, and the rain is still falling in torrents.

I. L. B.

A SURPRISE.

"More than Peace" — Geographical Difficulties — Usu-taki — A Garden Region — Swimming the Osharu — A Dream of Beauty — A Sunset Effect — A Nocturnal Alarm — The Coast Ainos.

LEBUNGÉ, VOLCANO BAY, YEZO, *September* 6.

"Weary wave and dying blast
Sob and moan along the shore,
All is peace at last."

AND more than peace. It was a heavenly morning. The deep blue sky was perfectly unclouded, a blue sea with diamond flash and a "many-twinkling smile" rippled gently on the golden sands of the lovely little bay, and opposite, forty miles away, the pink summit of the volcano of Komono-taki, forming the south-western point of Volcano Bay, rose into a softening veil of tender blue haze. There was a balmy breeziness in the air, and tawny tints upon the hill, patches of gold in the woods, and a scarlet spray here and there heralded the glories of the advancing autumn. As the day began, so it closed. I should like to have detained each hour as it passed. It was thorough enjoyment. I visited a good many of the Mororan Ainos, saw their well-grown bear in its cage, and tearing myself away with difficulty at noon, crossed a steep hill and a wood of scrub oak, and then followed a trail which runs on the amber sands close to the sea, crosses several small streams, and passes the lonely Aino village of Maripu, the ocean always on the left and wooded ranges on the right, and in front an

apparent bar to farther progress in the volcano of Usu-taki, an imposing mountain, rising abruptly to a height of nearly 3000 feet, I should think.

In Yezo, as on the main island, one can learn very little about any prospective route. Usually when one makes an inquiry, a Japanese puts on a stupid look, giggles, tucks his thumbs into his girdle, hitches up his garments, and either professes perfect ignorance, or gives one some vague second-hand information, though it is quite possible that he may have been over every foot of the ground himself more than once. Whether suspicion of your motives in asking, or a fear of compromising himself by answering, is at the bottom of this, I don't know, but it is most exasperating to a traveller. In Hakodaté I failed to see Captain Blakiston, who has walked round the whole Yezo sea-board, and all I was able to learn regarding this route was that the coast was thinly-peopled by Ainos, that there were Government horses which could be got, and that one could sleep where one got them; that rice and salt fish were the only food; that there were many "bad rivers," and that the road went over "bad mountains;" that the only people who went that way were Government officials twice a year, that one could not get on more than four miles a day, that the roads over the passes were "all big stones," etc. etc. So this Usu-taki took me altogether by surprise, and for a time confounded all my carefully-constructed notions of locality. I had been told that the one volcano in the bay was Komono-taki, near Mori, and this I believed to be eighty miles off, and there, confronting me, within a distance of two miles, was this grand, splintered, vermilion-crested thing, with a far nobler aspect than that of "*the*" volcano, with a curtain range in front, deeply scored, and slashed with ravines and abysses whose purple gloom was unlighted

even by the noonday sun. One of the peaks was emitting black smoke from a deep crater, another, steam and white smoke from various rents and fissures in its side, vermilion peaks, smoke, and steam, all rising into a sky of brilliant blue, and the atmosphere was so clear that I saw everything that was going on there quite distinctly, especially when I attained an altitude exceeding that of the curtain range. It was not for two days that I got a correct idea of its geographical situation, but I was not long in finding out that it was not Komonotaki! There is much volcanic activity about it. I saw a glare from it last night thirty miles away. The Ainos said that it was "a god," but did not know its name, nor did the Japanese who were living under its shadow. At some distance from it in the interior rises a great dome-like mountain, Shiribetsan, and the whole view is grand.

After passing through miles of scrub and sand we came quite suddenly upon the agricultural settlement of Mombets, where the Government has placed a colony of 600 Japanese, and the verses apply, "The valleys are so thick with corn that they laugh and sing — the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." For two miles, careful manuring and assiduous hand labour have turned a sandy waste into a garden, a sea of crops without a weed, hundreds of acres of maize, wheat, millet, beans, tobacco, hemp, egg plants, peaches, apricots, pumpkins, and all the good things of Northern Japan, beautiful and luxuriant, with a good bridle road, fenced from the crops by a closely-cropped willow hedge, and numbers of small, neat Japanese houses, with gardens bright with portulaccas, red balsams, and small yellow chrysanthemums, all glowing in the sunshine, a perfect oasis, showing the resources which

Yezo possesses for the sustenance of a large population.

I have not seen above three or four Japanese together since I left Hakodaté, and I was much impressed with their ugliness, the lack of force in their faces, and the feeble *physique* of both men and women, as compared with that of the aborigines. The Yezo Japanese don't look altogether like the Japanese of the main island. They are as the colonists of Canada or Australia as compared with the small farmers of England, rougher, freer, more careless in their dress and deportment, and they are certainly affected, as people always are, by the cheapness and abundance of horses, which they ride cross-legged, in imitation of the Ainos. Till I reached Mombets, all the Japanese I have seen have led a life of irregular and precarious industry, very different from that of the peasant proprietors of the main island; and in the dull time they loaf and hang about "grog shops" not a little, and are by no means improved by the habit of lording it over an inferior race.

A little beyond Mombets flows the river Osharu, one of the largest of the Yezo streams. It was much swollen by the previous day's rain; and as the ferry-boat was carried away, we had to swim it, and the swim seemed very long. Of course, we and the baggage got very wet. The coolness with which the Aino guide took to the water without giving us any notice that its broad, eddying flood was a swim, and not a ford, was very amusing.

From the top of a steepish ascent beyond the Osharugawa, there is a view into what looks like a very lovely lake, with wooded promontories, and little bays, and rocky capes in miniature, and little heights, on which Aino houses, with tawny roofs, are clustered; and then the track dips suddenly, and deposits one, not

by a lake at all, but on Usu Bay, an inlet of the Pacific, much broken up into coves, and with a very narrow entrance, only obvious from a few points. Just as the track touches the bay, there is a road-post, with a prayer-wheel in it, and by the shore an upright stone of very large size, inscribed with Sanskrit characters, near to a stone staircase and a gateway in a massive stone-faced embankment, which looked much out of keeping with the general wildness of the place. On a rocky promontory in a wooded cove, there is a large, rambling house, greatly out of repair, inhabited by a Japanese man and his son, who are placed there to look after Government interests, exiles among 500 Ainos. From among the number of rat-haunted, rambling rooms which had once been handsome, I chose one opening on a yard or garden with some distorted yews in it, but found that the great gateway and the *amado* had no bolts, and that anything might be appropriated by any one with dishonest intentions; but the house-master and his son, who have lived for ten years among the Ainos, and speak their language, say that nothing is ever taken, and that the Ainos are thoroughly honest and harmless. Without this assurance I should have been distrustful of the number of wide-mouthed youths who hung about, in the listlessness and vacuity of savagery, if not of the bearded men who sat or stood about the gateway with children in their arms.

Usu is a dream of beauty and peace. There is not much difference between the height of high and low water on this coast, and the lake-like illusion would have been perfect had it not been that the rocks were tinged with gold for a foot or so above the sea by a delicate species of *fucus*. In the exquisite inlet where I spent the night, trees and trailers drooped into the water and were mirrored in it, their green, heavy shad

ows lying sharp against the sunset gold and pink of the rest of the bay; log canoes, with planks laced upon their gunwales to heighten them, were drawn upon a tiny beach of golden sand, and in the shadiest cove, moored to a tree, an antique and much-carved junk was "floating double." Wooded, rocky knolls, with Aino huts, the vermilion peaks of the volcano of Usu-taki redder than ever in the sinking sun, a few Ainos mending their nets, a few more spreading edible seaweed out to dry, a single canoe breaking the golden mirror of the cove by its noiseless motion, a few Aino loungers, with their "mild-eyed, melancholy" faces and quiet ways suiting the quiet evening scene, the unearthly sweetness of a temple bell — this was all, and yet it was the loveliest picture I have seen in Japan.

In spite of Ito's remonstrances and his protestations that an exceptionally good supper would be spoiled, I left my rat-haunted room, with its tarnished gilding and precarious *fusuma*, to get the last of the pink and lemon-coloured glory, going up the staircase in the stone-faced embankment, and up a broad, well-paved avenue, to a large temple, within whose open door I sat for some time absolutely alone, and in a wonderful stillness; for the sweet-toned bell which vainly chimes for vespers amidst this bear-worshipping population had ceased. This temple was the first symptom of Japanese religion that I remember to have seen since leaving Hakodaté, and worshippers have long since ebbed away from its shady and moss-grown courts. Yet it stands there to protest for the teaching of the great Hindu; and generations of Aino heathen pass away one after another; and still its bronze bell tolls, and its altar lamps are lit, and incense burns for ever before Buddha. The characters on the great bell of this temple are said to be the same lines which are often graven on temple

bells, and to possess the dignity of twenty-four centuries;

> 'All things are transient;
> They being born must die,
> And being born are dead;
> And being dead are glad
> To be at rest."

The temple is very handsome, the baldachino is superb, and the bronzes and brasses on the altar are specially fine. A broad ray of sunlight streamed in, crossed the matted floor, and fell full upon the figure of Sakya-muni in his golden shrine; and just at that moment a shaven priest, in silk-brocaded vestments of faded green, silently passed down the stream of light, and lit the candles on the altar, and fresh incense filled the temple with a drowsy fragrance. It was a most impressive picture. His curiosity evidently shortened his devotions, and he came and asked me where I had been and where I was going, to which, of course, I replied in excellent Japanese, and then stuck fast.

Along the paved avenue, besides the usual stone trough for holy water, there are on one side the thousand-armed Kwan-non, a very fine relief, and on the other a Buddha, throned on the eternal lotus blossom, with an iron staff, much resembling a crozier, in his hand, and that eternal apathy on his face which is the highest hope of those who hope at all. I went through a wood, where there are some mournful groups of graves on the hill-side, and from the temple came the sweet sound of the great bronze bell and the beat of the big drum, and then, more faintly, the sound of the little bell and drum, with which the priest accompanies his ceaseless repetition of a phrase in the dead tongue of a distant land. There is an infinite pathos about the lonely temple in its splendour, the absence of even pos-

sible worshippers, and the large population of Ainos, sunk in yet deeper superstitions than those which go to make up popular Buddhism. I sat on a rock by the bay till the last pink glow faded from Usu-taki and the last lemon stain from the still water; and a beautiful crescent, which hung over the wooded hill, had set, and the heavens blazed with stars:

"Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea,
And every wave with dimpled face,
That leapt upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there."

The loneliness of Usu Bay is something wonderful — a house full of empty rooms falling to decay, with only two men in it — one Japanese house among 500 savages, yet it was the only one in which I have slept in which they bolted neither the *amado* nor the gate. During the night the *amado* fell out of the worn-out grooves with a crash, knocking down the *shôji*, which fell on me, and rousing Ito, who rushed into my room half-asleep, with a vague vision of blood-thirsty Ainos in his mind. I then learned what I have been very stupid not to have learned before, that in these sliding wooden shutters there is a small door through which one person can creep at a time called the *jishindo*, or "earthquake door," because it provides an exit during the alarm of an earthquake, in case of the *amado* sticking in their grooves, or their bolts going wrong. I believe that such a door exists in all Japanese houses.

The next morning was as beautiful as the previous evening, rose and gold instead of gold and pink. Before the sun was well up I visited a number of the Aino lodges, saw the bear, and the chief, who, like all the rest, is a monogamist, and, after breakfast, at my

request, some of the old men came to give me such information as they had. These venerable elders sat cross-legged in the verandah, the house-master's son, who kindly acted as interpreter, squatting, Japanese fashion, at the side, and about thirty Ainos, mostly women, with infants, sitting behind. I spent about two hours in going over the same ground as at Biratori, and also went over the words,[1] and got some more, including some synonyms. The *click* of the *ts* before the *ch* at the beginning of a word is strongly marked among these Ainos. Some of their customs differ slightly from those of their brethren of the interior, specially as to the period of seclusion after a death, the non-allowance of polygamy to the chief, and the manner of killing the bear at the annual festival. Their ideas of metempsychosis are more definite, but this, I think, is to be accounted for by the influence and proximity of Buddhism. They spoke of the bear as their chief god, and next the sun and fire. They said that they no longer worship the wolf, and that though they call the volcano and many other things *kamoi*, or god, they do not worship them. I ascertained beyond doubt that worship with them means simply making libations of *saké*, and "drinking to the god," and that it is unaccompanied by petitions, or any vocal or mental act.

These Ainos are as dark as the people of southern Spain, and very hairy. Their expression is earnest and pathetic, and when they smiled, as they did when I could not pronounce their words, their faces had a touching sweetness which was quite beautiful, and European, not Asiatic. Their own impression is that they are now increasing in numbers after diminishing for many years. I left Usu sleeping in the loveliness of an autumn noon with great regret. No place that I have seen has fascinated me so much.

[1] See Appendix A.

SOLITUDE.

The Sea-shore — A "Hairy Aino" — A Horse Fight — The Horses of Yezo — "Bad Mountains" — A Slight Accident — Magnificent Scenery — A Bleached Halting-Place — A Musty Room — Aino "Good-breeding."

A CHARGE of 3 *sen* per *ri* more for the horses for the next stage, because there were such "bad mountains to cross," prepared me for what followed — many miles of the worst road for horses I ever saw. I should not have complained if they had charged double the price. As an almost certain consequence, it was one of the most picturesque routes I have ever travelled. For some distance, however, it runs placidly along by the sea-shore, on which big, blue, foam-crested rollers were disporting themselves noisily, and passes through several Aino hamlets, and the Aino village of Abuta, with sixty houses, rather a prosperous-looking place, where the cultivation was considerably more careful, and the people possessed a number of horses. Several of the houses were surrounded by bears' skulls grinning from between the forked tops of high poles, and there was a well-grown bear ready for his doom and apotheosis. In nearly all the houses a woman was weaving bark-cloth, with the hook which holds the web fixed into the ground several feet outside the house. At a deep river called the Nopkobets, which emerges from the mountains close to the sea, we were ferried by an Aino completely covered with hair, which on his shoulders was

wavy like that of a retriever, and rendered clothing quite needless either for covering or warmth. A wavy, black beard rippled nearly to his waist over his furry chest, and, with his black locks hanging in masses over his shoulders, he would have looked a thorough savage had it not been for the exceeding sweetness of his smile and eyes. The Volcano Bay Ainos are far more hairy than the mountain Ainos, but even among them it is quite common to see men not more so than vigorous Europeans, and I think that the hairiness of the race as a distinctive feature has been much exaggerated, partly by the smooth-skinned Japanese.

The ferry scow was nearly upset by our four horses beginning to fight. At first one bit the shoulders of another; then the one attacked uttered short, sharp squeals, and returned the attack by striking with his fore feet, and then there was a general *mêlée* of striking and biting, till some ugly wounds were inflicted. I have watched fights of this kind on a large scale every day in the *corral*. The miseries of the Yezo horses are the great drawback of Yezo travelling. They are brutally used, and are covered with awful wounds from being driven at a fast "scramble" with the rude, ungirthed pack-saddle and its heavy load rolling about on their backs, and they are beaten unmercifully over their eyes and ears with heavy sticks. Ito has been barbarous to these gentle, little-prized animals ever since we came to Yezo; he has vexed me more by this than by anything else, especially as he never dared even to carry a switch on the main island, either from fear of the horses or their owners. To-day he was beating the baggage-horse unmercifully, when I rode back and interfered with some very strong language, saying, "You are a bully, and, like all bullies, a coward." Imagine my aggravation when, at our first halt, he brought out

his note-book as usual, and quietly asked me the meaning of the words "bully" and "coward." It was perfectly impossible to explain them, so I said a bully was the worst name I could call him, and that a coward was the meanest thing a man could be. Then the provoking boy said, "Is bully a worse name than devil?" "Yes, far worse," I said, on which he seemed rather crestfallen, and he has not beaten his horse since, in my sight at least.

The breaking-in process is simply breaking the spirit by an hour or two of such atrocious cruelty as I saw at Shiraôi, at the end of which the horse, covered with foam and blood, and bleeding from mouth and nose, falls down exhausted. Being so ill used, they have all kinds of tricks, such as lying down in fords, throwing themselves down head foremost and rolling over pack and rider, bucking, and resisting attempts to make them go otherwise than in single file. Instead of bits they have bars of wood on each side of the mouth, secured by a rope round the nose and chin. When horses which have been broken with bits gallop they put up their heads till the nose is level with the ears, and it is useless to try either to guide or check them. They are always wanting to join the great herds on the hill-side or sea-shore, from which they are only driven down as they are needed. In every Yezo village the first sound that one hears at break of day is the gallop of forty or fifty horses, pursued by an Aino, who has hunted them from the hills. A horse is worth from twenty-eight shillings upwards. They are very sure-footed when their feet are not sore, and cross a stream or chasm on a single rickety plank, or walk on a narrow ledge above a river or gulch without fear. They are barefooted, their hoofs are very hard, and I am glad to be rid of the perpetual tying and untying and replacing of the straw

shoes of the well-cared-for horses of the main island. A man rides with them, and for a man and three horses the charge is only sixpence for each 2½ miles. I am now making Ito ride in front of me, to make sure that he does not beat or otherwise misuse his beast.

After crossing the Nopkobets, from which the fighting horses have led me to make so long a digression, we went right up into the "bad mountains," and crossed the three tremendous passes of Lebungétogé. Except by saying that this disused bridle-track is impassable, people have scarcely exaggerated its difficulties. One horse broke down on the first pass, and we were long delayed by sending the Aino back for another. Possibly these extraordinary passes do not exceed 1500 feet in height, but the track ascends them through a dense forest with most extraordinary abruptness, to descend as abruptly, to rise again sometimes by a series of nearly washed-away zigzags, at others by a straight, ladder-like ascent deeply channelled, the bottom of the trough being filled with rough stones, large and small, or with ledges of rock with an entangled mass of branches and trailers overhead, which render it necessary to stoop over the horse's head while he is either fumbling, stumbling, or tumbling among the stones in a gash a foot wide, or else is awkwardly leaping up broken rock steps nearly the height of his chest, the whole performance consisting of a series of scrambling jerks at the rate of a mile an hour.

In one of the worst places the Aino's horse, which was just in front of mine, in trying to scramble up a nearly breast-high and much-worn ledge, fell backwards, nearly overturning my horse, the stretcher poles, which formed part of his pack, striking me so hard above my ankle that for some minutes after-

wards I thought the bone was broken. The ankle was severely cut and bruised, and bled a good deal, and I was knocked out of the saddle. Ito's horse fell three times, and eventually the four were roped together. Such are some of the *divertissements* of Yezo travel.

Ah, but it was glorious! The views are most magnificent. This is really Paradise. Everything is here, —huge headlands magnificently timbered, small, deep, bays into which the great green waves roll majestically, great, grey cliffs, too perpendicular for even the most adventurous trailer to find root-hold, bold bluffs and outlying stacks cedar-crested, glimpses of bright, blue ocean dimpling in the sunshine or tossing up wreaths of foam among ferns and trailers, and inland ranges of mountains forest-covered, with tremendous gorges between, forest filled, where wolf, bear, and deer make their nearly inaccessible lairs, and outlying battlements, and ridges of grey rock with hardly six feet of level on their sinuous tops, and cedars in masses giving deep shadow, and sprays of scarlet maple or festoons of a crimson vine lighting the gloom. The inland view suggested infinity. There seemed no limit to the forest-covered mountains and the unlighted ravines. The wealth of vegetation was equal in luxuriance and entanglement to that of the tropics, primeval vegetation, on which the lumberer's axe has never rung. Trees of immense height and girth, specially the beautiful *Salisburia adiantifolia* with its small fan-shaped leaves, all matted together by riotous lianas, rise out of an impenetrable undergrowth of the dwarf, dark-leaved bamboo, which, dwarf as it is, attains a height of seven feet, and all is dark, solemn, soundless, the haunt of wild beasts, and of butterflies and dragon-flies of the most brilliant colours. There was light

without heat, leaves and streams sparkled, and there was nothing of the half-smothered sensation which is often produced by the choking greenery of the main island, for frequently, far below, the Pacific flashed in all its sunlit beauty, and occasionally we came down unexpectedly on a little cove with abrupt cedar-crested headlands and stacks, and a heavy surf rolling in with the deep thunder music which alone breaks the stillness of this silent land.

There was one tremendous declivity where I got off to walk, but found it too steep to descend on foot with comfort. You can imagine how steep it was, when I tell you that the deep groove being too narrow for me to get to the side of my horse, I dropped down upon him from behind, between his tail and the saddle, and so scrambled on!

The sun had set and the dew was falling heavily when the track dipped over the brow of a headland, becoming a waterway so steep and rough that I could not get down it on foot without the assistance of my hands, and terminating on a lonely little bay of great beauty, walled in by impracticable-looking headlands, and being itself the entrance to an equally impracticable-looking, densely-wooded valley running up among densely-wooded mountains. There was a margin of grey sand above the sea, and on this the skeleton of an enormous whale was bleaching. Two or three large "dug-outs," with planks laced with stout fibre on their gunwales, and some bleached drift-wood, lay on the beach, the foreground of a solitary, rambling, dilapidated grey house, bleached like all else, where three Japanese men with an old Aino servant live to look after "Government interests," whatever these may be, and keep rooms and horses for Government officials — a great boon to travellers who, like me, are belated here.

Only one person has passed Lebungé this year, except two officials and a policeman.

There was still a red glow on the water, and one horn of a young moon appeared above the wooded headland; but the loneliness and isolation are overpowering, and it is enough to produce madness to be shut in for ever with the thunder of the everlasting surf, which compels one to raise one's voice in order to be heard. In the wood, half a mile from the sea, there is an Aino village of thirty houses, and the appearance of a few of the savages gliding noiselessly over the beach in the twilight added to the ghastliness and loneliness of the scene. The horses were unloaded by the time I arrived, and several courteous Ainos showed me to my room, opening on a small courtyard with a heavy gate. The room was musty, and, being rarely used, swarmed with spiders. A saucer of fish-oil and a wick rendered darkness visible, and showed faintly the dark, pathetic faces of a row of Ainos in the verandah, who retired noiselessly with their graceful salutation when I bade them good-night. Food was hardly to be expected, yet they gave me rice, potatoes, and black beans boiled in equal parts of brine and syrup, which are very palatable. The cuts and bruises of yesterday became so very painful with the cold of the early morning that I have been obliged to remain here.

I. L. B.

THE MISSING LINK.

A Group of Fathers — The Lebungé Ainos — The *Salisburia adiantifolia* — A Family Group — The Missing Link — Oshamambé — A Horse Fight — The River Yurapu — The Seaside — Sagacity of Crows — Outwitting a Dog — Aino Canoes — The Volcano of Komono-taki — The last Morning — Dodging Europeans.

HAKODATÉ, *September* 12.

LEBUNGÉ is a most fascinating place in its awful isolation. The house-master was a friendly man, and much attached to the Ainos. If other officials entrusted with Aino concerns treat the Ainos as fraternally as those of Usu and Lebungé, there is not much to lament. This man also gave them a high character for honesty and harmlessness, and asked if they might come and see me before I left; so twenty men, mostly carrying very pretty children, came into the yard with the horses. They had never seen a foreigner, but either from apathy or politeness, they neither stare nor press upon one as the Japanese do, and always make a courteous recognition. The bear-skin housing of my saddle pleased them very much, and my boots of unblacked leather, which they compare to the deer-hide moccasins which they wear for winter hunting. Their voices were the lowest and most musical that I have heard, incongruous sounds to proceed from such hairy, powerful-looking men. Their love for their children was most marked. They caressed them tenderly, and held them aloft for notice, and when the house-master told them how much I

admired the brown, dark-eyed, winsome creatures, their faces lighted with pleasure, and they saluted me over and over again. These, like other Ainos, utter a short, screeching sound when they are not pleased, and then one recognises the savage.

These Lebungé Ainos differ considerably from those of the eastern villages, and I have again to notice the decided sound or *click* of the *ts* at the beginning of many words. Their skins are as swarthy as those of Bedaween, their foreheads comparatively low, their eyes far more deeply set, their stature lower, their hair yet more abundant, the look of wistful melancholy more marked, and two who were unclothed for hard work in fashioning a canoe, were almost entirely covered with short, black hair, specially thick on the shoulders and back, and so completely concealing the skin as to reconcile one to the lack of clothing. I noticed an enormous breadth of chest, and a great development of the muscles of the arms and legs. All these Ainos shave their hair off for two inches above their brows, only allowing it there to attain the length of an inch. Among the well-clothed Ainos in the yard there was one smooth-faced, smooth-skinned, concave-chested, spindle-limbed, yellow Japanese, with no other clothing than the decorated bark-cloth apron which the Ainos wear in addition to their coats and leggings. Escorted by these gentle, friendly savages, I visited their lodges, which are very small and poor, and in every way inferior to those of the mountain Ainos. The women are short and thick-set, and most uncomely.

From their village I started for the longest, and by reputation, the worst stage of my journey, seventeen miles, the first ten of which are over mountains. So solitary and disused is this track, that on a four days' journey we have not met a human being. In the Le-

bungé valley, which is densely forested, and abounds with fordable streams and treacherous ground, I came upon a grand specimen of the *Salisburia adiantifolia*, which, at a height of three feet from the ground, divides into eight lofty stems, none of them less than 2 feet 5 inches in diameter. This tree, which grows rapidly, is so well adapted to our climate, that I wonder it has not been introduced on a large scale, as it may be seen by every body in Kew Gardens. There is another tree with orbicular leaves in pairs, which grows to an immense size.

From this valley a worn-out, stony bridle-track ascends the western side of Lebungétogé, climbing through a dense forest of trees and trailers to a height of about 2000 feet, where, contented with its efforts, it reposes, and, with only slight ups and downs, continues along the top of a narrow ridge within the seaward mountains, between high walls of dense bamboo, which, for much of that day's journey, is the undergrowth alike of mountain and valley, ragged peak, and rugged ravine. The scenery was as magnificent as on the previous day. A guide was absolutely needed, as the track ceased altogether in one place, and for some time the horses had to blunder their way along a bright, rushing river, swirling rapidly downwards, heavily bordered with bamboo, full of deep holes, and made difficult by trees which have fallen across it. There Ito, whose horse could not keep up with the others, was lost, or rather lost himself, which led to a delay of two hours. I have never seen grander forest than on that two day's ride.

At last the track, barely passable after its recovery, dips over a precipitous bluff, and descends close to the sea, which has evidently receded considerably. Thence it runs for six miles on a level, sandy strip, covered

near the sea with a dwarf bamboo about five inches high, and farther inland with red roses and blue campanula.

At the foot of the bluff there is a ruinous Japanese house, where an Aino family has been placed to give shelter and rest to any who may be crossing the pass. I opened my *bentô bako* of red lacquer, and found that it contained some cold, waxy potatoes, on which I dined, with the addition of some tea, and then waited wearily for Ito, for whom the guide went in search. The house and its inmates were a study. The ceiling was gone, and all kinds of things, for which I could not imagine any possible use, hung from the blackened rafters. Everything was broken and decayed, and the dirt was appalling. A very ugly Aino woman, hardly human in her ugliness, was splitting bark fibre. There were several *irori*, Japanese fashion, and at one of them a grand-looking old man was seated apathetically contemplating the boiling of a pot. Old, and sitting among ruins, he represented the fate of a race which, living, has no history, and perishing, leaves no monument. By the other *irori* sat, or rather crouched, the "MISSING LINK." I was startled when I first saw it. It was, shall I say? a man, and the *mate*, I cannot write the husband, of the ugly woman. It was about fifty. The lofty Aino brow had been made still loftier by shaving the head for three inches above it. The hair hung, not in shocks, but in snaky wisps, mingling with a beard which was grey and matted. The eyes were dark but vacant, and the face had no other expression than that look of apathetic melancholy which one sometimes sees on the faces of captive beasts. The arms and legs were unnaturally long and thin, and the creature sat with the knees tucked into the armpits. The limbs and body, with the exception of a patch on

each side, were thinly covered with fine black hair, more than an inch long, which was slightly curly on the shoulders. It showed no other sign of intelligence than that evidenced by boiling water for my tea. When Ito arrived he looked at it with disgust, exclaiming, "The Ainos are just dogs; they had a dog for their father," in allusion to their own legend of their origin.

The level was pleasant after the mountains, and a canter took us pleasantly to Oshamambé, where we struck the old road from Mori to Satsuporo, and where I halted for a day to rest my spine, from which I was suffering much. Oshamambé looks dismal even in the sunshine, decayed and dissipated, with many people lounging about in it doing nothing, with the dazed look which over-indulgence in *saké* gives to the eyes. The sun was scorching hot, and I was glad to find refuge from it in a crowded and dilapidated *yadoya*, where there were no black beans, and the use of eggs did not appear to be recognised. My room was only enclosed by *shôji*, and there were scarcely five minutes of the day in which eyes were not applied to the finger-holes with which they were liberally riddled; and during the night one of them fell down, revealing six Japanese sleeping in a row, each head on a wooden pillow.

The grandeur of the route ceased with the mountain passes, but in the brilliant sunshine the ride from Oshamambé to Mori, which took me two days, was as pretty and pleasant as it could be. At first we got on very slowly, as besides my four horses there were four led ones going home, which got up fights and entangled their ropes, and occasionally lay down and rolled; and besides these there were three foals following their mothers, and if they stayed behind, the mares hung back neighing, and if they frolicked ahead, the mares

wanted to look after them, and the whole string showed a combined inclination to dispense with their riders and join the many herds of horses which we passed. It was so tedious that, after enduring it for some time, I got Ito's horse and mine into a scow at a river of some size, and left the disorderly drove to follow at leisure.

At Yurapu, where there is an Aino village of thirty houses, we saw the last of the aborigines, and the interest of the journey ended. Strips of hard sand below high-water mark, strips of red roses, ranges of wooded mountains, rivers deep and shallow, a few villages of old grey houses amidst grey sand and bleaching driftwood, and then came the river Yurapu, a broad, deep stream, navigable in a canoe for fourteen miles. The scenery there was truly beautiful in the late and splendid afternoon. The long blue waves rolled on shore, each one crested with light as it curled before it broke, and hurled its snowy drift for miles along the coast with a deep booming music. The glorious inland view was composed of six ranges of forest-covered mountains, broken, chasmed, caverned, and dark with timber, and above them bald, grey peaks rose against a green sky of singular purity. I longed to take a boat up the Yurapu, which penetrates by many a gorge into their solemn recesses, but had not strength to carry out my wish.

After this I exchanged the silence or low musical speech of Aino guides for the harsh and ceaseless clatter of Japanese. At Yamakushinoi, a small hamlet on the seashore, where I slept, there was a sweet, quiet *yadoya*, delightfully situated, with a wooded cliff at the back, over which a crescent hung out of a pure sky; and besides, there were the more solid pleasures of fish, eggs, and black beans. Thus, instead of being starved and finding wretched accommodation, the week I spent

on Volcano Bay has been the best fed, as it was certainly the most comfortable, week of my travels in Northern Japan.

Another glorious day favoured my ride to Mori, but I was unfortunate in my horse at each stage, and the Japanese guide was grumpy and ill-natured, a most unusual thing. Otoshibé and a few other small villages of grey houses, with "an ancient and fish-like smell," lie along the coast, busy enough doubtless in the season, but now looking deserted and decayed, and houses are rather plentifully sprinkled along many parts of the shore, with a wonderful profusion of vegetables and flowers about them, raised from seeds liberally supplied by the *Kaitakushi* Department from its Nanai experimental farm and nurseries. For a considerable part of the way to Mori there is no track at all, though there is a good deal of travel. One makes one's way fatiguingly along soft sea sand or coarse shingle close to the sea, or absolutely in it, under cliffs of hardened clay or yellow conglomerate, fording many small streams, several of which have cut their way deeply through a stratum of black volcanic sand. I have crossed about 100 rivers and streams on the Yezo coast, and all the larger ones are marked by a most noticeable peculiarity, *i.e.* that on nearing the sea, they turn south, and run for some distance parallel with it, before they succeed in finding an exit through the bank of sand and shingle which forms the beach and blocks their progress.

I have not said anything about the crows, which are a feature of Yezo, and one which the colonists would willingly dispense with. There are millions of them, and in many places they break the silence of the silent land with a Babel of noisy discords. They are everywhere, and have attained a degree of most unpardona-

ble impertinence, mingled with a cunning and sagacity which almost put them on a level with man in some circumstances. Five of them were so impudent as to alight on two of my horses, and so be ferried across the Yurapugawa. In the inn-garden at Mori I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented. At last a big, strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated, and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, letting go the big piece unwisely for a second, on which two of the crows flew away with it to the pine, and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate or rather gorged it, the deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them inanely. A gentleman told me that he saw a dog holding a piece of meat in like manner in the presence of three crows, which also vainly tried to tear it from him, and after a consultation they separated, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the tail a bite sharp enough to make the dog turn round with a squeak, on which the other villains seized the meat, and the three fed triumphantly upon it on the top of a wall. In many places they are so aggressive as to destroy the crops unless they are protected by netting. They assemble on the sore backs of horses and pick them into holes, and are mischievous in many ways. They are very late in going to roost and are early astir in the morning, and are so bold that they often came "with

many a stately flirt and flutter" into the verandah where I was sitting. I never watched an assemblage of them for any length of time without being convinced that there was a Nestor among them to lead their movements. Along the sea-shore they are very amusing, for they "take the air" in the evening seated on sand-banks facing the wind, with their mouths open. They are threatening to devour the settlers, and a crusade is just now being waged against them, but they are Legion.

On the way I saw two Ainos land through the surf in a canoe, in which they had paddled for nearly 100 miles. A river canoe is dug out of a single log, and two men can fashion one in five days, but on examining this one, which was twenty-five feet long, I found that it consisted of two halves, laced together with very strong bark fibre for their whole length, and with high sides also laced on. They consider that they are stronger for rough sea and surf work when made in two parts. Their bark-fibre rope is beautifully made, and they twist it of all sizes, from twine up to a nine-inch hawser.

Beautiful as the blue ocean was, I had too much of it, for the horses were either walking in a lather of sea foam or were crowded between the cliff and the sea, every larger wave breaking over my foot and irreverently splashing my face, and the surges were so loud tongued and incessant, throwing themselves on the beach with a tremendous boom, and drawing the shingle back with them with an equally tremendous rattle, so impolite and noisy, bent only on showing their strength, reckless, rude, self-willed, and inconsiderate! This purposeless display of force, and this incessant waste of power, and the noisy self-assertion in both, approached vulgarity!

Towards evening we crossed the last of the bridgeless rivers, and put up at Mori, which I left three weeks before, and I was very thankful to have accomplished my object without disappointment, disaster, or any considerable discomfort. Had I not promised to return Ito to his master by a given day, I should like to spend the next six weeks in the Yezo wilds, for the climate is good, the scenery beautiful, and the objects of interest are many.

The peaks of the volcano of Komono-taki were blazing in the setting sun, and with a glass I was able then, and from a point above the lakes, to trace its configuration pretty easily. It may still prove mischievous, and in its last recent eruption it covered the ground in its neighbourhood with pumice to a depth of three feet. The lava ejected by it and the other volcanoes of this coast appears to differ considerably from that of the flows from the flank and summit craters of Mauna Loa on Hawaii, as it is light and porous, consisting almost entirely of pumice, which on Hawaii appears rarely, and then only as the *froth* on streams, which solidify into dense basalt, either jagged or smooth. The highest peak is estimated at a height of 3300 feet, but the great crater, which is about three-quarters of a mile in diameter, lies 500 feet lower, and contains six smaller craters, one of which was active in 1872. One of these is about 100 feet deep. Steam escapes from many apertures in their sides. The slopes of the volcano have a scathed and dreary look, from the remains of a forest charred in the last great eruption, and the immediate neighbourhood cannot be profitably tilled till a greater depth of soil has accumulated over the last layer of pumice. In the meantime nature is doing her best to provide it by covering the ground with young woods.

Another splendid day favoured my ride from Mori to

Togénoshita, where I remained for the night, and I had exceptionally good horses for both days, though the one which Ito rode, while going at a rapid "scramble," threw himself down three times and rolled over to rid himself from flies. I had not admired the wood between Mori and Ginsainoma (the lakes) on the sullen, grey day on which I saw it before, but this time there was an abundance of light and shadow and solar glitter, and many a scarlet spray and crimson trailer, and many a maple flaming in the valleys, gladdened me with the music of colour. From the top of the pass beyond the lakes there is a grand view of the volcano in all its nakedness, with its lava beds and fields of pumice, with the lakes of Onuma, Konuma, and Ginsainoma, lying in the forests at its feet, and from the top of another hill there is a remarkable view of windy Hakodaté, with its headland looking like Gibraltar. The slopes of this hill are covered with the *Aconitum Japonicum*, of which the Ainos make their arrow poison.

The *yadoya* at Togénoshita was a very pleasant and friendly one, and when Ito woke me yesterday morning, saying, "Are you sorry that it's the last morning? I am," I felt we had one subject in common, for I was very sorry to end my pleasant Yezo tour, and very sorry to part with the boy who had made himself more useful and invaluable even than before. It was most wearisome to have Hakodaté in sight for twelve miles, so near across the bay, so far across the long, flat, stony strip which connects the headland upon which it is built with the mainland. For about three miles the road is rudely macadamised, and as soon as the bare-footed horses get upon it they seem lame of all their legs; they hang back, stumbling, dragging, edging to the side, and trying to run down every opening, so that when we got into the interminable main street I sent

Ito on to the Consulate for my letters, and dismounted, hoping that as it was raining I should not see any foreigners; but I was not so lucky, for first I met Mr Dening, and then, seeing the Consul and Dr. Hepburn coming down the road, evidently dressed for dining in the flag-ship, and looking spruce and clean, I dodged up an alley to avoid them; but they saw me, and did not wonder that I wished to escape notice, for my old *betto's* hat, my torn green paper waterproof, and my riding-skirt and boots, were not only splashed but *caked* with mud, and I had the general look of a person "fresh from the wilds."

I. L. B.

ITINERARY OF TOUR IN YEZO.

Hakodaté to

	No. of houses. Jap.	Aino.	*Ri.*	*Chô*
Ginsainoma . .	4		7	18
Mori	105		4	
Mororan . . .	57		11	
Horobets . .	18	47	5	1
Shiraoi . . .	11	51	6	32
Tomakomai . .	38		5	21
Yubets . . .	7	3	3	5
Sarufuto . . .	63		7	5
Biratori . . .		53	5	
Mombets . .	27		5	1

From Horobets to

	Jap.	Aino.	*Ri.*	*Chô.*
Old Mororan .	9	30	4	28
Usu	3	99	6	2
Lebungé . . .	1	27	5	22
Oshamambé .	56	38	6	34
Yamakushinai .	40		4	18
Otoshibé . . .	40		2	3
Mori	105		3	29
Togénoshita . .	55		6	7
Hakodaté .	37,000 souls		3	29

About 358 English miles.

JAPANESE PROGRESS.

A Dubious Climate — Missionary Ardour — A Political Move — An Opinion on the Government — "Squeezes" — Lack of Perseverance — A Japanese Ironclad — Realities of Progress.

HAKODATÉ, Yezo.

THE weather has been abominable since I returned, with the mercury hanging about 80°, the mosquitoes rampant, the air so damp that mildew has to be removed from leather every few hours, and a hot, depressing wind with a hot, drizzling rain. If I complain of the lifelessness of the climate of Japan, and its lack of morning and evening freshness, people always say, "Wait till October," and I am beginning to think that October and November are the only pleasant months, for the cold of winter is spoken of as "raw and penetrating."

The steamy atmosphere does not affect Mr. Dening's missionary zeal, which is perfectly indefatigable. Besides the two Sunday preachings and two weekly preachings at Ono and Arikawa, and two weekly preachings and three Bible classes in Hakodaté in addition, he is going to open a new station at Nanai, where there are many *samurai*, and it is from among these, and not from among the common people — in whom the religious instinct and the spirit of religious inquiry seem quite dead, — that converts have been made. The foundation-stone of an English Episcopal Church has been laid since I returned, by Mr. Eusden, H.B.M.'s Consul, in the presence of the eight Japanese converts, whose

names were placed in a cavity in the stone, and a few others, with a considerable crowd of native onlookers. It shows the toleration granted to Christianity that this small body of Christians should have been able to purchase a site on the main street on which to erect a conspicuous religious edifice.

Some important public events have occurred lately. A portion of the Imperial Guard has mutinied in Tôkiyô (not from political motives, however), much blood has been shed, and the Prime Minister has issued a proclamation warning people "not to be excited." Almost coincidently with this event Japan has taken the first step in the direction of constitutional Government by the issuing of a proclamation by the Mikado empowering the election of Provincial Assemblies in March of next year, which are to have control of the local taxation. The qualification for electors is fixed so very low that suffrage will be almost universal, and voting is to be by ballot! Although it is a small and somewhat hampered concession to the principle of popular government, it is an important step for an Asiatic despotism to take under present circumstances. It is placing a degree of power in the hands of millions of ignorant peasants, who, until lately, were practically serfs, and it seems to me not only a sign of the fidelity of the Government to its promises, but of its confidence in the general approval of the existing order of things. I think none the worse of the Government for delaying this step, and for taking it now with extreme caution.

There is a great deal of indiscriminate and unwise laudation of everything Japanese, and much harm has been done by it; but, on the other hand, the carping and sneering with which every fresh Japanese movement is received in other quarters is very unbecoming, and very lacerating to the feelings of a people unduly

sensitive to foreign criticism. I scarcely venture to give an opinion, but it is impossible to avoid forming one gradually, and I am more and more inclined to think that Iwakura, Sanéyoshi, Terashima, and others who have guided affairs since the Restoration, are both able and patriotic; that they have shown, and are showing, most extraordinary capacity in the conduct of affairs, hampered as they are by the not always harmonious demands of foreign Governments; that though they are ambitious they are also honest men, and that their actions and policy prove them to be actuated by an intense desire to promote the national well-being and greatness, and not their individual aggrandisement.

Of course among so many changes, many of them of a fundamental nature, we must expect some bungling to occur, and it has occurred, and some expensive experiments have turned out abortive. Some of the innovations, too, are little better than patchwork, and some strike one as totally incongruous. Supposing the heads of the Government to be honest men, we must not overlook the fact that they have to work through a large army of officials, and that Asiatic officialdom, though it has never touched such depths of corruption in Japan as in China and some other countries, is essentially untrustworthy where money is concerned, and that the idea of being content with a salary is a new one to the official mind. Here, in Yezo, enormous sums have been undoubtedly squandered, and only a limited part of the liberal appropriations for the *Kaitakushi* Department has reached the objects for which it was intended, in consequence of the repeated "squeezes," and the same thing may be stated in greater or less degree concerning most grants for public works.

But taking Yezo as an example of what has been done by the present Government, we find complete

security for life and property — the chief *desideratum* of any government, aborigines enjoying nearly equal rights with their conquerors, rapid detection of crime, prisons and hospitals on the most enlightened systems, liberal provision made for education and medical aid in remote districts, complete religious toleration, taxation on equitable principles, an agricultural college, and model farms, a Custom-House and Post-Office admirably managed, trade unhampered by vexatious restrictions, and improvements in active operation in many parts of the island.

On the other hand, some of the weak points of Japanese administration are epitomised here. Public money is eaten up by an army of underpaid officials, who are to be seen idling and "kicking their heels" in all the public offices, four or five of them doing the work which would be accomplished by a single Englishman. This arises partly from the number of over-educated young men, trained in Japan or elsewhere at Government expense, for whom Government employment must be found, and partly from the fact that when a Japanese receives anything but a most subordinate position, he creates as many "situations" as possible for his friends. Though crime is readily detected, the administration of justice is very unsatisfactory, specially in civil cases. Much money has been literally sunk in expensive experiments, and vast resources, such as the coal-fields, remain undeveloped, from a jealousy of the introduction of foreign capital. A necessity for Yezo is good roads, yet the main road from Hakodaté to Satsuporo, on which thousands of *yen* are constantly spent, is in such a condition from the use of bad materials, and from broken bridges and choked, ill-constructed drains, that a wheeled conveyance can scarcely pass over its whole length. Schemes are started on a grand scale,

and, after much public money has been spent upon them, they are either abandoned, after some progress has been made, without any apparent reason, or because it is found that some insuperable obstacle to their success has been overlooked, or the attention of the officials lapses and grows languid, and deterioration sets in.

I observed many instances of this last failing at the experimental farm at Nanai. The managers imported at a cost of 1000 *yen* a fine Arabian horse, a really beautiful creature, of which they were very proud so long as he was a novelty, but he is now suffering from most discreditable neglect. His fetlock is badly cut from careless hobbling, and from lack of grooming his beautiful skin is covered with hundreds of ticks. Several other things are suffering similarly from lack of persevering supervision, and that on an establishment overloaded with officials. Piers which would be of great value are carried out as at Mori, 350 feet into the sea, where they are perfectly useless, and are then allowed to decay, and small enterprises, which would cost little, but would confer immense benefit on the island, are ignored in favour of costly projects which make a show, but are comparatively useless.

One of the expensive projects of the Empire is before me now in the form of a very fine ironclad, with a crew in European uniform, and drilled in European fashion, and a band playing European music on European instruments. The Hakodaté Japanese are wild with pride about this costly production, and disparage the British war-vessel *Audacious*, and the Russian corvette,[1]

[1] The captain of this corvette, after criticising the Japanese naval drill as compared with the British, of which it is an imitation, remarked abruptly to me, "Your Prime Minister is a great man. Berlin has shown him a great diplomatist. He has given England more than the *prestige* of twenty victories."

also at anchor in the bay. Ito walks an inch higher, and tells me that "everybody says" that in action the English and Russian vessels together would not have "a chance against the Japanese ironclad!" They are pleased with this because it makes a show, and apparently places Japan on a level with the European powers, and care little that the high road between the two capitals is now in such a state that a person cannot travel in a *kuruma* over it, even for the first eighteen miles. Such incongruities, and many others, are very unfortunate, but in spite of all that is open to adverse criticism, there is no denying that the Empire has made almost miraculous progress within ten years, and that, though it has much to learn by failures, it is still making progress steadily according to the latest and best ideas of modern civilisation, under the men who have abolished class distinctions, and have raised the *eta* to citizenship, and are creating a nation of freeholders out of a nation of serfs. I. L. B.

COMPLIMENTS.

Pleasant Last Impressions — The Japanese Junk — Ito Disappears — My Letter of Thanks — Official Letters — A Servant's Epistle — Japanese Epistolary Style.

HAKODATÉ, YEZO, *September* 14, 1878.

THIS is my last day in Yezo, and the sun, shining brightly over the grey and windy capital, is touching the pink peaks of Komono-taki with a deeper red, and is brightening my last impressions, which, like my first, are very pleasant. The bay is deep blue, flecked with violet shadows, and about sixty junks are floating upon it at anchor. There are vessels of foreign rig too, but the wan, pale junks lying motionless, or rolling into the harbour under their great white sails, fascinate me as when I first saw them in the Gulf of Yedo. They are antique-looking and picturesque, but are fitter to give interest to a picture than to battle with stormy seas.

Most of the junks in the bay are about 120 tons burthen, 100 feet long, with an extreme beam, far aft, of twenty-five feet. The bow is long, and curves into a lofty stem, like that of a Roman galley, finished with a beak head, to secure the forestay of the mast. This beak is furnished with two large, goggle eyes. The mast is a ponderous spar, fifty feet high, composed of pieces of pine, pegged, glued, and hooped together. A heavy yard is hung amidships. The sail is an oblong of widths of strong, white cotton artistically "*puck-*

ered," not sewn together, but laced vertically, leaving a decorative lacing six inches wide between each two widths. Instead of reefing in a strong wind, a width is unlaced, so as to reduce the canvas vertically, not horizontally. Two blue spheres commonly adorn the sail. The mast is placed well abaft, and to tack or veer it is only necessary to reverse the sheet. When on a wind the long bow and nose serve as a head-sail. The high, square, piled-up stern, with its antique carving, and the sides with their lattice-work, are wonderful, together with the extraordinary size and projection of the rudder, and the length of the tiller. The anchors are of grapnel shape, and the larger junks have from six to eight arranged on the fore-end, giving one an idea of bad holding-ground along the coast. They really are much like the shape of a Chinese "small-footed" woman's shoe, and look very unmanageable. They are of unpainted wood, and have a wintry, ghastly look about them.[1]

I have parted with Ito finally to-day, with great regret. He has served me faithfully, and on most common topics I can get much more information through him than from any foreigner. I miss him already, though he insisted on packing for me as usual, and put all my things in order. His cleverness is something surprising. He goes to a good, manly master, who will help him to be good, and set him a virtuous example, and that is a satisfaction. Before he left he wrote a letter for me to the Governor of Mororan, thanking him on my behalf for the use of the *kuruma* and other courtesies.

A Japanese letter always begins with a compliment,

[1] The duty paid by junks is 4s. for each twenty-five tons, by sailing ships of foreign shape and rig £2 for each 100 tons, and by steamers £5 for each 100 tons.

usually to the health of the person addressed, and in the case of an inferior at least concludes with an expression of humiliation, followed by the names of the sender and the person addressed, the latter with a honorific title. I was made to regret that I had not been able "to worship the Governor's most exalted visage," and to thank him "with veneration for the use of his august *kuruma*, and for the other exalted kindnesses which it had pleased him to show." The letter concluded with, "My august mistress lifts this up for your august information. I knock my head against the floor. Tremblingly said."

I cannot get a complete literal translation of this remarkable document, but Mr. Chamberlain kindly gave me some samples of Japanese letters which will interest you from the extreme orientalism of their expressions, though possibly they do not go very far beyond "your obedient humble servant."

Invitation to an Official Dinner.

"As [I] am desirous of making an august feast on the approaching 15th day at the summer palace at Shiba, [I] am desirous of [your] august approach to that place on that day at three o'clock in the afternoon. [I] lift this up for [your] august information. Tremblingly said.

"10th year of Meiji, 12th moon, 13th day."

[Name of sender and person addressed with an honorific title.]

Letter from a High Official to thank for the Present of a Book.

"The exalted letter has been worshipfully perused, and [I] joyfully congratulate [you] on [your] ever-

increasing august robustness,[1] notwithstanding the perpetual chilly winds. My communication regards the volume entitled *Corean Primer* in [your] august possession, which was mentioned the other evening when [I] worshipped your eyebrow [*i.e.* met you], and which [you] have augustly condescended to send [to me]. The above being a valuable and wonderful book, shall be garnered for ever in [my] library, and taken out and perused.

"Respectful veneration.

"10th moon, 13th day."

[Names.]

Letter from a Servant to his Master, who was Travelling in the Interior.

"That through the fierce heat the exalted master should have augustly arrived unhurt in the mountains is a subject for joyful congratulation and great felicity, which is felt with veneration. Meanwhile, in the exalted house there is no change, and all within the august gate are augustly without hurt, therefore pray condescend to feel augustly at ease. [Your] august despatch reached [my] hands last night, and [I] therefore have this morning without delay augustly forwarded up [to you] eight newspapers and five letters, and pray [you] may condescend to receive them. Pray condescend to take august care [of your health] during the great heat.

"7th moon, 22d day."

[Names.]

The style of letters is completely different to that of conversation, and to that used in books, and almost

[1] This is a usual form, and is used quite irrespectively of any knowledge the writer may have of the state of the health of the person he addresses.

forms a language apart. It is almost entirely Chinese, and the grandest and most unusual expressions are sought after to give it elegance, and to bring out markedly the abasement of the sender and the illustriousness of the person addressed. The honorifics and all this paraphernalia of a peculiar style are used even by parents in addressing their children. The Japanese are great letter-writers, and a good epistolary style and good handwriting are greatly esteemed.

Ito writes to his mother at great length once a week, to a number of young friends, and even to acquaintances such as Kanaya, only made since we left Tôkiyô Everywhere I have observed that the young men and women spend much of their leisure time in writing, and one important branch of industry is the designing of decorated paper and envelopes, of which the variety is infinite. Dexterity in the use of the camel's hair brush, which serves for a pen, is regarded as an essential result of education. I. L. B.

A CYCLONE.

Pleasant Prospects — A Miserable Disappointment — Caught in a Typhoon — A Dense Fog — Alarmist Rumours — A Welcome at Tôkiyô — The Last of the Mutineers.

H.B.M.'s Legation, Yedo, *Sept.* 21.

A PLACID sea, which after much disturbance had sighed itself to rest, and a high, steady barometer promised a fifty hours' passage to Yokohama, and when Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn and I left Hakodaté, by moonlight, on the night of the 14th, as the only passengers in the *Hiogo Maru*, Captain Moore, her genial, pleasant master, congratulated us on the rapid and delightful passage before us, and we separated at midnight with many projects for pleasant intercourse and occupation.

But a more miserable voyage I never made, and it was not until the afternoon of the 17th that we crawled forth from our cabins to speak to each other. On the second day out, great heat came on with suffocating closeness, the mercury rose to 85°, and in lat. 38° 0′ N. and long. 141° 30′ E. we encountered a "typhoon," otherwise a "cyclone," otherwise a "revolving hurricane," which lasted for twenty-five hours, and "jettisoned" the cargo. Captain Moore has given me a very interesting diagram of it, showing the attempts which he made to avoid its vortex through which our course would have taken us, and to keep as much outside it as possible. The typhoon was succeeded by a dense fog, so that our fifty-hour passage became seventy-two hours,

and we landed at Yokohama near upon midnight of the 17th, to find traces of much disaster, the whole low-lying country flooded, the railway between Yokohama and the capital impassable, great anxiety about the rice crop, the air full of alarmist rumours, and paper money, which was about par when I arrived in May, at a discount of 13 per cent! In the early part of this year (1880) it has touched 42 per cent.

Late in the afternoon the railroad was re-opened, and I came here with Mr. Wilkinson, glad to settle down to a period of rest and ease under this hospitable roof. The afternoon was bright and sunny, and Tôkiyô was looking its best. The long lines of *yashikis* looked handsome, the castle moat was so full of the gigantic leaves of the lotus, that the water was hardly visible, the grass embankments of the upper moat were a brilliant green, the pines on their summits stood out boldly against the clear sky, the hill on which the Legation stands looked dry and cheerful, and, better than all, I had a most kindly welcome from those who have made this house my home in a strange land.

Tôkiyô is tranquil, that is, it is disturbed only by fears for the rice-crop, and by the fall in *satsu*. The military mutineers have been tried, popular rumour says tortured, and fifty-two have been shot. The summer has been the worst for some years, and now dark heat, moist heat, and nearly ceaseless rain prevail. People have been "rained up" in their summer quarters. "Surely it will change soon," people say, and they have said the same thing for three months. I. L. B.

NOTES ON TOKIYO.[1]

A Metamorphosis — "Magnificent Distances" — Climate — The Castle — The Official Quarter — The "Feudal Mansions of Yedo" — Commercial Activity — The Canals — Streets and Shop Signs — Street Names.

WITH Yedo,[2] the mysterious city of the Shôgun, I have nothing to do, and gladly leave it to the researches of the learned members of the Asiatic Society of Japan. Yedo is in fact no more. The moats, walls, and embankments, the long lines of decaying *yashikis*, and the shrines of Shiba and Uyeno, with the glories of their gilded and coloured twilight, alone recall its splendid past. The palace within the castle no longer exists, the last Shôgun lives in retirement at Shidzuoka; the *daimiyô* are scattered through the suburbs; not a "two-sworded" man is to be seen; Mutsuhito, the "Spiritual Emperor," the son of the gods, dressed in European clothes, drives through streets of unconcerned spectators in a European carriage; twelve years have metamorphosed ancient Yedo into modern Tôkiyô, and if the old city, with its buildings and customs, be not altogether forgotten, it is due to the careful and loving labours of foreign scholars.

[1] These Notes merely refer to a few of the features of Tôkiyô, at the present time. A third volume would scarcely exhaust its interests and peculiarities.

[2] The British Legation, with pathetic Conservatism, still uses this name officially, and all scholars who cling to the past of the Empire, and ignore the "vulgarity" of Western innovation, do the same.

The first thing a stranger tries to do, is to get a general idea of the town, but the ascent of Atagayama and other elevated places proves a failure; there is no one point from which it can be seen, and the only way of grasping it satisfactorily would be from a balloon! From every altitude, however, dark patches of forest, the low elevation crowned by the walls of the Castle topped by dark groves of pine and cryptomeria, broken hills and hollows with groups of temples, hills with streets straggling over their crests, shady places where the dead lie, parks, temple grounds, and garden-bordered streets, sweeping, tiled roofs of temples, small oblong buildings glaring with white cement, long lines of low, grey roofs, green slopes, gleams of moats and canals, and Europeanised buildings, conspicuous by their windows and their ugliness, are sure to be seen, and the eye soon learns to distinguish as landmarks the groves of Shiba, Uyeno, and the Castle. On fine days Fujisan looms grandly in the distance, and the white sails of junks, on the blue waters of the Gulf of Yedo, give life to a somewhat motionless scene.

No view of Tôkiyô, leaving out the impression produced by size, is striking, indeed there is a monotony of meanness about it. The hills are not heights, and there are no salient objects to detain the eye for an instant. As a city it lacks concentration. Masses of greenery, lined or patched with grey, and an absence of beginning or end, look suburban rather than metropolitan. Far away in the distance are other grey patches; you are told that those are still Tôkiyô, and you ask no more. It is a city of "magnificent distances" without magnificence. You can drive in a crooked line fifteen miles from north to south, and eleven miles from east to west at least, and are still in Tôkiyô. The blue waters of the gulf are its only recognisable boundary. It is

an aggregate of 125 villages, which grew together round the great fortress of the Mikado's chief vassal, and which, while retaining their parks, country houses, gardens, lakes, streams, and fields, their rustic lanes and sylvan beauty, have agreed to call themselves Tôkiyô, and in certain quarters, such as the neighbourhood of the Nippon-Bashi, Asakusa, and the Shimmei-mai, have packed themselves pretty closely together. The bright Sumida, which once enclosed a part of the city, has now a transpontine Tôkiyô, the populous district of Hondjo on its other side, and on the east and west miniature hills and valleys with rice-fields, pines, camellias, and bamboo, come up into the suburbs. There is no smoke, and no hum or clatter ascends.

I do not intend to describe Tôkiyô. This has been done often, and in some cases well, in so far as it is possible to do it at all. The Notes which follow were taken for my own information, and, in connection with the more pictorial accounts given by other travellers, may help my readers to some additional knowledge of the city which has been raised to the dignity of the capital of Japan.

Tôkiyô is situated in lat. 35° 39′ N. and in long. 139° 45′ E., at the head of the Gulf of Yedo, where the Sumida, the Kanda, and several small streams fall into the sea. Thus it is slightly south of Gibraltar, but its isotherm is that of Bologna and Marseilles. Its annual rainfall is about 60 inches. That of 1878, however, was 69.460 inches, of which 18 inches fell in September. The average number of rain-days is 98. The months of least rain are December, January, and February, and those of the greatest are usually June and July. The snow-fall is very light, and snow rarely lies long on the ground. Days on which the mercury never rises above the freezing-point are very rare, and only occur with a

persistent north-west wind; but it often falls below 32° at night, for weeks together, and the average number of such nights is 75 per season. It is quite a mistake to suppose that Japan has no winter. The cold is penetrating and merciless, owing to the humidity of the climate. People suffer more at Tôkiyô with the mercury at 36°, than in Colorado, when it is below zero. As the cold increases, so does the amplitude of the Tôkiyans, for they put on one wadded garment above another, and withdrawing their hands into the wide and sticking out sleeves, looked like trussed poultry. Bare heads are not seen in winter, and at the top of this mass of padding, two eyes peer from among folds of cotton.

Heat sets in in June, and often continues without a break until the middle or end of September. In August the mercury occasionally rises to 96°; foreigners fly from the capital, and the enforced clothing of the natives is minimised. In January and February the mercury falls as low as 25°. "Typhoons," or revolving hurricanes, occur in July, August, and September, and earthquakes so frequently, that it requires a pretty smart shock to disturb the equanimity of the residents; but there has not been a really severe one since 1854, when a considerable portion of the city was destroyed. Tôkiyô has a long summer-time, beginning really early in May, and extending into October, and its winter is bright and sunny until February, when the weather breaks, with snow, rain, and gales. The soil is alluvial, with a large proportion of clay; but the streets dry immediately after rain, and there are neither holes nor ruts for the retention of stagnant water. Such, in brief, are its general climatic conditions.

Its population, like that of most eastern cities, has been much exaggerated, and the withdrawal of the re-

tainers of the *daimiyô* has reduced it to the manageable size of New York and Paris. It has 236,961 houses, inhabited by 1,036,771 persons, of whom 536,621 are males and 500,150 are females, a disparity more easily accounted for in Tôkiyô than elsewhere.

The Castle, with its surroundings, the first object which impresses a stranger on arriving from Yokohama by railroad, formerly known as the "Official Quarter," and still retaining a strong flavour of officialism, is the nucleus round which the city has crystallised; and though the Castle Palace within the inner enclosure has disappeared, the Castle itself is much as it was when completed by Iyémitsu, two centuries and a half ago.

Its broad moats of deep, green waters, covered thickly with magnificent lotus blossoms in the late summer, and with wild-fowl in the early winter, are very imposing, from their depth and width, the height of their ramparts, and the greenness of the lawn-like turf with which they are covered, and the size of the trees by which they are crowned. These ramparts, in some places, are 100 feet high, and there are eleven miles of moats. Equally imposing are the stupendous walls, formed of polygonal blocks of stone, laid without mortar, rising almost perpendicularly from the water, with kiosk-shaped towers on their angles, and a three-storeyed tower overhanging the Hasu-ike gate. The gates, twenty-seven in number, are composed of massive timbers on handsome stone foundations, and, in the lower castle, are approached by bridges and causeways. Their height varies from ten to eighteen feet, and the inner ones have two-storeyed buildings above them, with high, ornamental roofs, and long, upturned eaves. On the lower ground, fronting the sea, the nearly perpendicular, stone-faced embankments are 60 feet high.

The Palace was burned down in 1873; and within the inner moat there is little but the beautiful Fukiagé Gardens mentioned on page 36, the Treasury godowns, a three-storeyed tower, and a drill-ground for troops. Altogether, the Castle is by far the most impressive feature of Tôkiyô, from its vastness, and from the size of the stones used in the walls, some of which are 16 feet in length. It is, moreover, very puzzling, and though I spent some weeks within its moats, I always found a little difficulty in retracing my way to Kôjimachi.

The old "Official Quarter" is remarkable for the long, dreary lines of the external buildings of a number of the *yashikis*, which were formerly the residences of *daimiyô*, and are now either falling into decay or are utilised as public offices, whilst not a few have altogether disappeared, and the spaces on which they stood are enclosed with palisades, and are used for exercising troops, dressed in European fashion, and drilled by French officers. Modern officialism has taken possession of this quarter, which contains, among much else, the buildings occupied by the Supreme Council, the Imperial Treasury, which includes the Finance Department, and several bureaus; the Departments of the Interior, Justice, Education, Religion, War, and Marine; the headquarters of the French Military Mission; the Engineering, Military, and Foreign Language Colleges; the Military Hospital, the Exhibition Building, the Government Printing-Office, the Barracks of the Imperial Guard, and of a few infantry and artillery regiments, the Municipal Offices, the Shôkonsha, a new Shintô shrine, erected to the memory of those who fell in the civil war, and the racecourse and beacon. It is significant of the change which has turned Yedo into Tôkiyô, that the flags of four "barbarian" nations —

England, Russia, Italy, and Germany — are displayed from four conspicuous buildings which have been erected in this formerly sacred region. Many of the Government Departments are accommodated in the *yashikis* of the former Princes of the Empire, and the French Military Mission has its quarters in the Ii Kamon *yashiki*, situated on a hill close to the British Legation, its great, dull red portal being the most conspicuous object in the neighbourhood.

Next to the Castle, the most characteristic features of the city are these "Feudal Mansions of Yedo," the *yashikis* of the former *daimiyô*, which lie within the Castle moat in great numbers, and are scattered over the northern and southern quarters of the town. Whether they are occupied as Departments or not, the street fronts of the outer buildings always present the same dreary, silent, monotonous, rat-haunted look, grimness without grandeur.

All are on the same pattern, with insignificant variations regulated by etiquette. All are surrounded by uncovered ditches with stone-faced sides, crossed at the gateways by stone platforms, and varying in width from eighteen inches to trenches which may almost be called moats. Inside the ditch are foundations, from one to six feet in height, of blocks of stone of irregular shape, carefully fitted without mortar, on which stand the *nagoya*, the quarters formerly occupied by the two-sworded retainers of the princes as the exterior defences of the mansion. They are long, continuous lines of building, mile after mile of them, their dismal frontage only broken by gateways of heavy timbers clamped with bronze or iron. Heavily-tiled roofs, with the crest of the *daimiyô* on the terminal tiles, the upper storeys, where they have them, covered with white plaster, the lower painted black, or faced with dark-

coloured tiles placed diagonally, with their joints covered with white plaster and forming a diamond pattern, the windows broader than high, massively barred, and often projecting from the walls, form a style of street architecture as peculiar as it is unimposing.

The gateways, which at intervals break the dreary lines, are striking and picturesque, subject, like the roofs, to variations which, to the initiated, indicate the former owner's rank. The chief entrances consist of two large, weighty, folding doors, studded outside with heavy knobs of metal, the great posts on which they swing, and the ponderous beam overhead often being sheathed with the same. They are equipped with porters' lodges and postern gates for use in case of fire or earthquake. Among the grandest are those of the *yashiki*, now occupied by the War Department, and of that lately occupied by the Education Department; but there are others of singular stateliness, including the dull red portal previously mentioned.

The *nagoya* run round a large area, which may be regarded as having been the camp of the former owner, the mansion itself, the kernel of the whole, standing in the middle in a courtyard, sometimes altogether flagged, and at others pebbled, with flagged pathways, privacy being secured by a plastered wall or wooden screen. These mansions differ from ordinary Japanese houses mainly in the number and size of the rooms [as may be seen in the *yashiki* occupied by the Offices of the Government of Tôkiyô], among which are a hall of audience, waiting rooms, private apartments, and separate suites of rooms, often of great extent, for the ladies of the household, with small guard-rooms for the retainers on duty. The posts and beams are of finely grained, unvarnished wood, ornamented at the joints with pieces of metal, pierced or engraved, and bearing

the owner's crest. The paper screens and sliding doors are either plain or heavily covered with gold-leaf adorned with paintings, and the floors are finely matted Of furniture there is and was none. These mansions, however, belong to Yedo rather than to Tôkiyô, and to the province of the antiquary.[1]

The fire look-out stations, or wooden towers, erected on the top of the main hall, are still conspicuous objects. The gardens were often of immense extent and great beauty, and the groves of those of the Mito and Owari *yashikis* are prominent landmarks.

Though the long lines of the *nagoya* of these feudal mansions are still characteristic of the region within the inner moat, the *yashikis* are fast disappearing. The Yamato and Kaga *yashikis* have been removed, and their sites are covered with the bungalows of foreigners in Japanese service. Some have been burned, and the *nagoya* of others have been turned into shops, but it is to be hoped that the Government will defer to the desire expressed by foreigners for the conservation of relics of the recent past, and that those occupied officially will be kept in repair.

These great wooden camps, for they were nothing else, go far to account for the immense area occupied by this singular city, for each *yashiki* of importance covers many acres of ground, and there were 268 *daimiyô*, most of whom possessed three *yashikis* apiece, and were attended to the capital by 1000, 2000, and even 3000 armed retainers. The process of decay has been a rapid one, for it was only in 1871 that these

[1] The *yashikis*, with their exterior and interior arrangements, and the rigid etiquette which governed even their smallest details, have been carefully and brilliantly described by Mr. M'Clatchie, of H.B.M.'s Consular service, in a paper called "The Feudal Mansions of Yedo," published in the Transactions of the English Asiatic Society of Japan for 1879.

princes were called upon to retire into private life, when their town dwellings, as well as their castles scattered throughout Japan, became the property of the Government.

Outside the Official Quarter are the city, and the districts of north, east, and south Tôkiyô, containing Shiba and Uyeno, with their temples, groves, shrines, avenues, and gardens, and the gorgeous tombs of eleven of the Shôguns of the Tokugawa dynasty; Tsukiji, the "Foreign Concession," and centre of foreign Missions; Asakusa, with the great popular temple of Kwan-non and its surrounding exhibitions; Oji with its temples and tea-houses; Mukojima with its tea-houses, cherry avenues, and shrines; Meguro with its rural beauty, its temples, and cremation-ground, and the tombs of Gompachi and Kamurasaki; Takanawa, famous for attacks on the British Legation, and for the tombs of the "Forty-seven ronins," and Shinagawa, of evil fame, the suburb which lies nearest to Yokohama, are all names which have become familiar from the reports of travellers and Mr. Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*.

Of all Tôkiyô, the city proper is the most densely populated district, and not the least interesting, as it is thoroughly Japanese, and few traces of foreign influence are to be seen. The Nipponbashi, or Bridge of Japan, is there, the geographical centre of the Empire, from which all distances are measured; the main street and numerous canals run through it, and every part of it is occupied with shops, storehouses, fireproof warehouses, and places of wholesale business, and their deep, heavily-tiled roofs almost redeem it from insignificance. The canals are jammed with neatly-roofed boats piled with produce, and on the roadways, loaded pack-horses, coolies, and man-carts with their shouting and strug-

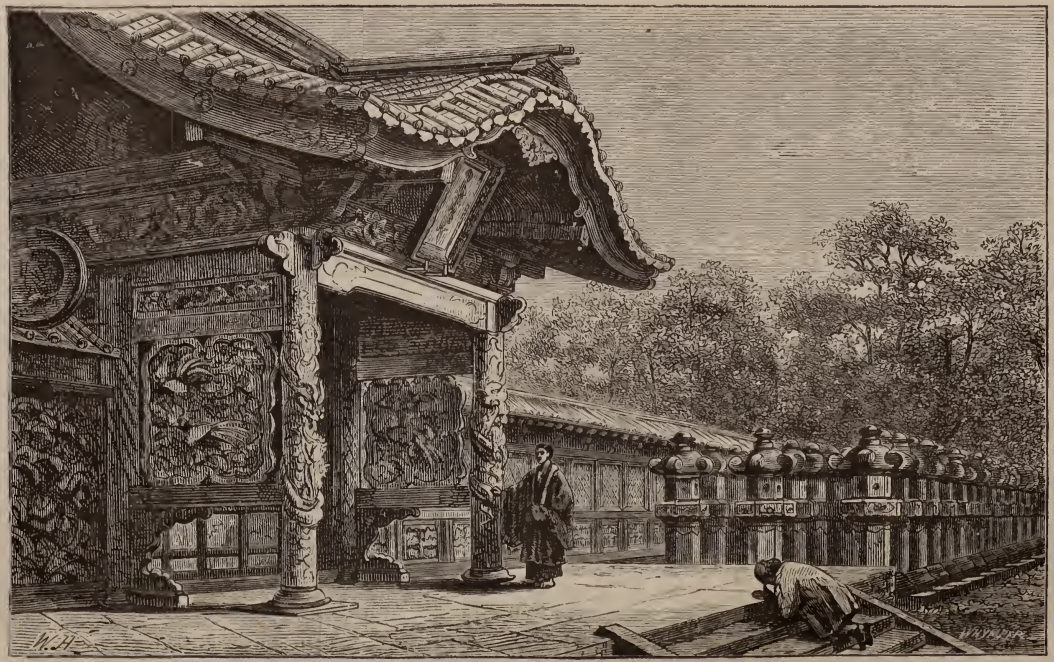
gling teams, leave barely room for the sight-seer. No streets of Liverpool or New York present more commercial activity. No time is lost, — "*Presto*" is the motto, — and loading, unloading, packing, unpacking, and warehousing, are carried on during daylight with much rapidity and noise. One would think that all the rice of Japan had accumulated in the storehouses which line the canals, as well as the energy, bustle, and business of the Empire.

The canals, which form, as at Niigata, a convenient network of communication, are water-streets as well as waterways, and are always thronged with loaded boats, and at certain times with pleasure-boats, and nocturnal boat processions illuminated with paper lanterns. The tide runs through them and keeps them sweet, but at low-water they look dirty and dismal, with their ragged fringe of sheds, and boats lying on the slime in which hundreds of children wallow with amphibious satisfaction. So many moats and canals involve a large number of bridges, but few of these are of stone. Yaetai-bashi, one of the longest, has twenty-four spans of thirty feet each. Tôkiyô, in few things "behind the age," possesses waterworks, and the supply is brought from a distance of nine miles in curious, square, wooden pipes, the mains from one to two feet square, and the distribution pipes four inches square; but there are no filtering beds, and the water is more abundant than absolutely pure.

The Japanese are the most irreligious people that I have ever seen — their pilgrimages are picnics, and their religious festivals fairs; but a pious spirit must have existed once at Tôkiyô, for an immense quantity of ground is taken up not only with temples, colleges for priests, pagodas and shrines, but with the grounds belonging to them, as at Shiba, Asakusa, and Uyeno. It

is said that, including the shrines to Inari Sama, the patron of agriculture, there are over 3000 buildings in the capital dedicated to Shintô and Buddhist divinities, and the Buddhists are still erecting temples on a grand scale. Asakusa has already been described, and the shrines of the Shôguns in Shiba vary so little in their main features from those of Nikkô that it is needless to write of them, specially as nothing but the most detailed and technical description could give the reader any idea of their peculiar beauty, which is ever suggesting the regret that the work of the artist should be in a material so perishable as wood. The immense groves of the temples of Shiba and Uyeno have been turned into public parks, whose broad carriage-roads and shady avenues vie with those of any parks in Europe. Besides groups and streets of temples, there are temples stowed away in unlikely, crowded, or obscure localities, and some of these are great resorts of the populace, such as a small shrine in the narrow business street called Shimmei-mai, the walls and court of which are nearly concealed by *ex votos* offered by sufferers from toothache, who believe themselves to have been healed by the god to whom it is dedicated. Other small temples are resorted to by childless wives, and the altars of one divinity, who is supposed to secure the faithfulness of husbands, are always thronged with suppliants, of whose earnestness there can be no doubt.

The streets of the capital number 1400, very few retaining the same name along their entire length. They are of unpainted wood, and no description can give an idea of their monotonous meanness. Except that they are the scenes of a bustle which exists nowhere else in Japan but in Ôsaka, the lines of the Tôkiyô shops differ in few respects from those of Niigata, described in Letter XXI.; it is emphatically a city of shopkeepers,



ENTRANCE TO SHRINE OF SEVENTH SHÔGUN, SHIBA, TÔKIYÔ.

and great numbers of its streets have the short, shop curtains hanging along their entire length. Most of them, as elsewhere, are of small dimensions, resembling dolls' houses as much by their size as by the smallness and exquisite neatness of their wares. Unless accompanied by a Japanese or an intelligent foreign resident, it is impossible even to guess at the uses of half the things which are exposed for sale, and pilgrimages among the shops are by no means an insignificant aid to learning something of the requirements and mode of living of the people, though it is at Tôkiyô more than anywhere else that one feels how much there is to learn, and how comparatively little could be learned, even by the assiduous application of many years. A great number of the articles sold are actually made at Tôkiyô, and, as befits a capital, it is a grand emporium for the productions of the whole Empire.

The street signs do little to relieve the monotony of the low, grey houses, nor do the shops (except the toy-shops which are gorgeous) make much show, with their low fronts half-concealed by curtains. Confectioners usually display a spiked white ball a foot and a half in diameter; *saké*-dealers a cluster of cypress trimmed into a sphere; the sellers of the crimson pigment with which women varnish their lips a red flag; goldbeaters a great pair of square spectacles, with gold instead of glass; druggists and herbalists a big bag resembling in shape the small ones used in making their infusions; kite-makers a cuttle-fish; sellers of cut flowers a small willow tree; dealers in dried and salt fish, etc., two fish, coloured red, and tied together by the gills with straw, indicating that they can supply the gifts which it is usual to make to betrothed persons; but the Brobdignagian signs in black, red, and gold, which light up the streets of Canton, are too "loud" and explicit for

Japanese taste, which prefers the simple and symbolical.

Many of the streets remain exclusively Japanese, and their shops sell nothing but Japanese goods; but others have been westernised, and are simply repulsive-looking, as, to my thinking, are most of the other European innovations. It may be said, once for all, that there is not a fine street in Tôkiyô, though some in which the roofs are deep and heavily tiled are slightly picturesque. On the whole they are flimsy, unpicturesque, and perishable, and singularly unimpressive except from the crowds which frequent them. There are no side-walks, but the roadways are so beautifully clean that they are not missed. External cleanliness is a characteristic of the city. The sewage is carried out for the fertilisation of the neighbouring country by men and horses in neat, covered pails, and, as a whole, the city is remarkably sweet, though it must be confessed that sundry black ditches give off, in hot weather, odours which suggest "drain fever." Public bath-houses abound.

The theatres are mainly confined to Saruwaka Street, and most dissipations and amusements have their respective localities.

The street names are a study in themselves,[1] and are very numerous, as a single street sometimes receives as many as twenty for twenty parts of its length. Japan has no Aboukirs, Agincourts, or Almas to commemorate. Owing to her insular position, her wars, such as they have been, have been mainly internecine, and it has not been the custom to perpetuate by street names either the heroes or victories of civil strife. A few, in-

[1] Mr. Griffis, author of the *Mikado's Empire*, contributed a very interesting paper upon this subject to the Transactions of the English Asiatic Society of Japan.

deed, are called after the soldier-emperor Hachiman; some are named after famous wrestlers, priests, or nuns; the great theatre street after Saruwaka, the founder of the modern Japanese theatre; and one after Kinda Miyamoto, an ancient fencing-master who murdered his father, and is the hero of many fictitious tales of revenge. The popular deities, and the dragon, the favourite mythical monster, play a very insignificant part in street nomenclature.

Of the 1400 streets of Tôkiyô, about two-thirds derive their names from natural objects, another proof of the love of nature which is so strong among the Japanese. There is a *Matsu* or Pine Street in nearly every one of the ninety-six subdivisions of the city. Scores of streets are named after the willow and bamboo, and a number after the cedar, peony, rush, rice-plant, wormwood, holly, and chrysanthemum. Among the more fanciful names are Plum Orchard, Pure Water, Sun Shade, Morning Sun, Flowing River, Mountain Breeze, and New Blossom; and beasts and birds are not forgotten, for there are Badger, Tortoise, Monkey, Stork, Bear, and Pheasant Streets re-duplicated, and twenty streets are called after that unworthy brute the Japanese horse, Pack Horse Relay Street being the oldest in Tôkiyô. Invention languishes there as with us. There are more than twenty timber streets; and the names of trades are frequently repeated, such as Carpenter, Blacksmith, Dyer, Sawyer, Farmer, Coolie, and Cooper. A farther descent is to File, Kettle, Pot, and Table. Many are named from Salt, Wheat, Indigo, Charcoal, Hair, Leather, Pen, Mat, and Fan, and there are Net, and Fresh, Roasted, and Salt Fish Streets. A few are called after such obsolete military weapons as are only to be found in the Museum, others are named Abounding Gladness, Same Friend, Conjugal Love, Congratulation, and Peace.

The Restoration, which has changed so much, has not been without its effect on street nomenclature, for since Yedo became Tôkiyô, and the Shôgunate fell, about a sixth of the street names, which were associated with the power of the usurping vassal, were altered, but many of the former survive in popular usage.

The puzzling repetition of the same names arises from the fact, to which allusion has previously been made, that the capital is an aggregation of 125 villages more or less distant from each other. A letter has to be addressed not only with the name of the person to whom it is sent, and his street and number, but with that of the ward of the city, and of the ancient village, to which latter name the people are tenaciously attached. No city is better supplied with materials for a census, for over each doorway there is a slip of wood inscribed with the name of the householder, and the number and sexes of his household, besides the designation of the street and the number of the house, which compensates for the absence of conspicuous boards with street names upon them.

MODERN INSTITUTIONS.

The Cemeteries — Cremation — Sharp Criticism — Stereotyped Ideas — Modern Constructive Art — The College of Engineering — Principal Dyer — The Telegraph Department — The Foreign Residents — Forms of Flattery — The Flower *Festa* — A Memory of Fuji — Costly Entertainments — The Brain of New Japan.

Two estimable features in the Japanese character are the respect in which they hold their dead, and the attention which they pay to everything which can render their cemeteries beautiful and attractive. Though Tôkiyô cannot boast of burial-grounds of equal beauty with those of Kiyôto, its many cemeteries are all carefully kept; and from the gorgeous shrines of Shiba and Uyeno, where the Shôguns "lie in glory," down to the modest tomb in which the ashes of a coolie rest, there are no grim contrasts between death and life, and "the house appointed for all living" is neat, ornamental, and befitting the position which its occupant filled in life. The solid granite monuments, often elaborate, are always tasteful. They vary from the simple upright obelisk or stone pillar on a square pedestal, merely inscribed with the name of the deceased, to the massive granite base and carved column surmounted by a bronze Buddha seated on a lotus blossom, the figure being occasionally as much as eight feet high. The square family mausoleums, carefully swept, with their rows of solid pillars on stone pedestals, the fresh flowers in bamboo flower-holders by many tombs, the ex-

quisite neatness of the narrow streets of the dead, and the number of visitors always engaged in reverently tending the graves, lighting fresh incense sticks, and replacing the faded bouquets with newly gathered ones, are among the most interesting sights, not only of Tôkiyô, but of Japan, and the solidity of the abodes of the dead contrasts curiously with the perishableness of the houses of the living.

Cremation, which was interdicted by the Government some years ago, is now again permitted, on the grounds that the Government declines to interfere with personal wishes, that in so vast a city burial by interment alone would, after a time, produce results injurious to the public health, and that after some years room would scarcely be found for the dead among the living. These reasons were given me in writing by Mr. Masakata Kusamoto, the enlightened Governor of Tôkiyô *Fu*, and are worthy of careful consideration. Five cremation grounds exist in the capital, and within the last four years the number of bodies disposed of by burning has annually increased. Corpses can be burned for sums varying from 3s. 8d. to 20s., and though the arrangements are very simple, no disagreeable results are to be observed in the neighbourhoods.

Tôkiyô, not Yedo, being my text, its Europeanised buildings deserve notice, for they are an increasingly marked and very repulsive feature of the capital, and in some districts are taking the place of houses of Japanese construction. They present little variety, and with a few exceptions, of which the Engineering College is the chief, are models of ugliness and bad taste. They look "run up" not built. They are garish, staring, glaring, angular, white, many-windowed, temporary-looking, unsuited to the climate, offensive to the eye, suggestive of the outskirts of new cities in America, and at their

best and cleanest look more like confectionery than ought else.

Stereotyped ideas in architecture have marked the past of Japan. The architect who constructed a massive, sweeping roof, with deep eaves, supported it on circular pillars on a raised platform, and called it a temple, created a style of ecclesiastical architecture from which no builder has dared to swerve for 800 years. So it may be feared that the innovator, be he British or American, who designed the first of these tasteless, Europeanised structures, has ploughed a groove so deep that no future projector will get out of it, that even Mr. Chastel de Boinville, the architect to the Government, and of the one appropriate and handsome building which Tôkiyô possesses, will find himself fettered by newly-created prejudices in favour of erections half-barrack, half-warehouse, and that the harmonious greys, velvety-browns, and dull reds are discarded for ever by modern Japan.

My first impression was that most of the Europeanised or rather Americanised buildings in the Official Quarter, in so far as they are of wood, were military or police barracks or cavalry stables; and the houses built of brick, which are the residences of some of the ministers, are like some of the tasteless villas of Holloway or New Barnet, while others are so like the staring taverns which deform the approaches to London, that one involuntarily looks for the great board with "Hanbury's Entire," or "Guinness' Stout" upon it. They look "got up" cheaply of soft brick, and, between porous bricks and bad mortar, some of them already show signs of disintegration.

The wooden houses are worse, being mainly vicious and exaggerated copies of some of the worst of the constructions in the European settlements, or illustrations

of ideas imported from Denver or Virginia City. Cracking, warping, and shrinking, ill-concealed by a coating of white paint or plaster, are obvious on many new buildings, and most, from the fragile materials used, and the hasty mode of erection, are already in want of repair. Much money has been spent on the public buildings, most have some pretension to architecture, and are supposed to be improvements on Japanese construction, and it is really a pity that the Government, which means well, has not been better advised. In truth, the Anglo-American architecture, which is daily gaining ground in Tôkiyô, and is being copied by the provincial capitals, means the union of the cold and discomfort of Japanese houses with the ugliness and discomfort of third-rate suburban villas in America. In public buildings it means the abandonment of the simple grandeur of the massive, curved roof, with its deep, picturesque eaves, and carefully moulded corner and terminal tiles, the shady verandahs, the carved scrolls of the grand entry, the imposing arrangement of rafters, the solid and decorated panels, and the general combination of strength and airiness, light and shade, dignity and simplicity, which are seen in perfection in the Goshô at Kiyôto and in some of the *yashikis* at Tôkiyô, in favour of buildings which possess size without majesty, with layers of white plaster or paint hiding a badly put-together framework of wood, suggestive of the pastry-cook's art, with shallow roofs, unshaded windows in scores, tawdry porches, an absence of verandahs, and a general flatness of inexpressive physiognomy terrible to behold, nothing in the style of the tawdry and ephemeral-looking erections affording the slightest clue to the purpose for which they were originally built and are at present used. As examples of this modern constructive art, it is only necessary to mention as among

the best the Imperial University, and as ordinary specimens, the buildings which conceal the present residence of the Mikado, and the police stations all over Tôkiyô.

It is singular that the Japanese, who rarely commit a solecism in taste in their national costume, architecture, or decorative art, seem to be perfectly destitute of perception when they borrow ours. Their tasteless, Americanised structures, and the "loud," gaudy, "tapestry" carpets which they lay down on the floors of their public buildings when they relinquish their own beautiful mats, are instances in point.

Among the most noteworthy of the new and old buildings which distingnish Tôkiyô, and show the advance which Japan is making in civilisation, education, and philanthropy, are the Imperial University, the Medical, Naval, and Military Schools, the Imperial College of Engineering, which is really a technical university, the Paper Money "Mint," the Normal School for girls, endowed by the Empress, the Military, Naval, and *Kak'ké* Hospitals, the Post Office, Telegraph Office, and Railway Terminus, besides Government Offices and Departments too numerous to mention.

The glory and pride of Japanese educational institutions is the Imperial College of Engineering, and the Japanese may justly be proud of it, for it is not only the finest modern building in Japan, worthy to take a humble place beside the Cam or Isis — academical in its aspects, noble in its proportions, suited for its purpose, and placed in an elevated and commanding position — but, in the opinion of many competent judges, is the most complete and best equipped engineering college in the world, and destined shortly to make Japan, as she ought to be, entirely independent of foreigners for the carrying out of the great projects of improvement on which her future progress depends. To a Japanese

mind this stately building is the embodiment and apotheosis of material progress, the god of every educated Japanese. This shrine of progress consists of an imposing arrangement of stone-faced brick buildings in a mixed Tudor style, forming three sides of a handsome and spacious quadrangle.

The college buildings contain a library and common hall of ecclesiastical as well as academical appearance, a general lecture hall, class-rooms, chemical demonstration rooms, secretary's office, Principal's and Professors' rooms, class anterooms, general drawing-office, engineering drawing-office, surveying drawing-office, boiler-house, mining lecture and demonstration rooms, architectural drawing-office, printing-office, natural philosophy instrument room, natural philosophy laboratories and demonstration rooms, museum, dormitories, kitchens, chemical laboratory, engineering laboratory, metallurgical laboratory, Professors' houses, telegraph and mineralogical museums, and two or three other minor departments.

No expense has been or is spared upon the equipments of this magnificent college. Whatever other institutions are starved, it gets whatever Principal Dyer chooses to ask. Its museum, illustrative of civil and mechanical engineering, is a superb one, and it is said that no similar school in the world possesses a collection of models at once so accurate in their construction, or so valuable for teaching purposes. The Telegraph and Mineralogical Museums are equally carefully arranged, and not only do concise and admirable catalogues accompany each museum, but descriptions are given with each model and instrument, which convey the leading idea of its construction and utility in the smallest possible space. To the non-scientific visitor the museum of Japanese products, manufacturers, and models of

Japanese machinery, though by no means as complete as it ought to be and will be, is the most interesting of all, and year by year, as the old style of things disappears, will gain in value, and in time may come to be the only place in which the Japanese of the future can study the former industries of his country, and the simple methods by which great results were obtained.

This college is under the ministry of Public Works. Principal Dyer, who has made it what it is, is intensely a Scotchman, and not only very able in his own profession, but a man of singular force, energy, and power of concentration, with a resolute and indomitable will. He is felt in the details of every department of the College, and combines practical sagacity with a large amount of well-directed enthusiasm. It is said that of the foreign teachers in Japanese employment he is the one whose resolute independence and determination to carry out his own plans in his own way have been respected by the Government, and I venture to predict that he will be the last one whose services will be dispensed with. His highly-efficient teaching staff consists of nine English professors, with several qualified Japanese assistants, all working energetically; and among the former have been and are several men who have thrown themselves heartily into different departments of Japanese study. The discipline and tone of the College leave little to be desired. A fine spirit pervades the students, and it seems that the only complaint made by their teachers is that it is difficult to make them understand the necessity for recreation.

Classes are held in English language and literature, technical drawing, mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, engineering, telegraphic engineering, mechanical engineering, architecture, mineralogy, geology, mining, and metallurgy, with branches under several

of these heads. The course lasts six years, and a considerable part of it is occupied with practical instruction at the well-equipped works at Akabané, the largest mechanical engineering establishment in Japan, where all sorts of engines and mechanical appliances are turned out. The enlightened system of education which is pursued is supplemented by a very valuable and always increasing library, containing over 13,000 volumes, mostly on technical subjects, and by a reading-room liberally supplied with periodicals.

The question arises, What is to be done with the fifty "masters in engineering" who hereafter will be turned out annually by what is usually termed by foreigners "Mr. Dyer's college," and how is work to be provided for them in a country which has overspent itself, and is obliged to economise? Japan cherishes visions of costly engineering undertakings of all kinds, but these are expensive, and in her present temper she intends not only not to contract any new debts, but to pay off the old. Mr. Dyer would reply that his business is to turn out competent engineers, and not to forecast their future, and I pass from the subject in the hope of an era of remunerative improvements.

Museums are worthily occupying the attention of the Government. The *Kaitakushi* Department has a collection of objects imperfectly illustrating the industries and mode of living of the Ainos in its museum in Shiba, and the National Museum contains objects of variety and beauty the like of which are not to be found anywhere else, and which, had they not been purchased by the nation, would have passed into the hands of foreign *connoisseurs*. Many of the creations of ancient art which are arranged in Uyeno are unique and priceless, and the authorities deserve great credit for the extent, value, and arrangement of this museum.

The last building which I notice is the Telegraph Building, opened in March 1878, under the auspices of Mr. Gilbert, the chief superintendent. The whole telegraph system of Japan is now worked by native officials, foreigners having been dispensed with in the summer of last year. This building, though in the vicious Europeanised style, is well arranged for its objects, its lower floor being occupied by reception-rooms, offices, and a broad counter for messages, and nearly the whole of the upper by an operating-room, to which the messages are conveyed in a lift. The Morse instruments, including "sounders," are used for ordinary messages, and on short local lines Wheatstone's alphabetical instruments, specially arranged for recording the Roman alphabet and Japanese syllabary. Part of this room is taken up by a test-box and a test-board, which accommodates eighty circuits, into which the wires from all Japan are led, and another part by a time-transmitter and regulator clock, whereby the telegraphic time all over Japan is adjusted daily. In another room batteries with a thousand cells are kept upon tables. A telephone connected with the Engineering College for experimental purposes is the latest instance of the eagerness with which the Japanese are appropriating foreign inventions. The Morse instruments, test-box, time-transmitter, and everything for out and indoor use, except wire, are made by Japanese in the workshops of the Telegraph Department, and the instruments, for delicacy of finish and accuracy, are said to bear comparison with any which are manufactured in Europe. The manipulators there and elsewhere are Japanese, and they have proved such apt scholars that they manage their telegraph system with a carefulness and accuracy which allow of no hostile criticism.

In truth, Tôkiyô is a wonderful city of enterprise

and bustle, the focus of the new order of things, not only the seat of a Government of singular capacity and activity, but the headquarters of an education which is revolutionising Japan. Doctors, schoolmasters, and engineers are being dispersed from it over the Empire, who not only carry with them a new education, medicine, and science, but new ideas of government, philosophy, and the position of women, as well as the pushing, progressive, Tôkiyô spirit of unmitigated materialism. It must be observed that the education and stimulation of the brain are carried on with little reference to man's moral nature, and that distortion of one part of his being and dwarfing of another must be the sure result. In addition, the indirect, and in some cases the direct, influence of some of the foreign teachers has been against Christianity, and in favour of materialism. The new education lays "the axe to the root of the tree" of the old *cultus* and beliefs, substituting nothing. Probably there is scarcely an atheism so blank, or a materialism so complete, on earth as that of the educated modern Japanese.

Of the foreigners in Japanese Government employment the greater number are in Tôkiyô. They are allowed to live anywhere outside the dreary limits of Tsukiji, and they form a society among themselves, mixing but little with the colony of missionaries in the Concession. Their number decreases, for the Government parts with them as soon as it thinks that Japanese can fill their places, and the constant changes among them are unfavourable to the pleasantest kind of social intercourse. The most recent clearance has been at the Naval College, where only two of the English staff, and those not in the College proper, have been retained. Many of them apply themselves with praiseworthy assiduity to the study of the Japanese language, and of

special subjects connected with Japan, and their diligence bears good fruit in papers of great and permanent interest contributed by them to the English and German Asiatic Societies, both of which hold regular meetings in Tôkiyô. Those who merely teach, and hold aloof from Japanese interests, must have rather a "dull time," and the ladies, very few of whom interest themselves in anything Japanese except curios, must be duller still.

The capital, as one of the three imperial cities or *Fu*, has a local jurisdiction, and a governor, assisted by a large staff. The present Governor, Masakata Kusumoto, is the one who cleansed and renovated Niigata, and under his vigorous administration order and cleanliness reign in Tôkiyô, though the number of robberies on winter nights retains formidable proportions in spite of nearly 6000 policemen. There are no beggars, and there is no quarter given up to poverty and squalor, or poverty and squalor in combination with crime, and festering centres of misery of any kind are not to be found. Vice, though legalised, is prohibited from displaying its seductions in the ordinary streets, the resorts of the dissolute being confined to special quarters of the city.

Over 10,000 cavalry, infantry, and artillery are quartered in Tôkiyô, but these are more likely to prove a source of difficulty than of strength. Large numbers are recruited from the *heimin* or lowest class, and the uncouthness of their bucolic faces contrasts with the intelligence of those of the policemen, who are mostly *samurai*. On days when large numbers of them get leave, they are to be seen staggering about the streets in a state of intoxication, creating a disorder which is as rare in Tôkiyô as in any other Japanese city.

The paucity of horse vehicles, where horses are

abundant and roads are excellent, is a curious fact. In the Official Quarter a few carriages are to be seen, and on one street clumsy vans, drawn by contemptible ponies, run as omnibuses, but elsewhere one may walk about week after week without seeing anything but *kurumas* or man-carts and coolies, and coolies and pack-horses are used for the transport of all goods which cannot be conveyed by canal. It is not unusual to see 100 men carrying a log of felled and squared timber, or a stone of enormous size. There are over 23,000 *kurumas;* their number is rapidly increasing, and they are used by everybody as the handiest means of abbreviating the "magnificent distances" of the city.

Tôkiyô is the centre of the publishing trade, and nearly every trade and manufacture in Japan is more or less represented there. I will notice but one. In several passages in the previous letters melancholy allusions have been made to certain imitations, which, though they may be "the sincerest form of flattery," are also the most impertinent form of swindling. Of the manufacture of forged labels and imitative compounds of the most nauseous or unwholesome description Tôkiyô is the centre, and it has reduced systematic forgery to a trade. Nor is this iniquity confined to back slums and holes and corners, but it is carried on in the face of day at unscreened windows, where presses may be seen at work imitating the English Government Inland Revenue stamp, Dr. Collis Browne's signature, or the attractive label of "Preston's Sugar of Lemons," or the tempting cover of the "Ramornie" meat tins, the "Eagle Brand," Bass's "Red Diamond" label, etc., fortunately not always with that strict attention to English orthography which would render the deception complete. It is complete enough, however, for the unfortunate Japanese victims, and from Nagasaki to

Hakodaté spurious eatables, drinkables, and medicines are sold, dealing sickness with a liberal hand, introducing *delirium tremens* and other woes where they were previously unknown, and turning innocent into "deadly things." I write feelingly, as a sufferer from an evil compound, supposed to consist of soap, vitriol, oil of lemons, and sugar, sold for that best of all refreshing drinks, "Preston's Sugar of Lemons." Elsewhere, a perfumer, who aspires to be the Rimmel of Japan, bottles aggressively nauseous odours in Rimmel's and Farina's bottles, adroitly imitating even the seal or capsule, and "Pears' Soap" appears as a scarifying compound, admirable *possibly* as "a counter-irritant." Again, men may be seen industriously filling Bass's bottles from casks of native beer, and Guinness's with the same beer coloured with liquorice and refuse treacle. Are we to class these forgeries as among the signs of manufacturing progress in Japan?

Tôkiyô is a stronghold of amusement and pleasure, as well as of politics, education, and business, but its theatres, *geishas*, wrestlers, jugglers, and other diversions have been so minutely described by other writers, that I gladly let them alone in favour of the Flower *festa* of the different seasons, which are among the most attractive sights of the capital. The well-tended gardens of the suburbs, with their stiffly-clipped hedges, the back plots a few feet square, with their gardens in miniature, even in the most crowded streets, or perhaps pots alone, with flowering plants, as regularly changed in their succession as those in the balconies of houses in Belgravia, attest that love of the beauties of nature, which is one of the most pleasing features of the Japanese character, and which finds its more systematic gratification in resorting to special places where special flowers are to be seen in their glory. In Febru-

ary, when the Japanese plum tree, with its crowded blossoms, chiefly varying from those of our apricot in size and variety of shape and colour, is in perfection, crowds go out to Kamédo and Omurai on the river, and to Tabata — places distinguished for the number and beauty of these trees. This is only a foretaste of the festival in April, when Japan is at its best, and the winter, especially dreaded by the Japanese, is forgotten, and the different varieties of the cherry, the pride of the flowering trees, are in their beauty. Then all Tôkiyô, in holiday costume, flocks to the hill plateau of Askayama, to Odsi, and especially to Uyeno, which has the aspect of a fair for two or three weeks. Numbers of temporary tea-houses are constructed of bamboo, and are decorated with flags and lanterns, and dainties, toys, and confectionery are everywhere sold, girls and children sing and dance; but the beauty of the cherry blossoms is the soul of the festival, and all day long crowds of all ages throng the park, luxuriating with genuine enjoyment in the delight of the "cherry viewing," and sipping tea and cherry-blossom water.

In June the wistaria festival is held, and thousands of people visit Kamédo, where bowers of this trailer, with pendent clusters of blossoms, surround a piece of water, and amidst feasting, singing, and music, verses in praise of its beauty are written on slips of paper and are hung upon the boughs. The "iris viewing" shortly follows, when the ponds and flower-beds of Hari Kiri are glorious with irises of the loveliest colours, and again pleasure-loving Tôkiyô creates a vast picnic, and crowds the garden suburb of Mukôjima by the river; and boats, gay with flags in the daytime, and with lanterns at night, throng the broad stream, and the river-side roads are cheery with groups bound to the bowers and tea-houses of the iris gardens. The "Festival of

the Chrysanthemums" in October, one of the five great national festivals of Japan, has several centres, and the imperial flower is nowhere seen in greater perfection than in Tôkiyô.

Perpetual floral attractions of a very curious kind are offered by the "art gardeners" of Sugamo and Somei, pleasant suburbs, and in Dango Saka, where the tea-house grounds and gardens are always crowded with holiday-making guests. Except in the gardens of the Buddhist monastery of Hang-tse in China, I have never seen anything approaching in singularity to these productions, but the gardeners of Tôkiyô are far more daring than the monks. Bushes and shrubs cut into the life-size resemblances of men and women, are equipped with faces of painted wood or paper, the clothes, fans, or weapons being formed of carefully trained leaves and flowers, which fall in artistic draperies of delightfully harmonised colours. In one scene a tree represents a monster fan, two others a bridge with a ship passing underneath it, then a landscape with a picnic and a setting sun of gold-coloured chrysanthemums is wonderfully executed. Chinese women walking, and animals, specially hares and rabbits, are also represented by this singular art. Scenes from well-known plays are the most enduringly popular of all these scenes, and one of the mythic heroes of Japan, shown in combat with an eight-headed monster, while the lady for whom he is fighting sits apart, clothed in red, yellow, and white chrysanthemums, the whole forming a landscape over thirty feet long, is always the centre of joyous crowds in late October, when the sun is warm and the air is still.

It would be treachery to many delicious memories were I to omit to say that Fuji, either as a cone of dazzling snow, or rosy in the autumn sunrise, or as a

lofty spiritual presence far off in a veil of mist, or purple against the sunset gold, is one of the great sights of Tôkiyô. Even of Shiba, that dream of beauty, among whose groves the city hum is unheard, one might weary, but of Fuji never, and as time goes on, he becomes an infatuating personality, which raises one above the monotonous clatter and the sordid din of mere material progress. One vision of Fuji I shall never forget. After spending an afternoon alone among the crowds which throng the great temple of Kwan-non at Asakusa, as I turned a corner at dusk to go down a hill, my *kuruma*-runner looked round and said, "Fuji!" and I saw a glory such as I had not seen before in Japan. The heavens behind and overhead were dark and covered with clouds, but in front there was a clear sky of pure, pale green, into which the huge cone of Fuji rose as a mass of ruddy purple, sublime, colossal, while above the green, which was streaked with some lines of pure vermilion, the clouds were a sea of rippling rose-colour, and in the darkness below, at the foot of a solemn, tree-covered embankment, lay the castle moat, a river of molten gold, giving light in the gloom. Actual darkness came on, and still Fuji rose in purple into the fading sky, lingering in his glory, and never, while the earth and heavens last, will just the same sight be seen again.

One of the most recent phases of Tôkiyô has been the sort of craze it has taken for giving extravagant entertainments to guests. The Government and the people have gone wild on the subject, and poor, and burdened with debt and taxation as the nation is, it is a matter for regret that a course of such decidedly "unremunerative" expenditure should have been entered upon. Mr. E. J. Reed, M.P., was the first guest of the series, and he has been followed by General Grant, a grandson

of Queen Victoria, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Duke of Genoa. In addition to the sums expended by Government, Tôkiyô spent $50,000 in entertaining General Grant, and the entertainment given to him in the hall and grounds of the Engineering College was one of the most successful *fêtes* ever seen in the capital, owing to the number and beauty of the lanterns used for illumination. All this is very modern and "progressive."

Whatever else may or may not be seen or enjoyed, the street life of Tôkiyô is an inexhaustible source of pleasure. The middle and lower classes have an outdoorishness and visibility about them which offer a thousand points of interest. The shop life, the canal life, the child life, Tôkiyô on wheels, on foot, and under umbrellas, the crowds and their unvarying good temper and good behaviour, the flower festivals, the *fêtes*, the *matsuri* with their processions, the cheerful funerals, the throngs in the popular temples, the picnics, the water processions by day and night, the perpetual illumination with coloured lanterns, the quaint incongruities, the changing and shifting, the abundance of movement, the ceaseless industry, the personal independence and liberty enjoyed by all classes shown by a demeanour neither servile nor self-assertive, the tiny houses and doll-like women, the old and the new mingling in a city no part of which is more than three centuries old, form a series of separate and combined pictures, which at once bewilder and fascinate.

Banks, a Chamber of Commerce, dispensaries, exhibition buildings, newspaper and telegraph offices, a railway station, steamboat offices, photographic galleries, and powder magazines, are all essential features of the new capital.

Truly Yedo, the City of the Shôguns, is no more. A

city of camps, "the necessity of feudalism," it perished with the *old régime*, to be born again as a city of business, politics, amusement, bustle, energy, and progress. Tôkiyô, the city of the future, is the *brain* of New Japan, but Kiyôto, the historic capital, the home of art and poetry, must remain its *heart*.

A JAPANESE CONCERT.

A "Dirty Sky" — "Rags" — Mr. Mori — A Ministerial Entertainment — The "Shiba Pavilion" — An Amateur Orchestra — The Japanese Wagner — An Aristocratic *Belle* — A Juvenile *Danseuse* — An Agonising Mystery — The "Dead March" in *Saul* — Japanese Music — Musical Instruments — Lady Parkes.

H.B.M.'s Legation, Yedo, *October* 11.

The weather produces a lassitude which makes letter-writing difficult. Every now and then a bright, hot day occurs, but usually it rains as it has been raining for weeks past, and the sailor's phrase, "a dirty sky," is the only one which describes the dull brown clouds and stagnant brown mists. The mercury hovers about 80°, the air is quite still, and stillness and heat together make one expect a thunderstorm, which never comes; but instead we have had a smart shock of earthquake, which seemed equally suitable to the weather. Everything is moist or sticky, boots mildew four hours after they have been blacked, writing-paper has to be dried near a charcoal brazier before it is used, soap jellifies, ink turns mouldy, appetite for solid food entirely fails, every one is more or less ailing. Sir Harry, much worn out, has gone to Hakone, Lady Parkes, who has been suffering from intermittent fever, has gone to Yokohama, and Mr. Chamberlain, the two children, "Rags," and I, are all feeble. "Rags" takes very little notice of me when his own people are here, but now he is most attentive to me, lies by my chair, sleeps on my

hearthrug at night, assumes a very cordial manner, and expects me to feed him and attend to his comfort. Mr. Chamberlain has been here for a fortnight, which has been a great pleasure to me, not only because he is an excellent *cicerone*, but because he is such a thorough lover of Japan, as well as a Japanese student, and is never bored by being asked any number of questions, even though many of them are trivial and unintelligent. I have been utilising the bad weather by studying several volumes of the Japan *Weekly Mail*, and files of the *Tôkiyô Times*, and the "Transactions" of the Asiatic Society for several years, the three combined being better than all the books of travels put together for steeping one in a Japanese atmosphere.

The few bright days have been very bright, and like our English midsummer (when we have summer at all). On one of the brightest we, with Miss Gordon Cumming, who arrived in the middle of September, went to an afternoon entertainment given to the diplomatic body in the Shiba Pavilion, one of the Mikado's smaller palaces, by Mr. Arenori Mori, Vice-minister for foreign affairs.[1] Mr. Mori is one of the most progressive of Japanese politicians, and, under an Oriental despotism, is "an advanced Liberal." He would tolerate everything. He is in favour of "Women's Rights;" he was married much in English civil fashion; his wife dresses tastefully in English style, and receives his guests along with himself; he regards Shintô only as a useful political engine, and has even formally proposed the adoption of the English language in Japan, if we would agree to a phonetic system of spelling. He was in America for some years, speaks English tolerably well, and, unlike most of his countrymen, knows how to wear the European dress.

[1] Recently appointed Minister to England.

He received us at the door of the Pavilion, and conducted us to a room where nearly the whole diplomatic *corps* was assembled; the Chinese ministers being conspicuous in blue silk robes with squares of gold embroidery on the back and front, long amber necklaces, and white hats covered with crimson fringe. The only costumes besides these were worn by two young Japanese ladies, daughters of nobles, who looked awkward and timid sitting on chairs in dark silk *kimonos* and very thick and heavy girdles. The room consisted of a suite of rooms in Japanese style, thrown open to the verandah, and looking upon a large garden very beautifully laid out, bounded on the sea side by a massive stone embankment, which is concealed from the house by grass mounds and trees. This very attractive pleasure-ground is a dexterous artificial composition of closely shaven lawns, lakes with small islands and stone bridges, stone lanterns, shrubberies, distorted pines, and flagged and gravelled walks. Not a stray twig or leaf was visible, and the walks were so exquisitely smooth that it seemed as if a lady's train might rudely ruffle them. From the mounds there is a fine view of the Gulf of Yedo, and junks and fishing-boats sail within a few yards of the garden wall. The house, a very simple and pretty Japanese building, is Europeanised by a tawdry Brussels carpet, black and gold lacquer chairs, and black and gold tables with books of Japanese pictures upon them.

Tea in cups with handles and saucers was handed round by servants in black dress suits, with white ties. The diversion provided was a juggling performance upon mats laid on the lawn, and consisted mainly of clever but tedious feats of balancing balls, cups, sticks, and vases, with a drumming accompaniment, a great waste of time and skill. There was an interlude of a

very abundant "collation," with all sorts of food, ice cream, abundance of claret cup, champagne, and "mint julep," served on a long table, with about twenty waiters rustling about in European clothes. The china was all English, and not pretty. Mr. Mori complimented me with much *bonhommie* on my "unprecedented tour," and remarked that people rarely travelled in Northern Japan. After more juggling, the party broke up, and I regretted the loss of an afternoon, as lost it was, for this entertainment was a mere imitation of an English reception, and had nothing distinctively Japanese about it.

A very interesting one was given a few days afterwards by Mr. Satow, in his beautiful Japanese house, the furnishing of which is the perfection of Japanese and European good taste and simplicity. The drawing-room is purely Japanese, with ceiling and posts of planed wood, walls of carefully roughened greenish grey plaster, a polished alcove and fine *tatami*, with here and there a Persian carpet over them; a rich, quiet-coloured couch, a few chairs, a solitary table with a lamp, a stand with some rare books, a very few bronze ornaments and some fine engravings, and flowers in vases hanging on the walls, completed its furnishing. There were only the two English Secretaries, the wife of one of them, and myself. The little dinner was worthy of one of Disraeli's descriptions, and was served by noiseless attendants in Japanese dress. Shortly after we went to the drawing-room, thirteen gentlemen and ladies of remarkably dignified and refined appearance entered with musical instruments, carried by servants, who then retired. These musicians were an amateur orchestra under the leadership of a Japanese composer, who aspires to be the Wagner of Japan, and who composed the music with which the evening was occupied.

The orchestra consisted of six ladies, two of whom were elderly widows, and six men. On the floor were five *kotos*, each one six feet long. A young girl, daughter of a noble who has filled several high official positions, played on a most exquisitely made antique instrument, called the *shô*, formed of several reeds beautifully lacquered in gold, banded with silver, and set in a circular box of fine gold lacquer. This needed to be constantly warmed at a stand of rich lacquer, containing a charcoal brazier. The girl was very pretty for a Japanese, and perfectly bewitching by the dignified grace of her manner; but her face and throat were much whitened with powder, and her lower lip was patched with vermilion. Her "evening dress" consisted of a *kimono* of soft, bronze green silk, with sleeves hanging nearly to her ankles, an under vest, showing at the neck, of scarlet *crêpe* splashed with gold, a girdle of 3½ yards of rich silver brocade made into a large lump at the back, and white cloth socks. She wore a large *chignon*, into which some scarlet *crêpe* was twisted, a loop of hair on the top of her head, and a heavy tortoise-shell pin with a branch of pink coral at one end, stuck through the *chignon*. The other young ladies were dressed in *kimono* of dark blue silk, with blue girdles brocaded with silver; and the two elderly widows wore dark silk *kimono* and *haori* of the same. The men all wore silk *hakama* and *haori*.

These people were all thoroughly well-bred Japanese. I cannot describe the grace, dignity, and courtesy of their manners, and the simple kindliness with which they exerted themselves on our behalf. Their demeanour was altogether natural, and it was most interesting to see an etiquette, manner, and tone, perfect in their way, yet not in the slightest particular formed upon our models.

Besides this very interesting orchestra, there was a very conspicuous performer in the shape of a child of nine, daughter of one of the Mikado's chief attendants, a being of unutterable dignity and abstraction.

> "It was neither man nor woman,
> It was neither brute nor human;"

but most certainly, it was not "a ghoul," but a female presence trained from its infancy to perfect self-possession, and to a complete knowledge of the etiquette pertaining to its sex and age — a little princess, the outcome of one of the most highly artificial systems of civilisation.

Imagine some lamps upon the floor, with the orchestra behind them, the *kotos* on the floor, the music on lacquer desks, such as are used in temples; and at the other end of the room, ourselves lounging in easy chairs. Into the open space between us this being glided, made a profound bow, which, like the bow of royalty, included the whole company, and remained standing like a statue till the music recommenced. On her entrance she was dressed in a *kimono* of rich striped silk, with a girdle of scarlet brocade. Her hair was divided circularly, and the centre drawn up in loops, mixed with scarlet *crêpe*, and secured by a gay pin. The rest hung quite straight and smooth behind and down each cheek, while the front was cut straight and short and combed down to her eyebrows, much in the style of a digger Indian. Her face was so whitened with powder, that no trace of "complexion" could be seen, and her lower lip was reddened. After a short time she returned to her attendants, who stood in the lobby, and re-appeared in a *kimono* of white silk *crêpe* and *hakama* of scarlet satin, such as the Empress wears, and with a fan of large size and extreme beauty in her hand.

Again the instruments wailed and screeched forth their fearful discords, and the miniature court lady entertained us with two prolonged dances illustrative of the music, which represented the four seasons. Really, the performance was not a dance at all, but a series of dramatic posturings executed with faultless accuracy. Much use was made of the fan, the little figure swayed rhythmically, and the feet, though they moved but little, were occasionally used to *stamp* an emphasis, as in the ancient lyric drama. The expression of the face never changed; it might have been a mask. We were completely ignored, the upturned eyes heeded us not, the training was perfect, the dramatic abstraction complete. The perfect self-possession with which this little "princess" went through the dance was most remarkable, and the bow at the end, which once more included the whole audience, was a work of art. The dignity was painful, not ludicrous. I often wished that the small maiden would falter a little, or be embarrassed, or show some consciousness of our presence. Nor when it was over and she had received our thanks, was there the slightest relapse into childhood. Mr. de Saumarez, who is passionately fond of Japanese children, vainly tried to win her into friendliness, but she scarcely spoke; she was absolutely indifferent; the face remained motionless; the dignity was real, not a veneering.

Of the musical performance, as is fitting, I write with great diffidence. If I was excruciated, and experienced twinges of acute neuralgia, it may have been my own fault. The performers were happy, and Mr. Satow's calm, thoughtful face showed no trace of anguish. Oriental music is an agonising mystery to me. I wondered at the time, and still wonder, whether the orchestral music of the Temple on Mount Zion would not

have been equally discordant to western ears. A gulf not to be spanned divides the harmonies of the East from those of the West. The performers were anxious to hear some of our music, and Mrs. Mounsey played some of our most beautiful and plaintive airs, the musicians standing round her with a look of critical intelligence on their faces, which was not hopeful. They thanked her gracefully, but even their Oriental politeness was unable to fabricate a compliment. Then she played the "Dead March" in *Saul* with more than funereal slowness, but an almost scornful criticism sat upon their faces, the instrument and the "March" alike were obviously vapid, trivial, and destitute of feeling. These faces were all well-bred and keenly intelligent.

There were five *kotos*, two *shô*, a Corean *fuyé* or flute, and eventually a Japanese *fuyé*. There were two or three vocal performances. These *may* have obeyed some rules, but the vocalists certainly did not take parts, and each seemed at liberty to execute excursions of his own devising. The music was absolutely monotonous, and inflicted a series of disappointments, for every time that it seemed to tremble upon the verge of a harmony it relapsed into utter dissonance. There was no *piano*, it was all *forte*, *crescendo*, and *fortissimo*. Dr. Mueller says, however — and he has studied the Japanese and their music intelligently — "If I am asked what impression our music makes upon the Japanese, I am sure I shall not be far wrong in saying that they find it far more detestable than we do theirs. A prominent Japanese said, not to me, indeed, for their politeness would forbid it, 'Children, coolies, and women may find pleasure in European music; but an educated Japanese can never tolerate it!'"

Japanese music, like most of their arts and sciences, is mainly Chinese and Corean, and its theory has the

usual spirit of mystical Chinese speculation, which, basing the forces and phenomena of nature upon the number *five*, declares that as sounds belong to such phenomena, there must be *five* tones, but in stringed instruments the Japanese make use of chromatic divisions, though the five tones alone are recognised officially. The key-notes themselves stand in a definite relation to the months, so that in each month of the twelve a separate and perfectly defined key rules, so that in each the murmuring of the wind in wind instruments is confined to a special key! I will not lead you farther into the fog in which I speedily found myself in spite of Mr. Satow's possibly lucid explanations, as even the initiated say that Japanese music is incomprehensible, partly because the text of much of the older music has been lost, and the players no longer know the meaning formerly attached to it.

Our complicated instruments, such as those with valves, key-boards, and hammers, are unknown. The Japanese use only stringed instruments, which are played either with a bow or with various kinds of sharpened appliances, wind instruments of wood or shell with metal tongues, and instruments of percussion, made of wood or metal, in which stretched skins are used.

The *koto* has several varieties, one of which has been known for 1500 years. The special one played at Mr. Satow's has 13 strings of waxed silk stretched from two immovable bridges, placed on a sounding-board of very hard wood 6 feet long, standing on four very low feet, with two openings on the under side. It is played with ivory finger caps, and always, before beginning, the performers rubbed their hands vigorously together.

The *shô* is a beautiful-looking instrument, richly decorated in gold, and exquisitely finished. It has

seventeen pipes of very different lengths, let into a wind chest, each pipe being provided with a metal tongue. Its sounds, taken singly, are powerful and highly melodious. It is used as the fundamental instrument in tuning in the Japanese orchestras, it leads the melody, and the voice is always in unison with it. The *kangura fuyé*, or Japanese flute, claims an antiquity of twelve centuries, and the *koma fuyé*, or Corean flute, is also very ancient.

In all Japanese wind instruments the measure of the skill of the player is the length of time for which he can hold on a note. The power and penetrating qualities of the *shô* and flutes are tremendous; they leave not a single nerve untortured! The vocal performance was most excruciating. It seemed to me to consist of a hyena-like howl, long and high (a high voice being equivalent to a good voice), varied by frequent guttural, half-suppressed sounds, a bleat, or more respectfully "an impure shake," very delicious to a musically-educated Japanese audience which is both scientific and highly critical, but eminently distressing to European ears. Another source of pain to me is that the tuning of the *koto* harmonises with our *minor scale*, the fourth and seventh being omitted in deference to the number *five*.

Altogether it was a most interesting evening, and I was most favourably impressed with the grave courtesy, musical enthusiasm, and strictly Japanese demeanour of the amateurs, and sincerely hope that whatever be the fate of the "*Music* of the Future," the *manners* of the future will be the same as the manners of the present.

I have been purposing to go to Kiyôto, by the Nakasendo, or inland mountain route, a journey of fourteen days, and have engaged a servant interpreter for the impossible task of replacing Ito! The rain, however,

has never ceased for four days, and at the last moment I have been obliged to give up this land journey, the less regretfully, as my new servant, though a most respectable-looking man, knows hardly any English, and I shrink from the solitude of detentions in rain and snow in lonely and elevated *yadoyas*.

Lady Parkes and the children are shortly going to England, and this pleasant home, in which I have received unbounded kindness and hospitality, will be broken up ere I return. Lady Parkes carries with her the good-will and regret of the whole foreign community, for, besides the official and semi-official courtesies and hospitalities which she has shown as a necessity of Sir Harry's position, she has given liberally of those sympathies in sorrow and of those acts of thoughtful and unostentatious kindness, which are specially appreciated by those who are "strangers in a strange land." People only need to be afflicted in "mind, body, or estate," to be sure of soft, kind words genuinely spoken, and generous attempts at alleviation. Gossip and unkind speech have been met by quiet coldness, and she has laboured long and earnestly to promote good feeling among all classes. She will be much missed by the higher classes of Japanese women, for she has used all the opportunities within her power to win their confidence and friendship, striving quietly to bring them forward, and to encourage them to take a more active part in the influential sphere of social duty. Tôkiyô and Yokohama are about to show their regret for her departure by giving her magnificent farewell entertainments.

My last day has come, and the rain still falls in torrents from a dingy sky!

I. L. B.

A MISSIONARY CENTRE.

The *Hiroshima Maru* — A Picturesque Fishing Fleet — A Kind Reception — A Mission Centre — A Model Settlement — The Native Town — Foreign Trade — The Girls' Home — Bible Classes — The First Christian Newspaper — Defects in Mission Schools — Manners and Etiquette — "Missionary Manners" — The Truth Foreshadowed — Separation in Foreign Society — A Vow.

KÔBE, *October* 20.

THE day before I left Tôkiyô, the rain fell in such torrents that I could not even send my servant into Yokohama with my baggage; the next day I dispensed with him, giving him a suitable compensation, and have not yet been suffered to miss him.

On a cool and brilliant afternoon, dashing through the blue water, amidst crowds of *sampans*, in the *Juno's* steam-launch, and afterwards on the broad white deck of the Shanghai mail steamer, *Hiroshima Maru*, with Fuji standing out in his magnificent loneliness against a golden sky — a violet dome crested with snow, I was a little in love with Yokohama — at a distance! That *Hiroshima*, a large American sidewheel, deck-over-deck, unrigged steamer, is a historic boat, for she was the *Golden Age* on the old Panama route, and, in the palmy days of California, used to carry 1000 passengers at a time to the golden land. One of her large cabins is still called the El Dorado, and the other L'Esperance, and the last being allotted to me, proved a good omen, for I never made a more charming voyage, Captain

Furber's genial kindness, excellent accommodation, a refined *cuisine*, brilliant sunshine, grand coast views, and a waveless sea, all combining to make it pleasant. After such dingy, drowning weather, one appreciates the sunshine heartily.

On the evening of the second day, ahead, astern, around, near and far, wherever we could see, great flaring lights were bobbing and curtseying just above the water, and as they drifted by, and the eye became accustomed to them, they appeared as a confused multitude of fitful fires hanging over the bows of hundreds of fishing-boats, plying their trade at the mouth of the Kii Channel, by which we were entering the inland sea, and groups of figures always struggling at the boats' heads, now in the glare, and now in the darkness, the fiery light in its redness and fitfulness, and the phosphorescent light in its whiteness and steadiness, formed one of the most picturesque illuminations I ever beheld. These lights are much used in fishing, specially for squid. By long wooden handles the fishermen hold over the side of their boats iron cages, in which they burn, like the Ainos, birch bark strips, which give a clear and vivid light, very speedily extinct. It is supposed that the fish, confused by the glare, are more readily taken. I wished the followers of Yebis a good haul that night, for the sake of the pleasure they had given me.

We anchored here in the early morning in torrents of rain, accompanied by a high wind, and neither had ceased when Mr. Gulick came off for me, and in a very short time took me to his New England home. He is a son of one of the early missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, who has six missionary children, four of whom are in Japan, three living here under the same roof with their venerable mother. Mrs. Gulick is also a born

Sandwich Islander, a sister of my friends Mrs. Severance and Mrs. Austin of Hawaii; the house is built like a Hilo house, and has many Polynesian "effects" about it, and you can imagine how we revel in Hawaiian talk, and how the fires of Kilauea, the glorious forests of Hilo, the waving palms, the dimpling seas, the coral caves, the purple nights, and all the never-to-be-forgotten beauties of those enchanted islands, mingle in our speech with some personal recollections and some gossip, and I dream my tropical dream once more.

This is the headquarters of mission-work under the auspices of the "American Board." Somehow when one thinks of Kôbe it is less as a Treaty Port than as a Mission centre. It was partly to see the process of missionary work that I came. Everything is at high pressure, and a hearty, hopeful spirit prevails among all who have got over the initial difficulties of the language, which press heavily on new-comers. The missionaries are all intensely American in speech, manner, and tone, and set about their work with a curious practicality and a confident apportionment of means to ends which I have not seen before in this connection. They are quite a community, mixing little, if at all, with the other foreign residents, but forming a very affectionate and intimate family among themselves. Kôbe being a place of energetic effort, and of reputed success, is the spot in Japan in which to gauge in some degree the prospects of Christianity; but I shall defer saying much on the subject till I have been to Kiyôto and Ôsaka.

Kôbe is a bright, pleasant-looking settlement, by far the most prepossessing of the "Treaty Ports" that I have seen, situated on an inland sea, on the other side of which the mountainous island of Kiushiu rises. Westwards, wooded points and promontories, melting

into a blue haze, or fiery purple in the sunset, appear to close the channel, while eastwards a stretch of land-locked water, crowded with white sails, leads to the city of Ôsaka, the commercial capital of Japan. A range of steep, somewhat bare, and very picturesquely-shaped hills, with pines in their hollows, and temples, *torii*, and tea-houses on their heights, rises immediately behind Kôbe, which, with Hiogo, the old Japanese town, of which it is a continuation, is packed along the shore for a distance of three miles, the Kiyôto and Hiogo Railway, opened in great state by the Mikado in February 1877, running through the town, down to a pier which enables ships of large tonnage to receive cargo direct from the railway trucks. The Foreign Concession, beautifully and regularly laid out on a grand scale for the population which it has never attracted, is at the east end. It is a "model settlement," well lighted with gas, and supplied with water, kept methodically clean, and efficiently cared for by the police. The Bund has a fine stone embankment, a grass parade, and a magnificent carriage-road, with the British, American, and German Consulates, and some "imposing" foreign residences on the other side. Several short streets run back from this, crossing a long one parallel with the Bund. The side-walks are very broad, and well paved with stones laid edgewise, with curb-stones and handsome paved water-ways, and the carriage-roads are broad and beautifully kept. The foreign houses are spacious and solid, and the railroad, and the station and its environments, are of the most approved English construction.

But where are the people? Roads without houses, carriage-ways without carriages, side-walks without foot-passengers, and a solitude so dreary that three men stopping in the street to talk is a sight which might

collect the rest of the community to stare at it, are features of what was intended to be an important place. It is mainly English, but there are only about 170

A HIOGO BUDDHA.

British residents, and this includes all the British firms from Ôsaka, who migrated here when the railroad was opened. There is an English "omnibus" Church behind the Bund, in which service is conducted once on Sunday by an American Congregational clergyman,

and once by Mr. Foss, the missionary of the English "S.P.G." A number of foreign, wooden houses straggle up the foot-hills at the back, some of them unmistakable English bungalows, while those which look like Massachusetts homesteads are occupied by American missionaries. In spite of the solitude and stagnation of the streets of the settlement, Kôbe is a pertinaciously cheerful-looking place. In sunshine it is all ablaze with light, and even in wind and rain its warm colouring saves it from dismalness. A large native town has grown up at Kôbe, as a continuation of Hiogo, and the two are active, thriving, and bustling; their narrow streets being thronged with people, *kurumas*, and ox-carts, while sweeping roofs of temples on heights and flats, *torii*, great bronze Buddhas, colossal stone lanterns, and other tokens of prevailing Buddhism, give the native town a variety and picturesqueness very pleasing to the eye. The crowded junk harbour, the number of large steamers, both Japanese and British, lying off the Bund, and the blue mountains across the water, make it as pretty to look from as to look at.

As at Hakodaté, foreign trade is decreasing, and Japanese trade is rapidly increasing. It is quite interesting to find how widely the exports differ in different parts of Japan. In Yezo it was fish, seaweed, and skins, here it is mainly tea, silk, copper, vegetable wax, tobacco, camphor, mushrooms, and fans, of which *four millions* were exported last year, mainly to America. The rapid increase in the native town is quite wonderful; it is said that Hiogo and Kôbe between them have a population of 50,000 people.

The Secretary of the American Board of Missions most kindly wrote, commending me to the missionaries here, and I am made very welcome consequently. Yesterday evening we went to tea at the "Girls' Home," a

boarding-school for twenty-seven Japanese girls, the prettiest house in Kôbe, in very attractive grounds. This is conducted by three ladies, with Japanese assistance. The girls live in Japanese fashion, but learn our music, in which they are very anxious to excel. The ladies who keep it speak Japanese fluently, and do a great deal of outside mission-work, not only in Kôbe, but in villages at a distance, where they hold meetings for women.

This morning I went to the Bible classes, which are attended by forty-six men and twelve women, some of them quite elderly. The plan is for each woman to read a few verses aloud from the New Testament, and give her ideas upon them, and such ideas they are as would never occur to a European, or to any one who had had the *sough* of Christianity about his ears from infancy. They ask many questions, and show an interest and vivacity which, at least, must keep the teacher alert, and there was so much laughter that one would hardly have imagined the Bible to be the subject. No traditional reverence has gathered round it, they possess but a few fragments, and it is to them simply a story of facts with a moral code attached. Several of their questions were startling, but natural. "What is the name of God's wife?" one woman asked, on hearing of the Divine Son. We visited more classes where there were 100 pupils, and then went to church, where the sermon was cold and hard, as if Christianity had grown sapless and wizened with age.

This Mission has at Kôbe nine men missionaries, all but one with wives, and five single ladies; in Ôsaka four men and three single ladies, and in Kiyôto, three men and one single lady. Two are Medical Missionaries, and through their popular work several villages within treaty limits have been opened to Christianity,

two of which now possess churches and pastors of their own. In Kôbe there are three preaching places, and two "out-stations;" in Ôsaka three, and one "out-station;" in Kiyôto three, and two "out-stations," besides numerous women's meetings and classes. Nearly all the missionaries itinerate regularly within treaty limits, and irregularly with passports beyond them They have girls' boarding-schools in the three towns, and, as another agency, a newspaper with a Japanese editor, but under Mr. Gulick's supervision, the *Shichi Ichi Zappo*, or Weekly Messenger, established in January 1876. It has a circulation of about 1100 among native Christians, and this is always slowly increasing It gives general news, but as it abstains from unfavourable criticism on the actions of the Government, and praises it dexterously every now and then, it has escaped a "press warning." It treats of the progress of Christianity, and of other subjects interesting to the professors of the new faith. It may become a really valuable organ if its expression of native Christian opinion is not unduly hampered. As, for instance just now, the editor wrote a kindly but serious criticism on the way in which girls' Christian schools are conducted, setting forth that there is a failure in domestic training, and that, consequently, young men would not, indeed could not, seek for wives among the girls educated by the missionaries. This seems to me the weak point of the different female schools that I have heard of. Of course, the first object is to give a Christian training, and raise the standard of morality, which must be low enough if it is represented truthfully by a superior sort of girl, who told the teacher that to form connections with foreigners is the great ambition of girls in her position. Besides instruction in Christianity, the usual branches of a polite education, including music, are

taught, and further time is taken up by teaching the Chinese character, which girls are very anxious to learn. In Japanese training great stress is laid upon the housewifely education, and to be accomplished in all housewifely arts is a just object of desire with every right-minded Japanese girl. This very essential part of education is almost of necessity crowded out in the foreign schools, and I have not hesitated to express my opinion to my missionary friends as to the injurious consequences. Here they sit on the floor and eat Japanese food in Japanese fashion, but in some other foreign schools they sit on chairs at dining tables, and eat meat, European fashion, with knives and forks, table napkins, if I mistake not, being used also. Very few Japanese can afford to give these luxuries to their wives. To foreigners, a girl in some degree accustomed to our usages, and speaking a little English, is, in many cases, more attractive than one solely Japanese in her language and habits, and with misguided female ambition on the one side, and the habits which prevail in the East on the other, there is much reason to fear that results may occur which would be to none so painful as to the missionaries themselves.

Another difficulty which presents itself very definitely to me, is regarding manners and etiquette. You remember Ito telling me, when I found fault with his manners, that they were "just missionary manners." It is in some cases true that the missionaries, disliking the hollowness and insincerity which underlie a good deal of Japanese politeness, discourage its courtesies as a waste of time, and that young men, who have been for some time under missionary training, are apt to shock one by a brusquerie and regardlessness of manner and attitude, which would be displeasing even in Europeans; but I don't refer to this, but to the una

voidable ignorance of foreign ladies of the thousand and one details of Japanese female etiquette. Thus, I have heard a native critic say that the girls trained by the foreign ladies use their chop-sticks "disgracefully;" that they don't know at what height to carry a tray of tea; that their girdles are badly tied; that their bows are short and ungraceful; that they enter a room awkwardly, etc. This critic is a Christian, and most anxious for the success of the foreign schools.

Ah, well! If we are not a stiff-necked, we are a stiff-backed generation, and the American back is even stiffer than ours, and with the best intentions, we can never emulate the invertebrate obeisances of Orientals. Still it is very distasteful to me to see a low and graceful bow acknowledged by a hasty "bob," and all the graceful national courtesies ignored, nor does this "laying the axe to the root of the tree" of hoary national custom commend Christianity. I abhor the denationalisation of nations, and should like to see Japanese courtesies studied and met at least half-way, and the etiquette of Japanese politeness informed and infused throughout by the truth and sincerity of the religion of Jesus Christ, which enjoins courtesy and "honour" to "all men," as it enjoins truth and charity. It is noteworthy that a medical missionary here, by an almost Oriental courtesy and suavity of deportment, has commended himself so much to the upper classes and to men in influential positions, that he has obtained from Government various important openings for mission work, which his more brusque and stiff-backed brethren would have sought for years in vain. I am just writing to you what I have said to my friends with some earnestness, for the Christian religion is unpopular enough in Japan, without weighting it with the millstone of an implied and practised antagonism to the

ancient laws of good breeding, which, like the costumes, fit the people, and from which we might advantageously learn not a little.

Except in a few cases the missionaries of the different denominations know nearly nothing of the two great national faiths. Frequently, on asking the meaning of various significant heathen ceremonies, I receive the reply, "Oh, I take no interest in their rubbish," or "Oh, it's not worth knowing," or "Oh, it's just one of their absurdities," or "I really have no time to get information on these matters," the last being a sufficient reason, and certainly applicable to the Kôbe missionaries, who devote their time to their work with most praiseworthy energy. With regard to Shintô, except to the antiquary or student, its superstitions are simply rubbish, but it constantly occurs to me that even the corrupt form of Buddhism which prevails in Japan, as it possesses an ethical code and definite teachings concerning immortality, might be used as a valuable auxiliary in the preaching of Christianity by a teacher who had studied it; for all its lotus imagery, its doctrine of purity, and its penalties for unrighteousness, are but testimonies to the Truth that "without holiness no man can see the Lord," and shadows of the loftier teaching of Him to whom all that is TRUE in every creed and age bears reverent witness.

In Kôbe, as elsewhere, there is a complete separation between the foreign and the missionary community. It is possible that missionaries lump the laity together as taking no interest in their work, and shun them as being uncongenial and antagonistic, and certainly most foreigners speak of them as of a pariah caste, and many as if their presence in Japan were an outrage, while scarcely any take the slightest trouble to learn what, if any, are the results from the work of such a large num-

ber of agents. It is a pity, and many hard things are said on both sides which were better unsaid, as they are not always true.

The few days since I have arrived have gone very fast. One of my objects in coming here is to visit the Shrines of Isé, the "holy places" of Shintôism, and as yet I have not been able to see any one who has been there, or who can suggest the most interesting way of going. The servant difficulty is a great one, but Mr. Flowers, H.B.M.'s Consul, kindly says, that, if I cannot do better, an English-speaking Japanese from the Consulate shall go with me. As usual, kind people are taking much trouble to aid me. There is not much to see in these towns, except the busy street life and the large number of temples, but the walks on the hills, and the variety of views from them, are beautiful. Some of the Shintô shrines are on picturesque heights, and are approached through avenues of red *torii*. In one of these avenues, consisting of about 120 of these erections, there were miniature flag poles, seven inches long, planted at the base of every *torii*, each one with a red paper flag inscribed with Chinese characters. The translation is "The man is forty years old who makes this request. He was born in the year of the Dog. If it be granted, he will give 500 of these flags." The request was not given.

I. L. B.

THE KIYÔTO COLLEGE.

Mountain-girdled Kiyôto — Third-class Travelling — The Home of Art — The Kiyôto College — Captain Jayne — Mr. Davis — The Curriculum — Philosophical Ardour — Discussions and Difficulties — Total Abstinence — The First Christian Pastor — Japanese Impressions of Scotland — Increased Demand for the Christian Scriptures.

NIJÔSAN YASHIKI, KIYÔTO, *October* 30.

THIS is truly delightful. As the Hebrew poets loved to sing of mountain-girdled Jerusalem, so Japanese poetry extols Kiyôto, which is encompassed, not with forest-smothered ranges like those of Northern Japan, but with hills more or less rugged, wooded here, broken into grey peaks there, crimson with maples, or dark with pines, great outbreaks of yellowish rock giving warmth and variety, and the noble summit of Hiyeizan crowning the mountain wall which bounds the city on the north. On fine days, when the sun rises in pink and gold, and sets in violet and ruddy orange, these mountains pass through colours which have no names, the higher ranges beyond the Gulf of Ôsaka look faintly through a veil of delicious blue, and I grudge the radiant hours passing, because rain and mist persistently return to dim the picture. There is a pleasure in being able to agree cordially with every one, and every one loves Kiyôto.

I came here a fortnight ago with Mrs. Gulick, intending to spend two or three days alone in a *yadoya*, but on arriving found that it had been arranged that I should be received here, where I have spent a fortnight delight-

fully, seeing a great many of the sights with my hostess, and others with Mr. Noguchi, an English-speaking Japanese, deputed by the Governor to act as my *cicerone*.

We travelled third class, as I was most anxious to see how the "common people" behaved. The carriage was not divided higher than the shoulders, and was at once completely filled with Japanese of the poorest class. The journey lasted three hours, and I unweariedly admired the courtesy of the people to each other and to us, and their whole behaviour. It was beautiful—so well bred and kindly, such a contrast to what one would probably have seen near great seaport cities at home; and the Japanese, like the Americans, respect themselves and their neighbours by travelling in decent and cleanly clothing. Respect to age and blindness came out very prettily on the journey. Our best manners fall short of theirs in grace and kindliness. It is quite a mistake always to travel first class, for then one only hears the talk of foreigners, which is apt to be vapid and stale.

An hour's journey took us to Ôsaka; more third class cars, filled with passengers, were attached; we steamed off again, the hills drew nearer to each other; we crossed several rivers down which boats with mat sails were dropping with the current, saw the rapid Yodo, thought of Francis Xavier, and as pagodas and temple roofs appeared among the trees the train pulled up in a trim, prosaic station, where hundreds of *kuruma*-runners clamoured for our custom; and, chafing at the incongruity and profanation of a railway station in this historic capital, I realised in half an hour that Kiyôto is unlike the other cities of Japan. It is the home of art, given up to beauty, dress, and amusement; its women are pretty, their *coiffures* and girdles are bewitching, surprises of bright colour lurk about their attire; the chil-

dren are pictures, there is music everywhere; beautiful tea-houses and pleasure-grounds abound, and besides all this, the city is completely girdled by a number of the grandest temples in Japan, with palaces and palace gardens of singular loveliness on the slopes of its purple hills.

This place is the American Mission School for girls,

THE ROKKUKADO.

a very large semi-Japanese house, with glass slides instead of *shôji*, and without *amado*, which makes it very cold. It is built on the site of the *yashiki* of a *kugé* or noble of the Mikado's court, and is in a spacious enclosure, with temple grounds behind it, and the sweet-toned bells of many temples make the hours musical by night and day. There is room for fifty girls, but the

number is limited to eighteen at present, because Miss Starkwether, the lady principal, is alone, and seems likely to remain without American assistance. This school gives an industrial training, and Miss Starkwether is most conscientiously anxious that the girls should attend strictly to the rules of Japanese etiquette and good breeding.

This mission, in this rigidly secluded city, is a most interesting one, for it has been brought about mainly by Japanese. If you have read my letters carefully, you will long have known that no foreigners, unless in Japanese employment, can live outside of treaty limits. In this case a Japanese Company, consisting of one Christian Japanese, and two who are not Christians, holds the college and school property, and employs as teachers, under a civil contract, Mr. Davis, Mr. Learned, and Miss Starkwether, who, as its servants, have obtained permits to live here for five years. The governor of the city is opposed strongly to Christianity, and permits of residence have been refused to the two ladies who were to assist in the girls' school.

Close by is the Kiyôto College, the most interesting feature of mission work in Japan. The college came about in this way. In Higo province, in the island of Kiushiu, there is a Government school, in which an American, Captain Jayne, who was really a teacher of military tactics, taught science in English for five years, his pupils being young men of the *samurai* class, many of whom intended to enter the army. Under his influence about forty of these became Christians, and anxious to spread Christianity in Japan. Some of them were much opposed, and even turned adrift by their parents, but, remaining steadfast, desired theological instruction, and this Japanese company, assisted by Americans, bought this ground

and established the college. There are over 100 youths in it now, 60 of whom are Christians, and between 40 and 50 are studying for the Christian ministry. Though the object of the college is a Christian one, attendance at the morning prayers is not compulsory, neither is the receiving of religious instruction. Practically, however, few of the students reject either.

Mr. Davis, the head, is genial, enthusiastic, vehement, and, what is so rare in this day, a firm believer in the truth of what he teaches. He is sanguine regarding the spread of Christianity in Japan, and his students imbibe something of his hopeful spirit. He distinguished himself in the American war, and a soldierly frankness and spirit are so blended with a very earnest Christianity, that his military rank clings to him, and he is often called "Colonel Davis." Mr. Learned, a very silent but scholarly man, is his coadjutor, and Mr. Neesima, a Japanese, at present the only ordained Japanese pastor, and some younger men, assist. The course is very extensive, extending over five years, and the theological students are anxious to increase it to six! The ordinary course includes Japanese, reading, spelling, language lessons, international and common school geography, international arithmetic, written arithmetic, algebra, general and Japanese history, geometry, natural philosophy, chemistry, physiology, rhetoric, with Japanese and English composition and declamation, and a course of Biblical study. The theological course includes mental and moral philosophy, sacred geography, theology, homiletics, pastoral theology, and church history, with classes on prophecy and the Epistles. The weakness in the teaching staff is obvious, but permits have been applied for for two more foreign teachers, and in the meantime, by energy and enthusiasm, Mr. Davis gets the work carried on.

For several mornings I have gone to the college to hear some of the classes taught. The first day I arrived at the end of morning prayers, and was surprised to see how very few decline either the prayers or the religious instruction. All my acquaintances among the Tôkiyô teachers speak of the good conduct, courtesy, docility, and appetite for severe and continued study which characterise their students, and it is just the same here. I pity the instructors who have to deal off-hand with the difficulties of these earnest youths, many of whose questions show them to be deep thinkers, and indisposed to accept anything on trust, or to pass over the most trivial matter without understanding it. Their absorption in study is so complete that they never even look at me. I find the mental and moral philosophy classes peculiarly interesting, these being subjects on which the young men are keenly alive, and thought in these directions is greatly stimulated by the extensive circulation of the works of Mill, Herbert Spencer, and Comte; while the researches and speculations of Darwin and Huxley tend to intensify the interest in a special direction. The students, as a whole, are remarkably ugly, and it is curious to see their earnest, thoughtful faces, several of them with spectacles, drinking in thoughtfully and critically the philosophy of Sir W. Hamilton, an alien philosophy in an alien tongue.

Mr. Davis lectures for half an hour, and in the remaining half the students question him and state their difficulties in English. One of their questions, or rather difficulties, as to the possibility of conceiving of colour without form has taken up a great part of two mornings. Obviously they decline to accept anything either from teacher or class-book without understanding it. Many of their questions are carefully pre-

pared, and are very tough. There is less enthusiasm, as is natural, in the Church History class. It must discourage these neophytes to find that Christianity was scarcely brighter or purer as it neared its source, and that its history is full of wrangling and bitterness. It was odd to hear the differences between the Jesuits and the Jansenists discussed in Japan, and to notice the intense interest which the students showed in anything which bore, even remotely, on the special tenets of Calvin. This morning one of the classes was a debating-club rather than a class, the subject started being, "Whether the eye furnishes us with facts, or only with data from which we elaborate facts," and the students were prepared with quotations from Reid, Stewart, Brown, and Hamilton. In the next class a student was called upon to give the distinctive features of the Baconian teaching, and this he did so admirably and with such conciseness, that his definition might have been printed. I was very much interested, also, with a class on "the Messianic Psalms," the seventy-second being the subject. The hour was spent almost entirely in the suggestion of difficulties by the students, who failed to see that it has any Messianic reference, and regarded it as applicable to Solomon. They had fortified themselves by a very careful study of the Old Testament in English, and their honest difficulties on this and other subjects are far removed from the flippancy of doubt. Some of them are quite new, and show very forcibly the questions which arise when the Bible is presented for the first time to an educated people; others might occur to any one among ourselves, such as, "You say Christ and His Father are one. Then, when Christ was on earth, there was no God in heaven; to whom, then, did men pray?" and, "If in the old days a pious Jew did not understand

the references in a prophecy or its meaning, would the prophet be able to explain it?"

These young men bear their own expenses and wear the Japanese dress, but their Japanese politeness has much deteriorated, which is a pity, and the peculiar style of manner and attitude which we recognise as American does not sit well upon them. They are an earnest body of students, their moral tone is very high, they all abstain from *saké*, they are all heartily convinced of the truth of Christianity, they are anxious to be furnished with every weapon of attack against the old heathenism and the new philosophies, and they mean to spend their lives in preaching Christianity. Several of them already preach in the vacation, and just now, one, named Hongma, is meeting with singular success at Hikone on Lake Biwa, the changed lives of some of the converts being matter of notoriety. It is to such men as these that the conversion of Japan will be owing if their sanguine views are realised; but who can say what the Japanese church of the future will be, or whether its teachings will be in accordance with those of any of our creeds?

The practical sagacity with which the Americans manage their missions is worthy of notice. So far from seeking for a quantity of converts, they are mainly solicitous for quality. They might indeed baptize hundreds where they are content with tens. [The same remark applies to Dr. Palm and the missionaries of the C.M.S. at Hakodaté and Niigata.] There are hundreds of men and women scattered throughout this neighbourhood who are practically Christians, who even meet together to read the Bible, and who subscribe for Christian objects, but have never received baptism. Two matters test the sincerity of would-be converts. The first is that they are expected to build their own churches, sup-

port their own pastors, and sustain their own poor, and the next, that abstinence from *saké*, though not an article of membership, is tacitly required, the missionaries of the American Board being, without an exception, rigid "teetotallers." *Saké* enters so largely into all social customs and ceremonials that the abandonment of it on the part of the converts involves a nearly complete social separation from their heathen friends. You will remember the important part which *saké* played in the marriage ceremony at Kubota, of which, indeed, the formal drinking of twenty-seven cups of it constituted the obvious part. The Kôbe Christians have so altogether broken with the old usage that recently their marriages have been celebrated by a religious service at church, the legal registration being in the office of the *Kôchô*, and *saké* has been altogether banished from the marriage-feast. The Kôbe church, just opened, cost its 350 members 915 dollars. They pay their pastor, provide dispensary medicines for those of their number who are too poor to pay for them, and compensate such of their members as are too poor to abstain from Sunday work for their loss of a day's wages. The making the congregations self-supporting, and training the Japanese Christians to independence, is part of the work of all the American missionaries. Probably, after a time, when the number of converts is largely increased, they may evolve both a theology and a church order which will surprise their teachers. I have had several interesting conversations with some of the students who speak English well, and I gather from them that they earnestly desire to establish a national church, not altogether on the lines of the pattern supplied to them; and it is not impossible that in religion, as in other matters, the foreigners may first be used, and then be dispensed with. In the meantime, the progress,

slow as it is, which Christianity is making among the upper classes, is very interesting, and the interest is focussed among these young men.

Yesterday evening, after a delightful interview with Akamatz, the most influential priest of the Monto sect of Buddhists, I went to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Neesima in their pleasant Japanese house. The tea was on a table, we sat on chairs, and there was no difference between the meal and one at a foreign house except for the exquisitely beautiful porcelain on the table, some of it old Satsuma. Such treasures at home would be locked up in cabinets. Mr. Neesima is a *samurai*. He is a Christian pastor, ordained in America, and teaches natural philosophy, etc., in the Kiyôto College. He wears a European dress, and having been abroad for many years, knows how to wear it. His wife teaches needlework in the girls' home, and dresses as a Japanese. Mr. N.'s study is just like a literary man's room at home, with its walls well covered with English and American editions of our standard works in several departments. He has relations in very influential positions, and has himself served the Government abroad. He was brought up a Shintôist, and as he grew up became an atheist. Having received the best education which could be got, he went to Tôkiyô to learn Dutch, in order that he might visit America, and study navigation and foreign shipbuilding, with the view of introducing the latter trade into Japan, whose prosperity, even then, was very dear to him. In Tôkiyô he saw some Christian tracts in Chinese, and learned from them the notion of a Creator with claims on all His creatures. With the strong sense of filial duty in which the Japanese are brought up, the decided opposition of his parents had hindered him from leaving home, but he became convinced that if the Christian God had indeed

created him, He had a prior claim to his obedience, and that duty compelled him to go and strive to advance the prosperity of his country, which he felt must be very dear to the Creator.

At that time Japanese were prohibited from leaving Japan, and a penalty of death [practically only imprisonment] awaited the disobedient on their return, though it was not likely to be inflicted on any one who should bring back a valuable art. With the object of learning Christianity and visiting America, Mr. N. went to Yezo, but after managing to get on board a ship bound for China, found, to his disappointment, that the American captain knew nothing about religion. On landing in China he sold his two swords, bought a New Testament, obtained a considerable intellectual acquaintance with Christianity, and on the long voyage to Boston, acquired English, which he speaks with considerable freedom and vigour. In Boston he fell among people with whom Christianity was a life as well as a creed, passed through the mysterious change known as "conversion," and, under the power of the new impulse, abandoned shipbuilding, believing that he was bound to spread a religion which would bring a better and truer prosperity to his country than trade, spent five years in studying theology at Andover, and three years in a scientific course at Amherst, with a break in which he accompanied Mr. Tanaka, the acting Minister of Education, to England, France, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and Germany, eventually remaining for some time in Berlin. On returning home after being ordained in America, he organised the company by which the teachers in this college are engaged, and devotes himself to the Christianising and elevating of his countrymen, in the full belief that it is through the first that the last must come. These are merely the bald out-

lines of a most interesting history. There was much that was singular in his adventures, as I have heard from others, his own modesty making him withhold some of the most interesting events in his history, but I am afraid of repeating them incorrectly, so I leave them out. Mr. N. is a gentleman to begin with, and has quiet, easy, courteous manners. He is a genial, enlightened Christian, and an intensely patriotic Japanese. He gives a sad account of the lack of truth, and the general corruption of morals, among his countrymen. He takes a less hopeful view of the prospects of Christianity than his American colleagues, thinks that there is a great unlikelihood of its spreading much in the cities, but hopes for successful results from the preaching of the students in the country districts. I asked him what, in his opinion, are the leading faults of his countrymen, and he replied without a moment's hesitation, "Lying and licentiousness." It is curious that two Japanese, holding high official positions, and both heathen, should have given me exactly the same answer.

I asked him what made the greatest impression upon him in England, and he said, "The drunkenness, and the innocent faces of the children." The former, specially in Scotland, horrified him. He supposed, from his New England experience, that "Christians" did not put wine on their tables, and told Mr. Tanaka so; consequently, when Mr. T. was entertained at a dinner where wine played a prominent part, "he supposed that the Scotch were not Christians." Mr. Neesima was in Edinburgh at the time of the General Assemblies, and was astonished to find that "a good deal of wine was drunk by ministers at dinners." "Some of them got very stupid and sleepy with it," he said; "I wish they could know how sad and sore my heart felt for them." This seemed to impress him

more than the Commissioner's procession, or the Free Assembly in a crowded and hot debate. He spoke at some length as to the spread of the "English Philosophy" among the educated youth of Japan.

You know that only parts of the Bible have, as yet, been translated. The Old Testament, though the translators are hard at work upon it, is not printed, and the New consists of the four Gospels, the Acts, Romans, Galatians, Hebrews, and St. John's Epistles. I wonder what the effect of the Mosaic record, and of the importance attached to the Jewish nation, will be on people who believe Japan the sum and centre of all things? The demand for the books of the New Testament is increasing rapidly. Very many thousand copies have been sold during the last year, and there must be altogether a prodigious number in circulation.

I. L. B.

THE MONTO SECT.

The Protestants of Buddhism — The "English-Speaking" Priest — The Nishi-Honguwanji Temple — A Monto Altar — Nirvana — Hidéyoshi's Summer Palace — Metempsychosis — Buddha as a Democrat — The Prospects of Christianity — The Priest's Estimate of Belief in England — The Conflict of Opinion in Japan — A Question.

NIJÔSAN YASHIKI, KIYÔTO, *November* 1.

Of the many sects and sub-sects into which Buddhism is divided, none interests me so much as the Shinshiu, sometimes called the Monto Sect, founded by Shinran in 1262. Protesting against celibacy, penance, fasting, pilgrimages, nunneries, monasteries, cloistered and hermit isolation from society, charms, amulets, and the reading of the Scriptures in an unknown tongue, claiming freedom of thought and action, and emancipation from Shintô, traditional, and State influence, and holding that the family is the source and example of purity, Shinran married a noble lady of Kiyôto, and founded a married priesthood. If the Monto is not the largest sect, it stands first in intelligence, influence, and wealth, it is putting forth immense energies, and has organised theological schools on a foreign system, in which its acolytes are being trained in Buddhist and Western learning for the purpose of enabling them not only to resist or assail both Shintô and Christianity, but the corruptions of the Buddhist faith. At this hour new college buildings are arising in Kiyôto to be splendidly equipped for teaching purposes, and the

plan is to send certain of the young priests to England to learn Sanskrit, and to fortify themselves with arguments against Christianity; and it is not in Kiyôto alone that this vigorous sect is training a priesthood to meet the needs of the day.

Foremost in this movement, which has for its object a new reformation, and the re-establishment of Buddhism as a moral power in Japan, is Akamatz, a priest of great intellect, high culture, indomitable energy, wide popularity, and far-reaching ambitions for the future of his faith. He spent some years in England, studying Sanskrit and Christianity, and is known to the Japanese in Kiyôto as "the English-speaking priest." Mr. de Saumarez gave me a letter to him, and he wrote me a note in English, asking me to go and see him at the Nishi-Honguwanji temple.

The Monto sect builds large temples in the centres of great cities, and often in pairs, connected by a covered corridor. These are the temples whose huge sweeping roofs and vast enclosures near the railway station impressed me on the day of my arrival, and not less impressive were they to-day as I approached them in my favourite *kuruma* through streets of shrine and idol makers, in whose shops the gorgeous paraphernalia of a gorgeous worship make a resplendent display. The comely walls with heavily tiled roofs, the broad, granite-lined water-channels outside, along which the water ripples brightly, the massive gateways which give access to the temple-courts, the gardens with their bridges, artificial lakes and islands, the luxurious pleasure-grounds of the summer palace of an ancient Shôgun, and the imposing group formed by the twin temples, with their background of enormous trees, are among the vastest sights of Kiyôto.

The sky was murky and threatening, a drift of brown

cloud lay across Hiyeizan, occasional gusts of wind lifted the sand in the temple-courts, and the gloom seemed to suit these grand structures of an ancient faith. In the stately courts there were neither priests nor worshippers, and I shivered as I crossed them, guided by my *kuruma*-runner, to whom the utterance of the simple word Akamatz conveyed my wishes. He deposited me at the side of the great temple, where a flight of steps led up to a small room where two priests were writing, and there, taking off my boots, I waited for the "English-speaking priest." I was disappointed with his appearance. He is barely five feet high, and decidedly ill-favoured, with hair about an inch long, very bristly, a bristly black mustache, and bristly scanty beard. His brow, however, is fine, and his eyes are bright and keen. He wore a cassock of figured blue brocade, a deep chasuble of figured brown silk grenadine, and a stole of crimson cloth of gold, and carried a brown rosary in his left hand. In describing Buddhist vestments, it is impossible to avoid drifting into the use of terms by which the vestments in the Roman Church are known. Akamatz is very gentlemanly and courteous, speaks English remarkably well, with great vigour of expression, and talked, as it seemed to me, with surprising frankness. He took me over the temples, and showed me all that was to be seen. My visit lasted for three hours, and I would gladly have made it longer, I was so deeply interested with his mind and conversation.

This great temple of Nishi-Honguwanji may be regarded as the cathedral of the Monto sect,[1] and the

[1] The statements concerning the Monto sect and its tenets, which are given in this Letter, rest on the authority of Mr. Akamatz. I have not met a European whose information on the subject is sufficient to enable me to judge of their accuracy; but the character of this priest stands very high, and there is no reason to suppose that he misinformed me.

Abbot or High Priest and its other dignitaries represent Bishop, Dean, and Chapter. They are at the head of 10,000 Monto temples, whose financial and ecclesiastical concerns they manage, and whose patronage they dispense. There are 100 priests here, besides acolytes, but much of their business is secular. They look very unlike ordinary "*bonzes*," because of their hair and beards, and there is little of the stupid or sanctimonious expression which is usual on the faces of Buddhist priests. Their creed does not require anything like asceticism or separation from the duties and delights of other men, and in so much is healthier and more human.

We walked round the outside of the public rooms, which are numerous, large, and lofty, by a deep corridor, from which we saw the interior, through the open *shôji*, and the dull gleam of rich dead gold hinted of the artistic treasures within. For in these dimly-lighted rooms, most of which have been set apart for guests for centuries, there are paintings nearly 300 years old, and the walls are either panelled in gold, or are formed of *fusuma*, heavily overlaid with gold-leaf, on which, in the highest style of Japanese art, are depicted various sacred emblems — the lotus, the stork, the peony, and the *Cleyera Japonica* — executed very richly and beautifully with slightly conventionalised fidelity to nature. From thence we passed into the great temple, the simple splendour of which exceeds anything I have yet seen. The vast oblong space has a flat roof, supported on many circular pillars of finely-planed wood; a third part is railed off for the sanctuary; the panels of the folding-doors and the panels at the back are painted with flowers on a gold ground; behind a black lacquer altar stands a shrine of extreme splendour, gleaming in the coloured twilight; but on the high altar itself there

were only two candlesticks, two vases of pure white chrysanthemums, and a glorious bronze incense burner. An incense burner was the only object on the low altar. Besides these there were six black lacquer desks, on each desk a roll of litanies, and above the altar six lamps burned low. It was imposingly magnificent. "As handsome as a Monto altar," is a proverbial saying. This sect rejects images and all sensuous paraphernalia addressed to the popular taste, and, according to Mr. Akamatz, teaches "the higher life" by the rule of the Scriptures, which, written in characters of the unlearned, and in the tongue of the common people, "are able to make them wise" unto a salvation which can only be obtained by purity and righteousness. Furthermore, it teaches that the maxims and doctrines promulgated by the other sects are corruptions of the truth; that celibate vows, fasting, and abstinence from the moderate use of the good things of life, are inventions of the vanity or superstition of men; that a married priesthood is the best conservator of the purity of society; and that priestcraft, in the ordinary sense, is a delusion and a snare. Their sons, if not by birth, at all events by adoption from the family of another priest, succeed them, and formerly, in time of war, they have laid aside their robes, put on armour, and formed themselves into battalions.

We passed by a covered bridge into the other temple, in which the principal object is a gorgeous shrine, in which Sakya-muni stands with his hands folded, looking calmly down upon flowers, candles, and an incense burner, as calmly as he looks upon thousands of worshippers on festal days, the spiritual children of those who, for 2000 years, have called him blessed. In front of the altar there was a stand with four MS. rolls upon it, "the original words of Buddha." Besides this there

was nothing, and in the vast, dim temple, only a man and woman knelt at the sanctuary rails, telling their beads with a look of extreme devotion, and the low murmur, "*Namu amida Butsu*," thrilled plaintively through the stillness; and it was as thrilling to hear the priest, in presence of the symbols of his faith, discoursing on its mysteries.

He either could not or did not care to answer many of my questions regarding the symbolisms of ritual. He said he was not acquainted with the details of the other sects. I asked the meaning of the universal recurrence of the lotus. "The lotus," he said, "is purity; with its fair blossom it grows out of slime and mud, so righteousness grows out of the filth of the human heart." As to the differences among the Buddhist sects, he said, "Their doctrines differ as widely from each other as do those of Christians; but as you all believe in one God and Christ, so all Buddhists agree in reverence for Amida, and in belief in immortality and in the transmigration of souls." He said, "You are limited by your 'Creator;' we do not believe in any creator, but that spirit (eternal) produced atoms, which, by what in English you would call 'fortuitous combination,' produce all we see. Buddha is not, as your God, supreme, but *above all.* When you die you do not become gods, but we become Buddhas." I said that I saw bronze and stone Buddhas everywhere, with faces on which stagnation is depicted, and from which all human emotion is banished; Buddha is not sleeping or waking or thinking, he exists only. "Even so," he answered; "*the end of righteousness is rest.* Nirvana cannot be easily explained. You ask, Is it absorption? I answer Yes and No. It may be termed absorption, yet not altogether so; individuality may cease, but individual consciousness may remain latent — the eter-

nal ages are long. You have not in your language the words by which I could speak more clearly of Nirvana. Misery is the very essence of all life. To attain Nirvana is to be delivered from the merciless necessity of being born again, to reach a state 'in which there are neither ideas, nor a consciousness of the absence of ideas.' This is life in death, or death in life; English has no words for it." I asked him what the objects of the Buddhist faith are, and he answered unhesitatingly, "To make men pure, and to keep alive belief in the immortality of the soul, which is the basis of all righteousness. Buddha is incarnate in all good deeds. If I am indolent and stay in my room, I am myself; if I rise and preach righteousness, I am Buddha."

Speaking on such themes in the temples and galleries, I hardly noticed where we were tending, till, crossing a bridge and passing through some buildings, I found that we were in the most exquisite garden that I have seen in Japan, a fairy-like creation, small, but seeming large, and well worthy to be the retreat of one of the greatest of the Shôguns. There were fountains and a small lake, over whose clear waters, through which large gold-fish were glancing, hung the fantastic balconies of Hidéyoshi's summer palace, an irregular three-storeyed building of most picturesque appearance. Small stone bridges cross the water, winding paths in deep shade lead to unexpected summer-houses, enormous trees give stateliness, the huge roofs of the temples rise above the shady foreground, scarlet maples are reflected scarlet in the motionless water, the quaint trunks and dark green fronds of the cycas rise out of rocky islets; and the whole was solemnised by a dark November sky. We passed the end of the lake on a stone terrace and entered the Shôgun's retreat, which is fantastically arranged with steep, narrow staircases.

nefarious-looking *roomlets*, irregular balconies, large rooms with deep recesses, and a small, singular-looking chamber, used for the mysterious rites of *cha-no-yu*, or tea-meetings. Two attendants, silent like all else, were waiting to draw aside the *shôji*, that I might see the different beautiful views on the different storeys, the most beautiful, to my thinking, being the enchanted-looking garden, with the grand curved roofs of the temples above the stately trees, and the blotches of scarlet in the lake below.

Tea and *bonbons* were served on a gold lacquer tray in antique Kaga cups, by these noiseless attendants, in the large room of the summer palace, with its dark posts and ceiling and dull gleams of dead gold, the little light there was falling on the figure of the priest in his vestments, as he still discoursed on his faith. The solemnity was nearly oppressive, and the deserted palace, the representative of a dead faith (for dead it surely is), the deepening gloom, the sighing of a doleful wind among the upper branches, the rattling of the *shôji*, the low boom of the temple drum in the distance, and the occasional sound of litanies wafted on the wailing breeze, wrought on me so like a spell, that I felt as if I were far from the haunts of living men. It was not this alone, but I was entangled in a web of metaphysics, or lost in chaos where nothing had form, and birth and death succeeded each other through endless eternities, life with misery for its essence, death only the portal to re-birth into new misery, and so on in interminable cycles of unsatisfying change, till at last righteousness triumphs, and the soul being born into misery no more, reaches its final goal in practical annihilation.

Mr. Akamatz said a great deal about transmigration, in which he avowed his implicit belief as an essential

article of faith. I asked him if the pure, on dying, pass into Nirvana, which appears to me but a synonym for *negation*, a conception impossible to the western mind. "Where are the pure?" he replied. Then I asked him if those who die unrighteous pass into the divers torments figured on the *kakemonos* of the Chionin temple for a period of purification? "No," he said, "their spirits undergo metempsychosis, they are re-born into the bodies of animals." I suggested that this shut out all hope of purification, as they were then out of reach of all teaching and good influences. "Not so, for Buddha becomes incarnate in other animals, and conveys to them such teaching as they can receive. If the torments of the Chionin hells are the end of all to some, who knows? the eternal ages are long." You cannot imagine the profound melancholy of this refrain, which occurred at least six times in the priest's conversation, "long" in the dreary past, and "long" in the dreary future, man walking "in a vain show" through cycles of misery to a goal of annihilation. So have Sakya-muni and his followers taught for more than 2000 years, and so teaches this most enlightened priest of this most enlightened sect, who having studied Christianity and the philosophies of East and West, has no better hope than "not to be."

I asked him his opinion of the present religious state of Japan, and after very much interesting conversation, he summed up thus: — "Shintôism is truly the rudest form of nature worship, slightly embellished by Confucian and Buddhist contact. As a religion it is dead, as a political engine it is failing, it never had life. Buddhism was once strong, it is now weak, it may or may not revive. Its vital truths — purity, metempsychosis, and immortality, cannot die." I told him that, in spite of certain superstitious observances, I could not but re-

gard the Japanese as a most irreligious people. "It is so now," he said. "The Confucian philosophy spread rapidly long ago among the higher classes, and educated and thinking men denied immortality, and became what you would call materialists. Gradually their unbelief sank downwards through the *heimin*, and there is little real belief in Japan, though much superstition still exists." I asked him if his sect addressed itself specially to the upper classes. "Pure Buddhism knows no classes," he said; "Buddha was what you call a democrat. All souls are equal, all men by righteousness can become Buddhas. Your Christ was a democrat, and desired to make of men a brotherhood, but you have one doctrine for rich and one for poor, and one church for rich, into which poor cannot enter, and one for poor, where you teach men to obey the rich; this is not our way." I asked him what he thought of the prospects of Christianity in Japan, and among much else he said, "There have been missionaries called Protestants in Japan for fifteen years, there are now over 100, and they count 1600 baptized persons. The college here is sending out young *samurai* to preach, very ardent, and well equipped for teaching; Christianity may make great progress in some of the country parts of Japan, for many are *weary, weary, weary, and it is easy*, and they will be disposed to receive it but not in the large towns." This corresponds closely with Mr. Neesima's opinion on the same subject. I asked him what he considered the most prevalent "unrighteousnesses" among his countrymen, and he gave the reply which I have mentioned as having been given me three times before, "truthlessness and licentiousness."

After speaking a great deal of the demerits of Christianity, he said that he considered that a far more pow-

erful influence than it is now working in Japan in "the English philosophy," as taught by Mill, Herbert Spencer, and others, while the scientific writings of Huxley, and Darwin's *Origin of Species*, are stimulating inquiries "which Christianity cannot answer." These books are translated, and the higher education, rapidly extending, is enabling the young men to acquaint themselves with a wide range of similar works in English. Besides this, he said, there are English, Scotch, and German teachers who assail Christianity openly in their lectures, and teach an undisguised materialism. "The Confucian philosophy is being rapidly replaced here by your English philosophy," he said. "This philosophy is threatening your beliefs at home, your priests are adapting their teaching, perhaps their creeds, to it. *God and immortality are quickly disappearing in England*, so men grow more wicked, and despise your doctrines of purity, which are not consistent. Jesus Christ is first abandoned, yet men say they believe in God, yet not as Creator but Father, then they no longer believe in God. It may be well just now, but it will not be well soon, for without immortality there will be no righteousness. In Japan this philosophy threatens both Buddhism and Christianity; it is your own philosophy which Christianity will have to fight here among the educated, and not Shintô or Buddhism. Buddhism may yet revive; it teaches men purity, it shows that the end of righteousness is rest; purity is the plain road to rest; the moral teachings of Buddha are higher than those of Christ. Christ's precepts are powerless. Do men keep them in England?" Mr. Akamatz said a great deal that was very interesting regarding the tendencies of religious thought in England. He has deeply studied one or two branches of our literature, and is evidently a deep, though a metaphysical, thinker, as well as a stu-

dent of Christianity. Can this priest, who is regarded as the ablest and most enlightened man in the Buddhist hierarchy, truly believe in his own metaphysics and in the doctrine of prolonged metempsychosis?

It was twilight when we left the palace of Hidéyoshi and returned to the vast, dim temple, where four lamps, burning low, feebly lit the gorgeousness of the sanctuary and the figure of Buddha, serene for ever within his golden shrine. Is it the Hindu teacher in his passionless repose, who, from the dimness of the dead ages, offers men an immortality of unconsciousness, or is it the eternal Son of God, the living Brother of our humanity, who in the living present offers to "the weary" rest and service in an endless life, and fellowship in His final triumph over evil, who shall mould the religious future of Japan? I. L. B.

ARTISTIC TASTES.

Kiyôto Shopping — Artistic Patterns — Solitude in Decoration — A Japanese *Étagère* — Honest Work — Vitiation of Japanese Art — Kiyôto Brocades — The Board of Industries — The New Hospital.

NIJÔSAN YASHIKI, KIYÔTO.

THE "elegant repose" of Kiyôto degenerates into wearisome dawdling in the shops. They are slower than anywhere else. One can hardly buy the merest trifle in less than an hour. Three or four men and sharp, business-like boys squat on the floor round a *hibachi*, with two or three wooden basins for money, several ledgers and ink boxes, and a *soroban* or two among them. They offer you the *tabako-bon* and produce tea after every little purchase; and if I go with a Japanese, they waste more time in asking my age, income, where my husband is, if I am "learned," and where I have been.

But the beauty of the things in many of the small, dingy shops is wonderful. Kiyôto is truly the home of art. There are wide *mousseline de laines*, with patterns on them of the most wildly irregular kind, but so artistic in grace of form and harmony of colour that I should like to hang them all up merely to please my eyes. From the blaze of gold and silver stuffs, stiff with bullion, used chiefly for ecclesiastical purposes, which one sees in some shops, one turns for rest to silk brocades in the most artistic shades of brown, green, and grey, with here and there a spray or figure only just suggested

in colour or silver, and to silk *crêpes* so exquisitely fine that four widths at a time can be drawn through a finger ring, and with soft sprays of flowers or bamboo thrown on their soft, tinted grounds with an apparent carelessness which produces ravishing effects.

If I have not written much about Japanese art, it is not that I do not enjoy it, but because the subject is almost stale. I see numbers of objects everywhere, and especially here, which give me great pleasure, and often more than pleasure. It is not alone the costly things which *connoisseurs* buy, but household furnishings made for peasant use, which are often faultless in form, colour, and general effect. As on the altars and on the walls of Japanese houses you see a single lotus, iris, peony, or spray of wistaria; so on cups, vases, or lacquer made for Japanese use the effect of solitary decoration is understood, and repetition is avoided. Thus, a spray of bamboo, a single stork among reeds, a faint and almost shadowy suggestion of a bamboo in faint green on grey or cream, or a butterfly or grasshopper on a spray of cherry blossom, is constantly the sole decoration of a tray, vase, or teapot, thrown on with apparent carelessness in some unexpectedly graceful position. Instead of the big birds and trees and great blotchy clouds in gold paint, which disfigure lacquer made for the English market, true Kiyôto lacquer, made for those who love it, is adorned mainly with suggested sprays of the most feathery species of bamboo, or an indication of the foliage of a pine, or a moon and light clouds, all on a ground of golden mist. There are few shops which have not on their floors just now some thoroughly enjoyed spray of bamboo, or reddening maple, or two or three chrysanthemums in some exquisite creation of bronze or china.

The highest art and some unspeakably low things go

together, but every Japanese seems born with a singular perception of, and love of beauty or prettiness. The hundreds of shops in Kiyôto, in which numbers of beautiful objects are carefully arranged, are bewildering. I long to buy things for all my friends at home, but either they would despise them, or huddle them together with other things in or on some vile piece of upholstery! You should see a real Japanese *étagère* of plain black lacquer of flawless polish, with irregular shelves curiously arranged, and a very few real treasures displayed upon it, in order to learn Japanese tastefulness.

Inlaid bronze, or bronze with flowers in silver or gold relief, is one of the most beautiful manufactures of Kiyôto. I saw a pair of vases a foot high to-day at one of the workshops fostered by the Government, which were simply perfect, copied from one in the imperial treasury at Nara. An English workman who "scamps" his work, and turns out a piece of original vulgarity, or a badly executed imitation of a real work of art, should see what honest, careful, loving labour does here in perfection of finish for one shilling a day. It is true that work at which a Japanese would hardly look passes muster with foreigners. I went with Mr. Noguchi to-day to the Awata pottery, where 200 men are employed in making a cream-coloured, crackled ware for exportation, and there wasted two and a half hours in buying a tea-service, not only because tea and the *tabako-bon* were introduced so often, but because, being made for the English market, nearly all the cups were crowded with gaudy butterflies, and there was scarcely a cup or saucer that was perfectly circular.

I cannot join in the uncritical admiration of modern Japanese art which is fashionable in some quarters. The human figure is always badly drawn, and the representations of it are grotesque and exaggerated. Japanese

sculpture is nearly always caricature, and even as such is deficient in accuracy and delicacy of finish. Generally, in their best modern productions, they do but imitate themselves, and an attempt to please the western buyer results in lacquer overburdened with expensive ornament, gorgeous screens heavy with coarse gilding, and glaringly incongruous painting, or costly embroideries in silks of harsh, crude colours, china overloaded with colour, pattern, and gilding, and bronzes crowded with incongruous collections of men and beasts, all the work of the craftsman, and not of the artist.

In order to correct the tendencies to imperfect copying, and degradation of true Japanese art, the Government of Kiyôto has established a "Board for the Promotion of Industries," which is doing most praiseworthy work in raising the standard of excellence in silk weaving, and in the making of bronze, porcelain, and embroidery. It has also established schools in which apprentices are taught different trades under teachers paid by Government, and in every way is trying to elevate the productions of the native manufacturers. I spent a very interesting day with Mr. Noguchi among the Nishigin silk weavers, and the bronze and porcelain makers. There are silks and brocades just now on the looms in Nishigin which would make a Frenchman die of despair, and these exquisite productions are made in imperfectly lighted and very small rooms, where four or five weavers at most are throwing heart and soul into their work. There was one brocade for a girdle thirty-two inches wide, of rich silk of a soft grey tint. On it were thrown with artistic grace very slight sprays of bamboo in silver, with their shadows in a darker shade of grey than the ground. It was a picture in itself, and only one of several almost equally beautiful. The bronze workshops, which turn out such beautiful and

finished works of art as were sent to the Paris Exhibition, are no better than ordinary blacksmith's shops, and the appliances are of the rudest description.

This same "Board of Industries" has established female industrial schools, to one of which I went with Mr. Noguchi, and saw some very beautiful Japanese rugs being made to order. These schools are of two grades, one under Imperial patronage for the daughters of the nobility and gentry, the other, which has 500 pupils, mostly day boarders, for *jôrô*-girls, *geishas*, and tea-house servants, the attendance of the two former classes being compulsory during certain hours, the fees for instruction being deducted from their wages. The teaching includes music, dancing, needlework of all kinds, reading, writing, and the use of the *soroban*, together with silk-reeling, the weaving of Japanese rugs, and the preparation of wadding as the lining for clothes. In the school for the higher classes the greatest attention is paid to deportment and to all the punctilious observances of Japanese etiquette for ladies, and the result is a grace and winning courtesy on the part of the pupils, which are most truly fascinating.

Many of the white, semi-foreign buildings which jar upon the intense nationality of Kiyôto, are elementary schools, of which there are 445 in the *Fu*. Every city district is obliged to establish and maintain one of these, except in the case of very poor districts, where two are allowed to unite. In these the pupils are taught foreign history, "philosophy," geography, and mathematics, besides passing through the Chinese classics, and the usual course of Japanese study.

One of the finest novelties here is the scarcely-finished hospital, which has a very fine situation, and large grounds surrounded by a wall, outside of which is a stream of swiftly-running clear water. The hospital is

composed of several two-storeyed buildings, with deep verandahs round each, and has the most approved arrangements for ventilation and general wholesomeness. It has cost a great deal, but the money is most worthily spent, as the building will not only receive 600 patients, but will be equipped as efficiently as possible as a medical school.

With its schools, hospitals, lunatic asylum, prisons, dispensaries, alms-houses, fountains, public parks and gardens, exquisitely beautiful cemeteries, and streets of almost painful cleanliness, Kiyôto is the best-arranged and best-managed city in Japan. I. L. B.

UJI.

Hugging a *Hibachi* — A Japanese "Institution" — Industrious Poverty — Uji Tea-houses — Tea-making — Our First Evening — Nara — A Treasury of Antiquities — A Row of Petitioners — Inappropriate Travelling Gear — A Shrine of Pilgrimage — An Ancient Monastery — A Trudge through Mud — Higenashi — Mushroom Culture — Roughing it — The High Road — A Rubbing Stone.

YAMADA, PROVINCE OF ISÉ, *November* 10.

A JOURNEY of five days has brought us here to the celebrated Isé shrines. The weather began by being bad, but has improved, and though the impassable state of the roads prevented us from visiting the monastery of Koyeisan and the castle of Takatori, we have passed through lovely scenery, much of which is altogether Arcadian, and Mrs. Gulick is an excellent travelling companion, uniformly cheerful, unselfish, kind, and interested, and we have been fortunate in *kuruma*-runners, accommodation, and, indeed, in everything but the weather of the three first days. As compared with the rough, unkempt regions of Northern Japan, this is a highly luxurious country, and as fleas and mosquitoes are either dead or in winter quarters, there is really little to complain of. The splendour of the colouring is very great at this season, and as the aforesaid pests are absent, this would really be the best time for travelling in Japan if it were not for the intolerable cold. Time which should be usefully occupied, is completely taken up in hugging a *hibachi*, by which means the

hands and chest are kept tolerably warm, while the rest of the body is shivering, or in tenderly piling one live ember upon another with toy tongs, the size of large scissors. The last resource is the *kotatsu*, and, casting dignity aside, I often avail myself of it. This, which is a Japanese "institution," consists of a square, wooden frame, standing over a basin of lighted charcoal, and supporting a large wadded quilt or *futon*, under which you creep, and, drawing it up to your chin, and holding it there, you spend a warm, lazy, and undignified evening. Five or six, or even more, people can creep under one, and I doubt not that at this very hour half the families of Japan are huddled under *kotatsu*.

I must reiterate the difference between a *house*, as we understand it, and a house in Japan. All buildings consist of a raised flooring, vertical beams, and a wooden roof, but their outer walls are mainly light wooden frames, with paper panes, sliding in grooves, enclosed at night by wooden shutters, the whole being merely a porous screen from the inclemency of the weather. Under these circumstances the invitation to creep under the *kotatsu* is as welcome as the "sit in" of the Scotch Highlands or the "put your feet in the stove" of Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Gulick and I left Kiyôto at eight on the 5th in a grey-brown drizzle, and reached Nara the same night, following the well-beaten track of nearly all foreigners who visit the old capital, halting at the celebrated Inari Temple of Fushimi, formerly a distinct town, and the residence of Xavier, and celebrated also for the final defeat of the Shôgun's army in 1869. We travelled through seven miles of continuous streets before we got into the country, much of the distance being among the dwellings of the poorest classes; but it is industrious poverty, without vice or squalor, and

nearly every mean, contracted, dingy abode is displaying at least one great, bulging chrysanthemum, such as would drive the Temple gardener wild with envy.

We crossed the broad Ujikawa, which runs out of Lake Biwa, by a long and handsome bridge, and went as far as the pretty little town of Uji, which has some of the loveliest tea-houses in Japan, hanging over the broad swift river, with gardens and balconies, fountains, stone lanterns, and all the quaint conventionalities which are so harmonious here. These tea-houses are ceaselessly represented by Japanese art, and if you see a photograph of an ideal tea-house, you may be sure it is at Uji. We got an exquisite upper room in one of them for lunch, looking up the romantic gorge through which the river cuts its way from Lake Biwa, and over a miniature garden lighted by flaming maples. It was altogether ideal, and I felt that we were coarsely real and out of place! I had not before seen a European man in one of these fairy-like rooms, and Mr. Gulick being exceptionally tall, seemed to fill the whole room, and to have any number of arms and legs! I knew that the tea-house people looked at us with disgust.

The tea-plant, which is a camellia, and is now covered with cream-white blossoms crowded with stamens and faintly fragrant, is very pretty, for it is allowed to grow into broad bushes from three to four feet high, and its rich dark-green masses in rows contrast well with the reddish soil. Uji is one of the most famous of the Japan tea-districts, and its people told us that two crops a year have been taken from the same shrubs for 300 years. The Japanese say that tea was drunk in the Empire in the ninth century, when a Buddhist priest brought the tea-seed from China; but it seems that its culture died out, and that it was naturalised a second time in the twelfth century, when a Buddhist

priest again brought seed from China, shortly after which tea was planted at Uji. It now grows all over Japan, except in Yezo, and, besides being the great beverage of all classes, is exported annually to America to the amount of about 16,000,000 pounds from Yokohama only. I have never seen any tea worth less than sixteenpence a pound, and that is only drunk by the poorer classes. The Japanese are great tea epicures, and the best tea drunk by those who can afford it costs thirteen shillings per pound! The water used for tea-making must not boil, and it must rest barely a minute on the leaves, or the result will be bitter and astringent. The infusion is a pale straw colour, delicate and delicious. No Japanese would touch the dark, rank infusion made from black tea which we like so well. To drink it thus, in big cups, and above all with milk, they regard as among our many coarse habits!

The drizzle turned into heavy rain, and after two hours of thorough soaking we were hurried into Nara in the darkness, and shot out of our *kurumas* at the first *yadoya* we came to, the men evidently not being minded to run farther. It was a bad inn, with old mats, low ceilings, a throng of travellers, and no end of bad smells. There I missed Ito, for every bit of baggage came wet into my room with muddy wrappers and straps. Then we had to cook our "foreign food" — simple stirabout — over a miserable *hibachi*, and we ate like pigs with all our wet and muddy things lying about us, the open *shôji* letting in the view of all our coolies bathing, the servant crouching on the floor, and our light, a candle stuck into a bottle. Since that night we have been in comfortable *yadoyas*, and our *kuruma*-runners have attended to our baggage, but I always miss Ito when we are cooking the stirabout over the *hibachi*. Moreover, that evening I forgot how to

make it, and put the flour into boiling milk, and the result was tough lumps. We could not sleep for the closeness of the air and the general restlessness of our fellow-travellers; but it was almost worth lying awake to realize the fact that fleas and mosquitoes are at an end for the season.

The next day was a murky drizzle, with a temperature at 70°, but in spite of that I enjoyed the sights of the old imperial city, in which seven Mikados reigned in the eighth century. People differ about Nara. Some of my friends rave about it, others run it down. I thought it lovely even in the mist, with great natural beauty heightened by religious art, and a grey melancholy of arrested decay, which is very solemn. Among the many interesting things are a number of sacred deer, which wander about the majestic groves and avenues, and follow one about greedily, begging for cakes, which their pertinacity compels one to buy. The town, which contains over 21,000 people, runs along the slope of a range of picturesque hills, and from the forest, which in part resembles a collection of our finest English parks, there are magnificent views over the ancient province of Yamato. Every one buys images of the sacred deer, hair-pins made from their horns, charms and combs, and the pilgrims, who come in great numbers to the famous Shintô temple of Kasuga, sling these upon their girdles. We went out early, and spent much of the day, I cannot say in sight-seeing, but in enjoying the sights, nearly all of which lie in the magnificent park or forest on the hill, and are mostly connected with religion.

Among the most curious is a monstrous wooden magazine, made of heavy timbers, laid horizontally, supported on pillars consisting of solid trunks of trees eight feet high, the most drearily uncouth building that

can be imagined. It has a most singular interest, for it was built for the safe deposit of the Mikado's furniture and property, just before the Court quitted Nara for Kiyôto at the end of the eighth century, and is said to have been examined every sixty-first year since, and repaired when necessary. More curious still is the fact that, not only has a wooden building escaped the destructive agencies of a thousand years, but that the actual articles mentioned in the inventory of the eighth century are there, and can easily be distinguished from later accumulations. There was an exhibition at Nara not long ago, and a few wonderful things from the Imperial Treasury are still to be seen at the rear of the great temple, but among the objects replaced in the monster "godown" were screens, pictures, masks, books, sculptures, soap in round cakes the size of quoits, copper bowls and dishes, beads and ornaments, tortoise-shell "back-scratchers," pottery and glass, dresses, bells, hats, weapons, and utensils of various kinds, bronzes, writing paper, clay statuettes, wooden statues, etc. etc. What would we not give for such a collection made by Charlemagne or Alfred?

Mr. Gulick bargained with some *kuruma*-runners to take us to Miwa, and on leaving him to return to Kôbe I was amused to find that I have gained more confidence in Japanese travelling in six months than Mrs. Gulick has in several years, and she felt a good deal of trepidation in starting upon the "unbeaten track;" but everything has gone very smoothly, and she is enjoying the tour as much as I am. We reached Miwa, a town of about 1200 people, after dark, and got delightful accommodation with very kindly people in the upper room of a *kura*, with a fine view of an avenue of pine trees, which leads to a famous shrine of Shintô pilgrimage. The entertainment of pilgrims seems in-

deed the great business of Miwa. As Mrs. Gulick speaks Japanese, we are always on very sociable terms with our hosts, and our room was soon filled with the hostess and her daughters and servants, besides infants of various ages. These women were astonished that we wore our dresses up to our throats, and when Mrs. Gulick remarked that, according to our ideas, it did not look womanly or "correct" to wear them as they do, open to their girdles, they were yet more surprised,

MY KURUMA-RUNNER.

and as each new-comer entered, the hostess repeated to her this singular foreign notion.

Then our three *kuruma*-runners glided in, and after prostrating themselves, knelt in a row on the floor. The eldest,[1] a tall and very ugly man, having nothing but a *maro* and a short, loose jacket, had wrapped a red blanket round his lower limbs; the second, a youth,

[1] This is a sketch from a crayon portrait in the Engineering College at Tôkiyô, representing a low class coolie, but minus his pleasant smile and look of goodness, it is a faithful likeness of my invaluable runner.

disdained this concession to our prejudices; and the third, a man of feeble *physique*, who had delayed us on the way, considered his panoply of tattooing sufficient clothing. Bowing over and over again, the older man preferred a petition that we would engage the three for the ten days' journey round to Kiyôto; they would be our servants, he said, and do whatever we desired. Mrs. Gulick represented to them that they had no recommendations, that they might desert us on the way, that they might become useless from drinking too much *saké*, etc. etc. To this they replied, that they would be faithful unto death, that they would not touch *saké*, that they would serve us well, etc., and pleaded most earnestly, but we were obdurate, till the elder man said, "We *too* wish to worship at Isé!" This was quite irresistible, so we told them that we would engage the two strong ones at six *sen* a *ri* for as long as they pleased us, but could not take the weakly one over the mountains. Then they pleaded for him, saying that he had a large family, and was very poor, and they would help him, and having obtained "leave to toil," they got up quite happy, whipped off the covers of our baggage, put up my stretcher in no time, and arranged the room quite neatly. These faithful fellows are the comfort of our tour with their unwearable good nature, strict honesty, and kindly, pleasant ways. They are never tired, never ask for help on the steepest and miriest ways, seek our comfort before their own, attend on us like servants, help us to pack, take us to respectable, clean *yadoyas*, and are faultless. At night, after they have had their bath, they come to our room to wish us good night and arrange the next day's journey, and every morning at daylight the *fusuma* glide apart, and the shining skulls are to be seen bobbing their good morning on the mats, to show that they are "on hand,"

the elder one always in the "full dress" of his red blanket. While we get our breakfast they do our packing with a quietness and celerity which leave nothing to be desired, and the goodness of the expression of the elder man and his thoughtful kindness, preach many a sermon and suggest many a thought and query. He is a peasant proprietor, but when times are not busy, leaves his land in his wife's care, and draws a *kuruma*. He buys toys for his children everywhere, so that the well in the *kuruma* is full of them; and having "worshipped at Isé," and purchased many charms for friends and neighbours, he will go home with a glad heart. These runners tell us that their expenses are 20 *sen* a day, and they earn from 40 to 60, according to the distance we travel.

The morning at Miwa opened with heavy rain, which never ceased during the whole day. In the deep mud our weakly coolie broke down, and we had to dismiss him with a present. The mountain roads were deep in mire and water, the *kurumas* often sank up to their axles, and though we walked nearly all day, *i.e.* floundered through the mud, the men had great difficulty in getting along, and sometimes the services of three or four peasants were required to get the baggage *kuruma* up the steep, slippery hills. I got on comparatively easily in my mountain dress and high boots, though both were soaked within half an hour of starting; but Mrs. Gulick, who wore long skirts and a long waterproof cloak over them, between the weight of the skirts and of the water with which they were saturated, foot gear which always seemed sticking in the mud, and the attempt to hold up an umbrella, had a hard time; but her cheerfulness never failed, and the worse it was and the more unlikely it seemed that we should reach a *yadoya* for the night, the more heartily we and the runners laughed. It was

in truth, excellent fun, very unlike the dismalness of some equally rainy days in Northern Japan.

After leaving Miwa, and passing for a mile or two through farming villages, a great *torii* spanned the road, the mists rolled aside, the valley contracted, a wall of finely outlined hills blocked it up, and we suddenly found ourselves in a most picturesque mountain town of about 2000 people, with a torrent rushing down a stone channel in the middle, waterfalls reverberating all around, warm-tinted, deep-eaved, steep-roofed houses forming streets whose charming quaintness delights the eye, or perched on rocks or terraces on the steep hillsides — Swiss all over, even to the sale of rosaries, pictures, and wood-carvings in the dainty shops. But not Swiss are the grey temples on the heights, the priests' houses on grand, stone-faced embankments hanging over dizzy ledges, and the red *torii* at the feet of superb flights of stairs which lead up mountain sides to ancient shrines of nature worship, hidden among groves of gigantic cryptomeria, rising from among maples flaunting in scarlet and gold. It was all so unexpected, so off the beaten track of foreign travel, and we had tumbled unawares into one of the most famous places in Japan, celebrated in poetry and painting, and one of the most popular of the many places of pilgrimage. Beautiful Hasé-dera! I shall never forget its exquisite loveliness in the November rain. We splashed through mire and water, climbed heights, saw temples, forgot hunger and soaked clothes, and lingered long, for Nature, in this glorious valley, has done her best to simulate the beauties of a far-off island; and as we looked down into the cleft through which the loud-booming Yamagawa was flinging itself in broad drifts of foam, and at the steep mountain on the other side aflame with maples, we exclaimed simultaneously, "A Hawaiian gulch!"

It is hard to write plain prose about Hasé-dera. Its steep-roofed houses are piled in a *cul-de-sac*, deeply cleft by the Yamagawa; it is blocked in by a densely-wooded mountain side, dark with cryptomeria and evergreen oaks lighted up by maples; thickly-wooded heights rise on every side, rocky precipices descend to the river; and heights and precipices are covered with temples, monasteries, and priests' houses — the great temple to Kwannon being built half upon the rock and half upon a platform built out of the rock. This is reached by a grand flagged ascent in three zigzags, under a corridor, with beds of tree peonies on stone-faced embankments, step above step on each side, bringing crowds of strangers to the "peony viewing" in the flowery month of April. Flights of stone stairs, grand stone embankments, religious buildings, abbots' and monks' houses with grey walls and sweeping roofs, terraces, shrines, stone and bronze lanterns, chapels, libraries, gateways, idols, one above another, and jutting out on every piece of vantage ground which hangs over the cleft of the Yamagawa, attest the former grandeur of this "Monastery of the Long Valley," which, founded in the seventh or eighth century, was destroyed by fire at least twelve times before the fifteenth!

The great temple of the Goddess of Mercy, like several other popular temples, is dark and dingy; and a hall outside, sixty feet long, devoted to the display of tawdry *ex voto* pictures, is as mangy and worm-eaten as a celebrated image of Binzuru, the great medicine god, who occupies a chair at one end of it, and is being rubbed out of all semblance of humanity. The outer wall of the back of the chapel is hung with tresses of the hair both of women and men, offered along with vows. The view from the temple platform, of height above height crowned with monastic buildings, of the

steep-roofed houses of Hasé below, piled irregularly above the rushing Yama, and of mountain, forest, and hill-sides aflame with maples, was one which we were loth to leave; and when, after climbing a steep zigzag which leads up the face of a singular ridge, called, Atagosan, we looked our last upon the "Monastery of the long valley," it was with a regret that I have hardly felt elsewhere in Japan.

This knife-like ridge, the summit rock of which is gashed to allow the track to pass through, has a red Shintô shrine at its extremity, a glorious view of Hasé on the one side, and on the other a steep valley terraced for rice. The rain, which had moderated a little, took a mean advantage of us there, and lasted all day, turning every rivulet into a torrent, and every gash on the hill-sides into a waterfall. The scenery, however, looked lovely, for the flaming colours on the hill-sides simulated the effect of sunshine, and the tawny rice harvest against the dark evergreens gave warmth and contrast. All day we trudged through mire up and down steep hills, passing beautiful brown-roofed villages on heights, spurs, and slopes, temples on stone-faced embankments, groves of superb cryptomeria, hills with coloured woods, ravines terraced for rice with stone embankments like steep stairs only six feet wide — a lovely region of beauty, industry, and peace. We met never a horse or foot passenger the whole day, and sometimes made less than a mile an hour, owing to the steepness and deep mud of the road. When evening came on, we lost each other, and I reached the village of Sambon-matsu, or Higenashi, alone, to find total darkness, not a chink in the *amado* of any house giving evidence of light within. By dint of much shouting we succeeded in getting the door of a *yadoya* opened, and there I sat for some time in the *doma*, looking into what appeared like immensity

— a lofty blackened space dimly visible by the light of an *andon*, in which some misty, magnified figures were gliding about in the smoke. After a time I succeeded in conveying my apprehensions about Mrs. Gulick to the house-master, and six of us turned out into the rain with paper umbrellas and lanterns to search for her, and soon met her stumbling bravely along in the pitch darkness, dragging her soaked clothes with difficulty, and laughing at my fears.

In spite of the dampness and cold we were soon asleep, to be awoke at daylight by a sound as if of pitiless rain; but on opening the *amado* there was a delightful surprise, for the clouds were rolling up in rosy masses, the sky was intensely blue, the sun, which we had not seen for a week, was rising above the mountains, and colour was every moment deepening in his light. The Nushitoyama inn is on an abrupt height above the beautiful Kitsugawa, and its balcony looks down upon a sharp curve of the river, which was flashing in the sunlight below lofty grey cliffs, over which scarlet trailers hung. A little mill with an overshot wheel, hill above hill glowing with autumn colouring, in light and shadow, a great camellia tree loaded with pink blossoms, palms (*Chœmerops excelsa*), oranges, bamboo groves, steep-roofed houses rising one above the other, and everything flashing with sunlit rain-drops, made a picture of autumn beauty. But odes of a thousand years ago represent the dread with which the Japanese peasant contemplates the coming winter,[1] and our hostess

[1] Such as the following, among many others, translated by Mr. F. V Dickins: —

"The hamlet bosomed mid the hills,
Aye lonely is. In winter time,
The solitude with misery fills
My mind. For now the rigorous clime,
Hath banished every herb and tree,
And every human face from me."

shivered when we admired, and said that another six weeks would shut out her beautiful village from the world.

We had a delightful day's journey through lovely scenery in brilliant sunshine, but the people were so busy with their harvest work that we could not get a third *kuruma*, and had to do a good deal of walking. The road follows the course of the Kitsugawa, which it crosses at the considerable town of Nobara, on a bridge of planks, supported, as many others are in that region, on bamboo creels eight feet in diameter, filled with stones. On the way, in damp woods, there were rocks with rows of pieces of decaying wood placed aslant against them, and on inquiry I learned that these represent the mushroom culture for which the provinces of Yamato and Isé are famous. Mushrooms are an article of diet everywhere. They are among the brown horrors in a brown liquid, which are among the "temptations" of every tea-house; and there is an immense demand for them, specially for a kind tasteless when fresh, but highly flavoured when dry. Much skill is brought to bear on their production, but being quite ignorant of the mode of culture elsewhere, I cannot make any comparisons. These ingenious people select logs of two kinds of oak, make longitudinal incisions in them, and expose them in groves to damp and heat till they are partly rotten, when, the worst parts being removed, they are placed aslant against rocks as I saw them, and mushrooms appear upon them in abundance the next spring. After the first crop has been gathered they are placed in water in the morning, and in the afternoon are taken out and beaten with a mallet, which beating is so successful, that after being placed aslant again for two or three days fresh mushrooms appear. The people say that if the logs are beaten heavily the

mushrooms are very large, but if lightly a good number of small ones spring up in succession. The ingenuity of the Japanese in providing themselves with food is quite marvellous.

There was the usual beautiful terrace cultivation, villages jutted out from hill-sides on stone-faced embankments, or nestled among flaming woods, and temples and *torii* everywhere testified to the devotion of a past age. At Nobara, where the mud in the streets was ten inches deep, the police bothered us for twenty minutes, fancying that there was an informality in our passports; but the sun was still high when we climbed a sandy ridge of great height, with an extensive view of hundreds of hills, mostly sandy, covered with pine and azalea, their waving ranges glorified in the sunshine. Reaching Aido in the late afternoon, a disagreeable innkeeper wanted us to remain, saying the *yadoya* at Tsiji was "piggy;" but we went on, and after much delay, owing to lack of transport, luckily met an unloaded horse, put our baggage on him, and pushed up into the mountains at sunset, along a track shut up with a torrent in a ravine whose sides were scarlet and crimson, with summits rising sharply into a lemon-coloured sky. It was too cold for anything but walking, and though the road was all up-hill, we had not walked ourselves warm when we reached the wild little mountain hamlet of Awoyama by moonlight, only to find that neither horses nor coolies could be got for the next day. It was a pretty rough place, with oxen under the same roof, but we got a good room, and our faithful runners made it as comfortable as they could.

The first chill of the winter was severe. The room was very damp, and the *amado* were partially nailed up, so it had not a chance of sunshine. We gropingly cooked our stirabout by the dim light of an *andon;*

could not see to write; kept our candles for Yamada; shivered, hugged *hibachis* and kettles; got heaps of *futons* and slept under them, regardless of their weight; woke in the night from the cold, buried our heads and faces in shawls, and got up before daylight, still shivering, to find a bleak, windy, and dubious morning, on which rice and eggs were comfortless and unsustaining food.

We were much detained again by difficulties of transport, but the day turned out very fine, and Mrs. Gulick did not think walking any hardship in the lovely country, so that by the afternoon we had got through the mountains, passed Kaido, Onoki, and Kaminoro, and no end of villages and temples, and reached Rokken, on the broad "carriage-road" which connects the great highway of the Tôkaidô with the Isé shrines. Here there were waggons in numbers carrying passengers, and hundreds of *kurumas*, and pack-cows with velvet frontlets embroidered in gold, and men making the old-fashioned waggon-wheels which have no tires, and all the industries of a large and prosperous population.

In order to spend Sunday here we engaged additional runners, and came from Rokken, twelve and a half miles, at a great pace, our men swinging paper-lanterns and hooting merrily as they ran. The whole distance nearly is lined with villages, towns, and good houses, with tiled walls, enclosing large areas, a populous and prosperous region, much advanced in all material things. Passing through Ichida and the large town of Matsusaka, which abounds with curio shops, under a clear sky, and with a sharp north wind benumbing our limbs, we reached Kushida, where we ferried the Kushidagawa in a scow — a handsome new bridge on twelve piers not being quite finished — and then under a glorious moon reached a broad, shallow river called the

Miyégawa, where we were detained, not reluctantly, for a length of time waiting ferriage. It was a very picturesque scene with the dark, wooded banks, the numerous fishing-punts with lights, and the number of patient fishers standing up to their waists in the cold water with lanterns hanging from their necks. Buddhist and Shintô temples, *torii*, and images succeeded each other along the road; there were huge trees and sacred groves girdled by the straw rope with its dependent tassels; nearly every house had Shintô emblems over the door, and rattling over the remaining *ri* we reached Yamada, the cradle of the ancient faith. It looked solid and handsome in the moonlight, and looks more solid and handsome still in the daylight, for its houses are two storeyed, and mostly in the solid *kura* style, and turn their gable-ends to the street. The roofs are heavily tiled, the stone embankments are in fine order, and altogether, apart from the grandeur of the camphor and cryptomeria groves, and the stately entrances and stone-bordered avenues of the Gekû shrine, Yamada is the handsomest town I have seen in Japan.

Vice and religion are apt to be in seeming alliance in this country; the great shrines of pilgrimage are nearly always surrounded by the resorts of the dissolute, and nowhere are these so painfully numerous as on the stately road which connects the Gekû with the Naikû shrine, three miles off. It was some time before our runners succeeded in lodging us in a *yadoya* which was not *kashitsukeya*, but we are in good quarters at the ancient house kept by Matsushima Zenzaburo, from among whose thirty rooms we chose one upstairs, which is full of sunshine and pleasantness. But, oh, for a good fire! It is very cold at night and after sunset.

Nov. 10. — Sunday was a day of sunshine and glitter.

quite perfect. We read the English service in the morning, and in the afternoon, with our faithful runners, visited the Gekû shrines in their glorious groves. There our men "worshipped," that is, they threw some *rin* on the white cloth in front of the gateway of the shrines, prostrated themselves, rubbed their hands, and went away rejoicing. My runner has rheumatism in his neck, and not having been cured by his application to the medicine god of Hasé-dera, he rubbed a celebrated rubbing-stone at the corner of the sacred enclosure with great vigour, and then rubbed himself, and to-day he is free from pain! The camphor groves alone are well worth a visit, for they are gloriously beautiful, but no beauty of nature or sunshine can light the awful melancholy of the unutterable emptiness of the holiest places of Shintô.

In the evening our host came up for a friendly talk, and made many inquiries concerning Christianity, and Mrs. Gulick made a praiseworthy attempt to explain its essentials to our runners, with how much success may be judged from the question which they asked to-day, "If we were to worship your God, should we have to go to your country?" being quite willing, apparently, to add another deity to their already crowded Pantheon.

I. L. B.

THE ISÉ SHRINES.[1]

"The Divine Palaces of the most holy gods of Isé" — Sanctity of the Isé Shrines — The *Kami-dana* — The Isé Charms — The Gekû Camphor Groves — The Temple Grounds — The Sacred Enclosure — The Shrines — The "Holy of Holies" — The Japanese Regalia — The Shintô Mirror.

THESE temples of Isé, the Gekû and the Naikû, called by the Japanese by a name which literally means "The two great divine palaces," rank first among Shintô shrines in point of sanctity, and are to Shintôists, even in the irreligious present, something of what Mecca is to Mussulmans, and the Holy Places of Jerusalem to Greeks and Latins. Tens of thousands of pilgrims still resort to them annually, and though the pilgrimage season is chiefly in the spring months, there is no time of the year in which there is an absolute cessation of visitors. The artisans of Tôkiyô now think it possible to gain a livelihood without beseeching the protection of the Isé divinities, and the shop-boys of the trading cities no longer beg their way to and from Yamada in search of the Isé charms; but it will be long before the Japanese householder, specially the credulous peasant, learns to feel safe without the paper ticket inscribed with the name Tenshôkô-daijin, the principal deity of Isé, which is only to be obtained at the Isé shrines.

[1] The account of the Isé shrines in my letter is so incomplete and fragmentary, that I prefer to give these Notes taken on the spot, and corrected subsequently by the help of a paper by Mr. Satow.

In the foregoing Letters I have alluded to the fact that in every Japanese house there is a *kami-dana*, or "shelf for gods," on which is a wooden miniature of a Shintô shrine containing paper tickets, on which the names of various gods are written, one of which is always the deity aforesaid. This ticket is believed to contain between two thin slips some shavings of the wands used by the priests of Isé at the two annual festivals, which are supposed to effect the purification of the nation from the "sin" of the preceding six months, and is supposed to protect its possessor from misfortune for half a year, at the end of which time the *o-harai*, as it is called, ought to be changed for a new one; but from what I learned at the Gekû, it appears that modern negligence is content to renew the charm once in one, two, and three years, or even longer. It is to be supposed that these *o-harai* bear as much relation to the wands of purification as the relics profusely scattered throughout the world bear to the Holy Cross, of which they are said to be fragments. The old *o-harai* ought to be burned or cast into a river or the sea, but are usually employed to heat the bath used by the virgin priestesses after their posturings at the annual festival of the patron-god of any locality. They were hawked about Japan up to 1868, but this practice was prohibited by Government a few years ago, and they can only be obtained at the Isé temples themselves, or at certain accredited agencies. This fact of the universal distribution of the *o-harai* connects every family in Japan with the Isé shrines and Shintô superstition, and gives the shrines a central position as regards the national faith.

The two groups of shrines are distant about three and a half miles from each other. The majority of the pilgrims lodge in Furuichi, a town which occupies the crest

of the ridge between the two temples, and is almost made up of *yadoyas*, tea-houses, and *jôrôyas*, mostly of large size, with solid gables turned towards the street. Yamada, which is conterminous with Furuichi, is also full of houses of entertainment. These towns contain about 40,000 people, and for Japan are marvels of solid and picturesque building. A Japanese pilgrimage is not a solemn or holy thing, and the great shrines of Shintô pilgrimage possess more than the usual number of vicious attractions.

It is sufficient to describe the Gekû shrine, which is exactly copied from the Naikû. Both stand in the midst of ancient cryptomeria, each stately tree in Shintô fancy worthy to be a god, but it is the camphor groves, the finest in Japan, covering the extensive and broken grounds with their dark magnificence, which so impress a stranger with their unique grandeur as to make him forget the bareness and meanness of the shrines which they overshadow.

The grand entrance is reached from Yamada by crossing a handsome bridge, which leads to a wide space enclosed by banks faced with stone. On the right is a building occupied by the temple-attendants, where fragments of the wood used in building the shrines, packets of the rice offered to the gods, and sundry other charms, are offered for sale. Close to this there is a massive *torii*, the entrance to the temple-grounds, which are of great extent, and contain hills, ravines, groves, and streams. Very broad and finely-gravelled roads, with granite margins and standard lamps at intervals, intersect them, and their *torii*, stone bridges, stone staircases, and stone-faced embankments, are all on a grand scale and in perfect repair. On the left hand, within the entrance, there are some plain buildings, one of which is occupied by several temple-attendants in white silk vest-

ments, whose business it is to sell the *o-harai* to all comers. Heavy curtains, with the Mikado's crest upon them, are draped over the entrances to this and the building at the gate, and may be taken as indicating that Shintô is under "State" patronage.

Passing through stately groves by a stately road, and under a second massive *torii*, the visitor reaches the famous Gekû shrine, and, even in spite of Mr. Satow's realistic description, is stricken with a feeling of disappointment, for he is suddenly brought up by a great oblong enclosure of neatly planed wood, the upright posts, which are just over nine feet high, being planted at distances of six feet, the intervals being completely filled up with closely-fitting and very heavy planking laid horizontally. The only ornaments are bamboo receptacles on each post, containing sprigs of *Cleyera Japonica*, changed occasionally. This monotonous looking enclosure rests on a raised platform of broken stone, supported on a rough stone-faced embankment about three feet high. One corner of this is formed by a large, irregularly shaped, dark stone, worn perfectly smooth from being constantly rubbed by the hands of persons who believe that by rubbing the stone first, and then any painful part of the body, the pain will be cured. The front of this extraordinary enclosure is 247 feet long, the rear 235 feet, one side 339 feet, and the other 335 feet. It has five entrances, the principal one, 18 feet wide, facing the road, being formed by a *torii*. At a distance of 24 feet from three of these entrances are high wooden screens, and a similar screen, at a distance of 76 feet, hides the main entrance, much in the same way that the great brick screens in Canton conceal the gateways of the private dwellings of the mandarins. Within the entrance *torii* there is a wooden gateway with a thatched roof, but a curtain with the

Mikado's crest conceals all view of the interior court. In front of this gateway the pilgrims make their obeisances and throw down their *rin* upon a white cloth. The other entrances are closed with solid gates. There is no admission except for the specially privileged, but a good view into the enclosure is gained by climbing a bank upon its west side.

Within the thatched gateway there is a pebbled court, on the right of which is a long narrow shed, one of three buildings set apart for the entertainment of the envoys sent by the Mikado after the annual harvest festival. In a straight line from the second gateway a flagged pavement, passing under a *torii* at a distance of 99 feet, reaches another thatched gateway, through which there is a third court, formed by palisades the height of a man, placed close together. Another thatched gateway gives entrance to the last enclosure, an area nearly square, being 134 feet by 131, surrounded by a very stout palisade. Within this stands the *shôden* or shrine of the gods, and on the right and left two treasuries. The impression produced by the whole resembles that made upon the minds of those who have made the deepest researches into Shintô — there is nothing, and all things, even the stately avenues of the Gekû, lead to NOTHING. Japanese antiquaries say that the architecture of Shintô temples resembles that of the primeval Japanese hut, and these, which have been rebuilt since 1868, represent this architecture in its purest form. The *shôden* is 34 feet long by 18 wide, and stands on a platform raised on posts 6 feet high, which is approached by nine steps 15 feet wide, with a balustrade on each side. A balcony 3 feet wide, with a low rail, runs all round the building, and is covered by the eaves of the roof, which is finely thatched with bark to the depth of a foot. The ridge pole and a number of

cigar-shaped beams and rafters at each end, crossing each other above the roof, are supposed to be merely the development of the roof of the primeval hut. The building has sides of closely-fitting planks, and the whole, like all else, is of planed wood, destitute of any other ornament than occasional plates of pierced and engraved brass. The treasuries are mere "go-downs," without balconies. They contain silken stuffs, silk fibre, and saddlery for the sacred horses.

In the north-west corner of the area is a plain building, containing the *gohei*, wands with dependent pieces of paper, frequently mentioned before, usually worshipped as gods, but at Isé only believed to have the power of attracting the spirits of the gods to the spot, which was their original meaning. In the north-east corner, within a special enclosure, there is another plain building, in which the water and food offered to the gods of the Gekû are set out. The daily offerings to the principal deity consist of sixteen saucers of rice, four saucers of salt, four cups of water, and such fish, birds, and vegetables as may be contributed by the surrounding villages, and the three secondary deities receive one-half each. The chief deity of the Gekû is "The Goddess of Food," and of the Naikû, the great "Sun Goddess."

Having followed Shintô to its centre at Isé, the bare wooden building, which is the kernel of the Gekû enclosure, and the Shintô "Holy of Holies," assumes a very special interest, but here, again, there is nothing but disappointment, for the *shôden* only contains four boxes of unpainted wood, furnished with light handles, resting on low stands, and covered with what is said to be white silk. In each box is a mirror wrapped in a brocade bag, which is never renewed, only re-covered. Over one mirror is placed a cage of unpainted wood,

which is covered with a curtain of coarse silk, which conceals both cage and box. The three other boxes stand outside this cage, but are also covered, and the coverings are all that can be seen when the shrines are opened on festival days. It is in these mirrors that the spirits of the gods are supposed to dwell. Much ingenious rubbish has been devised to account for the presence of a looking-glass in every Shintô temple; but the fact is, that the original Isé mirror, of which all the rest are copies, merely represents the great Sun Goddess, the supposed ancestress of the Mikado, and, together with the sword, which constitute the Japanese regalia, found a resting-place at Isé, after many wanderings, in the year 4 B.C. The polished surface is neither a mirror of truth nor of the human soul, but is simply a very intelligible symbol of a rude compound of nature and myth worship, nature as the Sun, deified as the myth Amaterasu or the "Sun Goddess."

The Gekû was founded in the year 478 A.D., and it has been customary from time immemorial to rebuild a temple alternately on either site once in twenty years. The Naikû has the same fourfold enclosure as the Gekû. There are several smaller shrines within the groves, but they are unimportant. The river Izuzu flows through the camphor woods, and in it the pilgrims wash their hands before worshipping at the temple.

The Isé shrines were unknown to Europeans till 1872, when the Government very liberally gave Mr. Satow and a small party of foreigners the opportunity of visiting them. They are now open to passport holders under certain restrictions, and are singularly interesting to those who have made either an original or second-hand study of Shintô, for relics of Isé are in every house, the deities of Isé are at the head of the

national Pantheon, a pilgrimage to Isé forms an episode in the life of every Shintôist, and throughout Japan thousands of heads are daily bowed in the direction of "the Divine Palaces of the most holy gods of Isé."

ANOTHER PILGRIMAGE.

A Dreary Shrine — The Legend of Futami-sama — A Double Temple — A Street of Shops — The Naikû Shrine — Evening Shadows — The Melancholy of Shintô — Unsanctified Pilgrim Resorts.

YAMADA, ISÉ, *November* 11, 1878.

IN order to complete the round of Shintô pilgrimage, we left Yamada early this morning, ferried the Shiwoaigawa, rested at Futamiya, a neat village entirely composed of tasteful tea-houses, went on to Futami-sama in our *kurumas*, and then walked over the sand and rocks of a very pretty coast to a resort of pilgrims, which, even at this dead season, attracts large numbers, many of whom were bands of young girls.[1] Shells, coralline, and curiosities, were offered for sale at booths under the grey cliffs, together with rude, coloured woodcuts of Fuji by sunrise, as seen from the shore; but it was all dull and grey, and Fuji had to be taken altogether for granted. Farther on there were booths where melancholy-looking women sold small *torii*, earthenware frogs, straw circles, and other *ex votos*, and then we came rather suddenly on the queerest and dreariest shrine of pilgrimage that I have ever seen.

A small promontory of grey sea gravel, with a low wall built round it, extended into the still, grey sea,

[1] I have not been able to meet with any European who has visited this remarkable spot; it has hitherto escaped even Mr. Satow's diligent researches among the holy places of Shintô.

terminating in a large *torii* of unpainted wood, and a wooden altar table, on which were laid four big, green stones, a piece of worm-eaten wood, two *zen* or small tables with offerings of rice, a number of bits of green pottery an inch long, with a distant resemblance to frogs [said to be the servants of the gods], three wands with *gohei*, and a number of *rin*. On and about it were heaps of circles of twisted straw, with *gohei* attached, some new and fresh, others old and musty; a more grotesque collection of rubbish I have never seen, and it was being added to constantly by relays of pilgrims. This promontory points to three isolated rocks, one behind the other, on which the dull waves broke in drifts of foam. The centre rock is of imposing size. It has a small *torii* on its summit, and a heavy straw cable, wound round it, connects it with the rock between it and the shore, heavy straw tassels dangling between the two.[1]

We then travelled for some miles among lovely, wooded hills, with hamlets and rice valleys, to the village of Assama, left our *kurumas*, ascended the noble hill Assamayama, where flaming maples lighted up forests of pine and cryptomeria, rejoiced in the abundance of its *Microlepia tenuifolia*, and *Gleichenia*, spent an hour at a very large tea-house with a magnificent view near the summit, and enjoyed what we saw, or thought we saw, of a grand panorama of wooded hills, deep valleys, indented coasts, and beauti-

[1] Mr. Satow has since told me that, in a Japanese guide to Isé, the following legend is given of the origin of the sacredness of this queer place: — When the younger brother of the Sun goddess was on his way to the lower world, he was overtaken by night at this spot, and sought shelter with an old couple. To protect them from a pestilence, which he foresaw would attack the village, he fastened a straw rope round their house, and the plague, when it came, left it untouched. This is the origin of the straw bands offered at this shrine.

ful islands, revelled in splotches of scarlet and crimson here and there among the dark coniferæ, marvelled at a rude double temple, one half Shintô, with the chief object of adoration a rude block of rock shaped like a junk, the other half filled with idols of Kwan-non, shivered for half an hour over *hibachi*, hurried down the mountain, regained our *kurumas*, and, after a short, picturesque jolt, rattled down a steep wooded hill to the entrance to the Naikû shrine. Near it is a most peculiar street, composed entirely of most peculiar shops, which consist solely of covered *doma* or "earth-spaces," with hundreds of whistles, wooden flutes, rice ladles, and small, rude images of Daikoku, ranged on racks up the walls.

The entrance to the shrines is very grand; a straight avenue for a short distance, from which one road turns to the right under a *torii*, and then goes forward to a solid stone bridge, while the main road, which is very broad and handsome, turns up-hill towards the temples. On the left, there is a building for the sale of *o-harai* (see p. 279), a house for officials, a covered platform for sacred dances, and a treasury on stilts; above these, a terrace of large stones with an extensive pebbled area, enclosed by a straw rope, and a flight of steps leading to the shrines, the arrangement of which is exactly that of the Gekû, except that the principal entrance is closed by doors instead of a curtain. There our runners "worshipped," and threw down their *rin* on a white cloth. Do they think, I wonder, that we have added the gods of Isé to our objects of worship?

The sombre evening fell fast, and in its shadows the darkness of the superb groves of camphor and cryptomeria, some of which are of colossal size, became absolutely funereal. We were the only visitors; a dismal wind sighed through the trees, dim lamps, one by one,

began to glimmer through the gloom, our footsteps sounded harshly on the gravel, and in the profound melancholy which surrounds the shrines of a faith which was always dead, and has never lifted men towards a higher life,[1] I involuntarily quickened my pace, for I felt as if the ghosts of the dead ages were after me! It was good to see houses and living men again, and to be able to hire lanterns for our *kurumas*.

A fine road runs from the Gekû to the Naikû shrines, a distance of about 3½ miles, terminating at the Naikû in a fine stone bridge, with uprights with bronze finials, and a lofty *torii*. The towns Uji, Ushidani, and Furuichi, occupy much of the distance. They flourish by the entertainment of pilgrims, and the sale of trumpery relics, and in the dim light looked solid and handsome with their long lines of *yadoyas*, tea-houses, *jôrôyas*, and various places of entertainment, suggestive of everything but sanctity. Along the road, at suitable distances on both sides, are grand stone lanterns, roofed with bronze, standing on stone pedestals of five steps each, and their dim, melancholy light, altogether unworthy of their superb appearance, made the descent into the absolute darkness of Yamada almost appalling.

Our host has come in to ask us to write lines of poetry to hang upon his walls, so I must conclude.

I. L. B.

[1] **See Appendix B.**

LAKE BIWA.

My *Kuruma*-runner — Stupid Curiosity — The City of Tsu — A Buddhist Temple — Road Mending — The Pass of Tsuzaka — The Tôkaidô — Lake Biwa — The "Temperance Pledge" — A *Matsuri*.

OTSU, LAKE BIWA, *November* 15.

THREE more days of travelling have brought us here, and in three hours we shall be in Kiyôto. I wish we were beginning our tour instead of ending it, or rather that we were starting on another. Everything has been so smooth and pleasant, and so unexpectedly interesting, and the people have been so kind and courteous, as they always are, away from the beaten track. Mrs. Gulick's cheerfulness and kindness have never varied, and, if I had ever felt inclined to grumble, the unwearied good nature, brightness, and kindness of my runner would have rebuked me. I cannot tell you how sorry I am to part with this faithful creature, or how I shall miss his willing services, hideous face, and blanket-swathed form. But no, he is not hideous! No face, beaming with honesty and kindness, can ever be so, and I like to look at his, and to hope that one day it may be said of him, as of a child, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We left Yamada early on the 12th, retraced our route as far as Rokken, and reached the important town of Tsu, late in the afternoon, by a fine road leading through a very prosperous and populous country of rice-swamps of large size, between wooded hills and the sea. The evening was cold and clear, and the town looked its best.

The crowded *yadoya* was very unpromising-looking, but we got a quiet back room, and, by dint of hugging *hibachi*, and loading ourselves with *futons*, managed to keep ourselves from freezing, and not to be more than a little stiff with cold when we got up the next morning to find a brilliant frosty day with a keen north wind. The servants watched our ways with stupid curiosity, asked us if we slept in our shoes, and remarked that it was very long since we had blacked our teeth! Policemen with courteous manners paid us a visit; in the evening Mrs. Gulick went to a lonely quarter of the town to call upon the parents of a girl who had been in the American School in Kiyôto, and the next morning, the father returned the visit, dressed very richly in silk, and bringing a present of fine sweetmeats, with a symbolical piece of seaweed attached.

Few people in England have heard of Tsu, and when I proposed to visit it, I found few among the foreigners at Kôbe who knew of it, and it lies so off the track of foreign travel, that Europeans are a rare spectacle, and, consequently, we trailed a prodigious crowd after us, with policemen hovering upon its skirts to keep us from undue pressure. This obscure Tsu is a city of 83,000 people, divided into three parts by rivers which are crossed by fine bridges, with long, parallel streets crossed by shorter ones at right angles, fine public buildings, a normal school, a new hospital on a height, two streets of temples, an open room inscribed in English with "News for every man's reading," and chairs and tables covered with newspapers inside, a great trade in coarse blue pottery, silks, and green mosquito gauze, curio shops in numbers, with the finest antique bronzes I have seen, and small pieces of old gold lacquer on which *connoisseurs* might spend a fortune, pottery and sweetmeat shops, the remains of a *daimiyô*'s castle, with a fine moat,

stone-faced embankments, with towers at their corners, a large telegraph office, and, in the outskirts, rows of wheelwrights' sheds, where men were making cart-wheels without tires. The main street terminates in a fine double-roofed gateway and a pavement lined with booths, leading into temple grounds, as at Asakusa. There is a popular temple, crowded and shabby, but the lanterns in its portico, the candles and lamps by the shrine, the cat-like tread of priests, the bell-accompanied litanies, and the mumbled petitions of worshippers, heathen though they are, were, in some sense, refreshing after the intolerable emptiness of Shintô.

Tsu, though so near the shrines of Isé, is a Buddhist city, and its two streets of temples, with their grand gateways, paved courts, and priests' houses, are quite imposing. Some of these gateways are pierced by "Saxon" arches, the only architectural arches I have seen in Japan. Somehow I left Tsu with regret; it looked a very prosperous and thoroughly Japanese city, and the people were remarkably kind also. We left at eleven, when the sun was high and bright, lighting up the shining evergreens and glowing autumnal tints of a pretty, hilly region, where villages with their deep brown roofs peeped from among pines and maples. Soon after leaving Tsu we diverged to the village of Isshinden, visited two of the grandest temples in Japan, which appear to be unknown to foreigners, had a delightful day's journey through very pretty country, and, in the afternoon, passing under a fine *torii*, struck the beaten track at Séki on the Tôkaidô, the historic highway of Japan, the great road from Tôkiyô to Kiyôto. From Séki to Otsu it is a narrow carriage-road, in some places full of ruts and holes, the latter having been "mended" for the recent journey of the Mikado, by being filled up with twigs covered with mats. After leaving Séki it plunges

at once into lovely country, pursues the course of a mountain stream, with which it is shut in by steep, picturesque hills, and then further progress is apparently barred by a ridge with a beautiful village with houses on stone terraces clustering on its wooded acclivity. This mountain wall, the pass of Tsuzuka, is crossed by sixteen or seventeen zigzags, from 50 to 100 feet in length,

TEMPLE GATEWAY AT ISSHINDEN.

built out from the hill-side on fine terraces, very steep, with sharp turns, and stout railings to prevent the unwary from tumbling over. We climbed it in the lemon-coloured twilight, revelling in the beautiful view, and enjoying the balsamic odours of pines which came up on the frosty air, got lanterns on the summit, and, after a rattling run of an hour in the darkness, reached the

town of Tsuchiyama, whose pine-covered hills stood out boldly against a starlit sky; slept in a large *yadoya*, where the servants showed unusual agility; hugged *hibachi*, were half-frozen during the night in a detached suite of rooms in a garden; yesterday crossed the Matsu-no-gawa, and followed its course for some time, and then, after some miles of wrinkled white sandhills, arrived at Lake Biwa, crossed the Sétagawa, paid a second visit to the beauties of Ishiyama, and reached the interminable street of Otsu after dark.

The Tôkaidô is the most beaten track of travel in Japan, but in this cold weather travellers are scarce, and we and our runners were the only guests in the great rambling tea-house last night. From Séki here there are long towns and long villages nearly the whole way, with numbers of great tea-houses and *yadoyas* with from twenty to forty rooms, together and in detached suites, with running streams, stone bridges, and all the quaintnesses possible to the conceit of the owners. The house masters and mistresses are active and polite, the servants agile and well dressed, the accommodation admirable, the equipments beautiful — in short, the Tôkaidô is the Japan of tourists, and needs no description of mine. The industries of its villages are manifold, some produce and sell nothing but *saké* gourds of all sizes (a *saké* gourd being an essential part of the equipment of most Japanese travellers), others make shrines, and ornamental baskets and basket hats are the specialties of Mina-Kochi, a large town with fine stone-faced embankments, the remains of a *daimiyô's* castle.

Lake Biwa is a noble sheet of water forty-five miles long,[1] its west shore and head dark with masses of

[1] I have omitted my letters from Lake Biwa and its neighbourhood, as well as most of those from Kiyôto, because these regions are on the "beaten track;" but no popular resorts in Japan are lovelier than

piled-up, forest-covered mountains, and its east a smiling region of garden cultivation. It is said that besides Otsu, Hikone, and some other towns, 1800 thriving villages fringe its coasts, its waters are whitened with sails, and a brisk traffic is also carried on by small

A LAKE BIWA TEA-HOUSE.

steamers. It is a great resort of pleasure-seekers, and its tea-houses are famous.

Near Kusatsu I noticed some men's top-knots hung up on a shrine, and found, on inquiry, that it is not uncommon for people who have suffered very deeply from the evils of intemperance, to take a vow of "total abstinence" and offer it to the god Kompira, who is sup-

Hiyeizan, the "priests' mountain," Sakamoto the "priests' village," and the hill groves and temples of Miidera and of Ishiyama-no-dera—scenes which Japanese art and literature are perpetually reproducing in painting and poetry.

posed to take special cognisance of vows, and to punish those who break them with great severity. Such persons cut off their top-knots and hang them up on the shrines of this idol in token of their resolves. Japan is not a quarter as intemperate as Britain, but still drunkenness is one of its great evils, and I have seen some scenes of dissolute dissipation, specially in the gardens of Shinkakuji, near Kiyôto, which I shall not soon forget.

On arriving here we found the town illuminated with paper lanterns, and that, by exceptional good fortune, we had lighted upon the grandest *matsuri* of the year, that of the god Shinnomiya. Thousands of strangers had already arrived, and thousands more are pouring in from Kiyôto and the countless villages of Lake Biwa; but full as Otsu is, our worthy host only asks 8d. each for our room — a very good one — a *hibachi*, *andon*, and unlimited rice and tea for two meals. We hurried through a supper of bonito steak with a carrion-like flavour, and spent the evening among the crowds outside, seeing a veritable transformation scene, for the long, mean streets were glorified by light and colour, the shop fronts were gone, and arches and festoons of coloured lanterns turned the whole into fairyland.

To begin with, every house had a lantern three feet long hanging outside it, with the characters forming the god's name on one side and a black or red *tomoyé* on the other.

The removal of *fusuma* had transformed shops into large spaces, with backs and sides of splendid folding screens with peonies, lotuses, and irises painted on a dead gold ground. The mats were covered with Kiyôto rugs; a *hibachi*, and two or three fanciful lamps were in the centre of each; a man crouched over every *hibachi*, and in most cases two or three friends were smoking or

sipping tea with him. Apparently the people vied with each other in the beauty of the decorations which they displayed to the streets. Some of the houses really looked like fairy scenes, especially two, in which the trappings of the idol cars were displayed, mythological scenes in very ancient needlework, so exquisitely fine, that for some time I supposed them to be paintings, lacquer and gold filagree stands supporting valuable rock crystal balls, and black and gold lacquer railings —all the bequest of centuries of heathenism. On every floor there was a vase of magnificent chrysanthemums, and an orderly crowd of many thousands quietly promenaded the narrow streets, admiring and comparing, the *tableaux vivants* in the house fronts nowise moved by all. At the intersections of all the streets there were strings of lanterns one above another in harmoniously blended colours to a height of twenty-five feet, and *matsuri* cars for to-day's procession twenty feet high, with canopied platforms on their tops, reached by gangways from the house roofs, with festoons of lanterns, and on each car ten boys beating drums and gongs, and two men playing flutes, kept up a din truly diabolical.

TOMOYE.[1]

We dived down a dark, lonely street, and passing through a slit in the wall of the court of the great Shintô temple, came upon a blaze of light, and a din of

[1] The *tomoyé* is found throughout Japan. All terminal tiles of roofs or walls which do not bear the badge of the owner's family, are impressed with it. It is seen on one side of all lanterns used in *matsuri* illuminations, on all drums at the *tanabata* festival, among the wood-carving and arabesques of temples, and is the most common ornament in the Empire, besides being the second badge of the once powerful house of Arima. It is supposed (in Buddhism) to be a sign of the heaping up of myriads of good influences, good luck, long life, etc.; but it seems impossible to explain its origin.

revelry partly inspired by *saké*. Along the pavements there were brilliantly-lighted booths for the sale of oranges and persimmons, and heathenish toys of all kinds, among which toy *torii*, *mikoshi* or arks containing "divine" property or emblems, shrines, and festival cars were selling in hundreds, to decorated doll children. The temple platforms were illuminated, and *mikoshi* of black lacquer, gorgeous with gold, were displayed under their canopies; priestesses in white *kimono* and crimson silk *hakama*, with attendants beating small drums, and vases of chrysanthemum and *Cleyera Japonica* around them, sat on other platforms, painted and motionless; a temple attendant thumped a big drum, and piles of plain deal *zen*, with offerings of *Cleyera Japonica*, rice, and *saké*, were heaped up before the principal idol's shrine. The shrine of the fox god was also a great centre of attraction, and round shrines and platforms in the soft, coloured light surged a crowd of men, women, and children, dressed in their best, buying, selling, laughing, singing, clattering bells, and blowing flutes — light, mirth, and music being at their height about ten, when a few small drops of rain fell, the crowd melted away, and in a few minutes the streets were dark and silent.

But this morning is fine, and Otsu is gay and crowded. At an early hour, with much discord supposed to be music, the *mikoshi* were brought in state from the sacred platforms, and were placed on the cars, which are being dragged through the streets at the rate of a mile in an hour and a half, the priestesses performed a sacred dance, the offerings were multiplied, and the festival is at its height. Otsu is famous for the number and magnificence of its *matsuri* cars, of which there are thirteen, but we only saw three. The Shintô "godowns" must be treasures of priceless antique art, bare as the temples are.

Each car consists of a massive, oblong, black lacquer body on a lacquer platform, on two solid, tireless wheels of brown lacquer, with a smaller wheel in front. On the top there is a platform with a heavy railing of black and gold lacquer, a solid back, and a lofty canopy of black lacquer lined with red lacquer, heavily gilded, and with a big gilded eagle at its summit. In front there were male and female figures, one standing, the other seated, in cloth of gold dresses of great beauty. Behind these, ten boys, as last night, were ceaselessly beating drums and gongs, and two men were playing flutes, all at the level of the house roofs. Below the platform there were valances of very rich needlework, and at the back a *kakemono* of glorious needlework, almost or quite priceless, the ground being worked in a fine gold thread no longer made. An antiquity of eight centuries is claimed for these decorations. The cars were dragged along by a curious team, marshalled by two men in glazed peaked hats and winged garments of calico, carrying ancient staffs with rings at the top of much-corroded iron, such as are often placed in the hands of statues of Buddhas, the team consisting of thirty men in blue and white striped trousers and dark-blue *haori* with the characters representing the god upon them. These tugged the unwieldy erections by stout ropes, and as many more, similarly attired, assisted the ponderous wheels with levers. The master of the ceremonies was a manikin in a European dress suit of black broadcloth, with a broad expanse of shirt front, and a white necktie with long ends!!!

Kiyôto, November 16. — We arrived here yesterday morning, and it is a tribute to the security which foreigners enjoy in this orderly and peaceable land, that two foreign ladies, without even a servant, have travelled for nearly 200 miles, and mainly through a region

in which Europeans are rarely seen, not only without a solitary instance of extortion, incivility, or annoyance, but receiving courtesy and kindness everywhere.

I. L. B.

ITINERARY OF ROUTE FROM KIYÔTO TO YAMADA (SHRINES OF ISÉ), AND BY TSU TO KIYÔTO.

	Ri.	*Chô*
Kiyôto to Nara	11	20
Nara to Tambaichi	2	18
Miwa	2	5
Hasé-dera or Hatsusé	1	23
Haibara	1	8
Higenashi	2	23
Nobari-shita	2	12
Awoyama	4	3
Rokken	4	13
Matsuzaka	1	18
Kushida	1	26
Yamada	1	
Rokken	5	8
Tsu	3	
Kubota	1	
Kusuhara	3	
Séki	1	
By Tôkaidô to Kiyôto	24	
	73	23

About 185½ miles.

PROSPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Water-Ways in Ôsaka — Glimpses of Domestic Life — Ladies' Pets — The Position of Women — Imperial Example — The Medical Mission — A Japanese Benevolent Institution — A Comfortless Arrival — A Christian Gathering — The Prison at Otsu — Prospects of Christianity — Blankness of Heathenism.

KÔBE, *December* 3, 1878.

ON my way from Kiyôto I spent three days at Ôsaka with Miss M——, who, having the charge of two Japanese children, and being in Japanese employment, is allowed to live in a little house in the most densely peopled part of the great commercial capital with its 600,000 souls. Aided by her kindness and her small amount of Japanese, I saw many of the Ôsaka sights and most of the huge, busy city, but was impressed by nothing so much as by the numerous waterways and their innumerable bridges, a few of which are stone or iron; the canals quayed with stone; the massive flights of stone stairs down to the water; the houses with overhanging balconies draped with trailers; the broad, quayed roadways along the rivers, with weeping willows on one side and ancient *yashikis* and rice godowns on the other; the hundreds of junks and small boats moving up or down with every tide; the signs of an enormous commerce everywhere, the floating tea-houses, and house-boats with matted roofs, and the islands with tea-houses and pleasure-grounds. But the sights of Ôsaka, like those of Kiyôto, are on the best beaten

tourist track, and you can read more or less about them in every book on Japan.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Warren of the C. M. S., and of Dr. Taylor and others connected with the American mission. Mr. Warren has great facility in colloquial Japanese, and a hearty, hopeful spirit, preaches and itinerates extensively, has a daily evening service attended by from forty to fifty people, and has large expectations of success. The American ladies conduct girls' schools, but very specially endeavour to make acquaintance with Japanese women in their own homes with the assistance of a Japanese Bible-woman, and I had some curious glimpses into the domestic life of the richer people, one being a visit to a lady whose husband holds high official rank, and whose house is purely Japanese. Miss —— had become acquainted with her through her desire to know the way in which European mothers care for their own and their children's health, which led the way to intelligent inquiries into Christianity. On our visit we were conducted through various large rooms into a low one about ten feet square, with lattice fret-work, only admitting a dim light. The lady, who is haggard and by no means pretty, but who, fortunately for herself, is a mother, received us with much dignity, and immediately opened the conversation by inquiries about the position of European women. She looked intelligent, restless, and unhappy, and, I thought, chafed under the restraints of custom, as she said that no Japanese woman could start for foreign countries alone, and she envied foreigners their greater liberty. She produced a map and traced my route upon it, but seemed more interested in other countries than in her own. A very pretty girl, with singular grace and charm of manner, came in and sat down beside her, equally well dressed

in silk, but not a legal wife. The senior wife obtains great credit for her kind and sisterly treatment of her, which, according to Japanese notions, is the path of true wisdom. There was an attendant in the shape of a detestable "Chin," something like a King Charles's spaniel with a broken nose: an artificially dwarfed creature, with glassy, prominent eyes, very cross and delicate, and dressed in a warm coat. These objectionable lap-dogs are "ladies' pets" all over Japan.

My impression is, that, according to our notions, the Japanese wife is happier in the poorer than in the richer classes. She works hard, but it is rather as the partner than the drudge of her husband. Nor, in the same class, are the unmarried girls secluded, but, within certain limits, they possess complete freedom. Women undoubtedly enjoy a more favourable position than in most other heathen countries, and wives are presumably virtuous. Infanticide is very rare. The birth of a daughter is far from being an occasion of mourning, and girls receive the same affection and attention as boys, and for their sphere are equally carefully educated.

The women of the upper classes are much secluded, and always go out with attendants. In the middle ranks it is not proper for a wife to be seen abroad in her husband's absence, and, to be above suspicion, many, under these circumstances, take an old woman to keep them company. There are many painful and evil customs to which I cannot refer, and which are not likely to be overthrown except by the reception of a true Christianity, some of them arising out of morbidly exaggerated notions of filial piety; but even in past times women have not been "downtrodden," but have occupied a high place in history. To say nothing of the fact that the greatest of the national divinities is a

goddess, nine empresses have ruled Japan by "divine right," and in literature, especially in poetry, women divide the foremost places with men.

At present the reform in the marriage-laws which legalises the marriage of members of different classes, the establishment of high-class schools for young women, the training in the mission-schools, the widening of the area of female industrial occupation, the slow but sure influence of European female example, the weakening of the influence of Buddhism, which, in its rigid dogma, exalts the conventual above the domestic life, and above all, the slow permeation of at least a portion of the community with Christian ideas on the true dignity and position of maid, matron, and mother, and the example of the gentle Empress Haruku, who timidly takes the lead in all that specially concerns the elevation of her sex, are all tending to bring about a better future for Japanese women, who, even at the worst, enjoy an amount of liberty, considerate care, and respect, which I am altogether surprised to find in a heathen country. It is even to be hoped that things may not go too far, and that the fear of the *Meiroku Zasshi*, that "the power of women will grow gradually, and eventually become so overwhelming that it will be impossible to control it," may not be realised![1]

The Medical Mission, both at Hiogo and Ôsaka, is under the charge of Dr. Taylor, a blunt and unaffected, as well as zealous and honest, missionary, by no means enthusiastic, or inclined to magnify what is emphatically "a day of small things." I visited both his dispensaries,

[1] Within the last few months, since the establishment of representative Local Assemblies with control over local taxation, women have been awaking to an idea of their "rights," and in some cases have actually written to the papers, stating that, where they pay taxes and bear part of the national burdens, it is only just that they should exercise the elective franchise!

or rather consulting-rooms, and it is interesting to observe that both he and Dr. Berry (who has been very successful, and has won the goodwill of the Government by his courtesy and suavity) employ a different manner of working from that pursued by Dr. Palm at Niigata, being less independent, and less *apparently* missionary. Dr. Taylor works almost exclusively through the native doctors, and receives no money either for advice or medicine. He acts much as a consulting-physician. The doctors bring the patients to him, he writes prescriptions, which are made up at any drug store, and afterwards lectures on the more important cases. There are 500 Japanese doctors in Ôsaka, and a number of these have organised a private hospital, of which they have asked Dr. T. to be consulting-physician. The six whom I saw were remarkably shrewd, superior-looking men. Dr. Taylor has many requests to go to outlying towns at stated intervals, and in these cases the doctors pay his expenses.

The dispensary in Hiogo is strictly a *Japanese Benevolent Institution*, to which eight Japanese doctors give monthly subscriptions, besides gratuitous advice to the very poor. Dr. Taylor goes there, and sees about forty patients every Monday, his travelling expenses being paid. Where people cannot pay for medicines, etc., a group of benevolent persons subscribes to procure them, and the Kôbe native Christians provide medicines and other requisites for all indigent persons belonging to their body. In surgical cases from a distance a room is taken at a neighbouring *yadoya*, and the patient pays a nurse; but in the case of the destitute, all the expenses are borne by the subscriptions to the dispensary. Dr. Taylor prays when the patients have assembled, but does not give an address.

At Ikinagi, forty miles from Kôbe, the Japanese doc-

tors conduct a similar dispensary, organised by Dr. Berry, and dispensaries now exist in many other places, as the indirect result of medical missionary work, and the now "flourishing" mission-stations of Sanda, Hikone, and Akashi, were all opened by direct medical missionary effort.

On November 26, Mrs. Gulick and I went a day's journey into the mountains, through exquisite scenery, glorious with autumnal colouring, to Arima, a picturesque village, much resorted to by foreigners during the heat of summer, and famous for bamboo-baskets and straw-boxes, which can now be bought in any quantity in London; and from thence rattled down, through a woodland region, to Sanda, a town of 2000 people (formerly a *daimiyô's* town), in a rice valley. We reached it in the dusk of a chilly November afternoon, but I will not dwell upon the cold and discomfort, or tell how we got the key of an unoccupied house, all damp and decayed-looking, with the floor littered with the rubbish left by the last occupant; how a man came in and sawed up some damp wood; how we made a fire in a stove, which, having been heavily oiled, gave off a black, abominable smoke, which compelled us to dispense with it; how we found some food among the remains of some old stores, and spent nearly four hours in preparing it for supper and breakfast; how hopelessly cold the night was, and how dark and drizzling the morning, for our discomfort arose out of what constituted the interest of our visit — that we were unexpected.

The upper part of Sanda is on a steepish hill, and is almost entirely composed of large old houses, with grounds enclosed by high walls, the dwellings of *samurai*, who clustered round the castle, which is the nucleus of the whole. It is among this class that the Christian

converts are found, and they have built a neat little church, which is self-supporting. We went forth with a lantern to pay some visits among these people, but were left in the dark to stumble up the hill, and to feel our way to the first house, a large rambling mansion, with an old lady at its head, who was sitting under the *kotatsu* (p. 261) with her two sons and their wives, and invited us to "creep in," which we did for a time, and then one of her daughters-in-law guided us to several other large houses, where our reception was courteous, and, lastly, to a handsome dwelling occupied by the leading physician in Sanda. We were taken into a well-lighted room, with fine *kakemono* on the walls, an antique bronze in a recess, a grand *hibachi* in the centre, and a fine lamp hanging over a group of an elderly lady in the place of honour, the physician, his wife, twin daughters, and seven visitors, including a fine bright-looking young man, second master in the Government school. Each person was sitting on his heels on a wadded silk cushion, and each saluted us with three profound bows. Tea, cakes, and sugared slices of sweet potato were passed round, of which we partook, and were much laughed at for our awkwardness with the chopsticks. There were light, warmth, comfort, and friendliness, giving me a new idea of what home life may be among the middle classes, and a frank geniality of manner, slightly European, in pleasant combination with Oriental courtesy. Of this group all are Christians except the head of the house, and he is an intelligent inquirer, and the object of the gathering was to read and discuss the Christian Scriptures for mutual instruction, the Government teacher presiding. This reunion takes place once a week. It was really very interesting to drop in upon it, and to know that this and similar gatherings and groups of Christians in

this and other places have come about as results of medical missionary work, and that in Sanda and elsewhere the "new way" is aided by the influence of its reception by people of education and position. In Sanda, as in many other places, a number of persons have become Christians, and use their influence and money in favour of Christianity, who, for various reasons, have not sought baptism, and are not numbered among the converts.

I do not share the sanguine expectations of those about me as to a rapid spread of Christianity, but that it is destined to be a power in moulding the future of Japan, I do not doubt. Among favourable signs are that it is received as a life rather than as a doctrine, and that various forms of immorality are recognised as incompatible with it. It is tending to bind men together, irrespectively of class, in a true democracy, in a very surprising way. The small Christian congregations are pecuniarily independent, and are vigorous in their efforts. The Kôbe congregation, numbering 350 members, besides contributing nearly 1000 dollars to erect a church, sustaining its own poor, providing medicine and advice for its indigent sick, and paying its own pastor, engages in various forms of benevolent effort, and compensates Christians who are too poor to abstain from work on Sunday for the loss of the day's wages. At Ôsaka the native Christians have established a Christian school for their girls. The Christian students in Kiyôto are intensely zealous, preach through the country in their vacations, and aim at nothing less than the Christianising of Japan. Christian women go among the villages as voluntary missionaries to their own sex. Missionaries and students who itinerate in the interior find, as a result of medical or other missionary effort, that companies of persons meet to read such

of the Scriptures as are translated, and every true convert appears anxious to bring others within the pale of the Christian society.

Doubtless there is an indirect influence against Christianity, but overtly, quiet toleration is the maxim of the Government, and the profession of Christianity does not involve the loss of official position. Thus, the Director of the junior department of the Naval College is an energetic Christian, the second teacher in the Sanda School is the same, and I have heard of others whose renunciation of the national faith has not involved temporal loss. The Government requested Dr. Berry to take charge of the hospital here, and also to inspect and report upon prisons, at the very time that he was engaged in earnest medical missionary work — a fact which must have had some significance among its own subjects. In this region the Buddhist priests have ceased to claim the right to interfere with the wishes of a Christian or his relatives regarding his interment, or to perform heathen rites over his grave. The edicts against Christianity have been removed from public places, and quite lately the Department of Religion, formerly the first in the State, was abolished, and its business transferred to a bureau of the Home Department. This, however, is only an indication of progress in a western direction, and of increasing indifference to religion. Even in prisons the *laissez faire* principle is adopted. Several copies of such of the New Testament books as have been translated, and some other Christian books were given some time ago by Mr. Neesima to the officer of the prison at Otsu, who, not caring to keep them, gave them to a man imprisoned for manslaughter, but a scholar. A few months ago a fire broke out, and 100 incarcerated persons, instead of trying to escape, helped to put out the flames, and to a

man remained to undergo the rest of their sentences. This curious circumstance led to an inquiry as to its cause, and it turned out that the scholar had been so impressed with the truth of Christianity that he had taught it to his fellow-captives, and Christian principle, combined with his personal influence, restrained them from defrauding justice. The scholar was afterwards pardoned, but remained in Otsu to teach more of the "new way" to the prisoners.

There cannot, however, be a greater mistake than that Japan is "ripe for the reception of Christianity." Though the labours of many men and women in many years have resulted in making 1617 converts to the Protestant faith,[1] while the Romanists claim 20,000, the Greeks 3000, and a knowledge of the essentials of Christianity is widely diffused through many districts, *the fact remains that 34,000,000 of Japanese are sceptics or materialists, or are absolutely sunk in childish and degrading superstitions, out of which the religious significance, such as it was, has been lost.*

The chief obstacles in the way of Christianity are, if I judge correctly, the general deadness of the religious instinct and of religious cravings, the connection of the national faiths with the Japanese reverence for ancestors, a blank atheism among the most influential classes, a universal immorality which shrinks from a gospel of self-denial, and the spread of an agnostic philosophy imported from England, while the acts of "Christian" nations and the lives of "Christian" men are regarded as a more faithful commentary on the Law of Sinai and the Sermon on the Mount than that which is put upon them by the missionaries.[2]

[1] A number which the ten months which have elapsed since this letter was written have increased by fifteen hundred.

[2] The ruling spirit of Japan is represented in the following extracts from a paper called, "Of what good is Christianity to Japan?" which

The days when a missionary was "dished up for dinner"[1] at foreign tables are perhaps past, but the anti-

appeared in one of the most influential of the Japanese papers on October 19, 1878: —

"The Christian religion seems to be extending by degrees throughout our country. . . . We have no wish to obey it, nor have we any fear of being troubled by it. As we can enjoy sufficient happiness without any religion whatever, the question as to the merits or demerits of the different forms never enters our head. Indeed, we are of those who, not knowing the existence of religions in the universe, are enjoying perfect happiness. We have no intention of either supporting or attacking the Christian religion. In fact, religion is nothing to us. . . . We do not consider believers in Christianity to be odd or foolish persons, but we take them to be those who are guided in their morals by their religion, and therefore we may say that believers in the Christian religion are those who, spending time and labour, import their morals from a foreign country." The writer, after asking the question, "In associating with foreigners, in what way can we benefit our country?" urges that though the morality of Japan is not blameless, it is rather superior than inferior to that of some western people, while in "intellect," *i. e.* the arts and sciences, Japan is immeasurably behind them. He argues that "Christian believers," therefore, are "wasting their time" upon morals, and concludes thus: — "How careless the Christian believers are in judging the importance of matters! If the time and trouble wasted on improving our morality, which is not deficient in us, were directed towards gaining intellectual knowledge, which *is* deficient in us, the benefit accruing to our country would be not a little. The present Japan is an active country, busy in gaining intellectual acquirements, and therefore no time ought to be allowed to be wasted on any useless affairs." — *Hochi Shimbun.*

[1] In his *Voyages of a Naturalist*, Mr. Darwin, in his severely truthful style, defends missionaries from malignant and vulgar attacks. His manly pages on the subject are well worth reading, but I only quote two or three sentences. "There are many who attack, even more acrimoniously than Kotzebue, the missionaries, their system, and the effects produced by it. Such reasoners never compare the present state with only twenty years ago, nor even with that of Europe at this day, but they compare it with the high standard of gospel perfection. They expect the missionaries to do that which the Apostles themselves failed to do. Inasmuch as the condition of the people falls short of this high standard, blame is attached to the missionary, instead of credit for that which he has effected." Mr. Darwin, after mentioning many sinful habits of the past, says, "They forget, or will not remember, that all these have been abolished, and that dishonesty, intemperance, and licentiousness, have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. But it is useless to argue against such reasoners. I believe that, disappointed in not finding the field for licentiousness

missionary spirit is strong, and the missionaries give a great deal of positive and negative offence, some of which might, perhaps, be avoided. They would doubtless readily confess faults, defects, and mistakes, but with all these, I believe them to be a thoroughly sincere, conscientious, upright, and zealous body of men and women, all working, as they best know how, for the spread of Christianity, and far more anxious to build up a pure Church than to multiply nominal converts. The agents of the different sects abstain from even the appearance of rivalry, and meet for friendly counsel, and instead of perpetuating such separating names as Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists, etc., "the disciples are called CHRISTIANS FIRST."

Without indulging in any unreasonable expectations, it cannot be doubted that the teaching of this large body of persons, and the example of the unquestionable purity of their lives, is paving the way for the reception of the Christianity preached by Japanese evangelists with the eloquence of conviction, and that every true convert is not only a convert but a propagandist, and a centre of the higher morality in which lies the great hope for the future of Japan.

I ardently long to see this people Christianised, not with the nominal Christianity of Christendom, but with the pure, manly, self-sacrificing Christianity of Christ and His apostles. Japanese religious art has done much to please the eye, yet the impression, on the whole, is one of profound melancholy. The religious zeal which covered the land with temples and monasteries, terraced mountain sides in stone, and ascended them by colossal flights of stone stairs, has perished.

quite so open as formerly, they will not give credit to a morality which they do not wish to practise, or to a religion which they undervalue, if not despise." — P. 414.

Myth and Nature worship are reduced to rubbing and clapping the hands, and throwing *rin* upon temple floors. Buddhism, degenerate and idolatrous, is losing its hold over men's fears, and prostrate Buddhas and decaying shrines are seen all over the land. The chill of an atheistic materialism rests upon the upper classes; an advancing education bids religion and morality stand aside, the clang of the new material progress drowns the still, small voice of Christ, the old faiths are dying, the religious instincts are failing, and religious cravings scarcely exist. Even at its best and highest there is an intense mournfulness about Japanese Buddhism, pointing, as it does, to an unattainable perfection, and holding up the terrors of hell to those who fall short of it, but recognising no availing "sacrifice for sin," no "merciful and faithful High Priest," no Father in heaven yearning over mankind with an infinite love, no higher destiny than practical annihilation, being "without hope, and without God in the world."

I. L. B.

CREMATION.

Fine Weather — Cremation in Japan — The Governor of Tôkiyô — An Awkward Question — An Insignificant Building — Economy in Funeral Expenses — Simplicity of the Cremation Process — The Last of Japan.

H.B.M.'s LEGATION, YEDO, *December* 18.

I HAVE spent the last ten days here, in settled fine weather, such as should have begun two months ago, if the climate had behaved as it ought. A cloudless sky, a brilliant sun, and a temperature rarely falling to the freezing-point, are very delightful. I miss Lady Parkes and the children sorely, and she is mourned by every one, not only because she took, as no one else can, the social lead in the English-speaking community, but because of her thoughtful kindness and genuine sympathy with sorrow, no less than for her high sense of truth and justice, and for her judicious reticence of speech, nowhere more important than in such a mixed society as this. The time has flown by, however, in excursions, shopping, select little dinner parties, farewell calls, and visits made with Mr. Chamberlain to the famous groves and temples of Ikegami, where the Buddhist bishop and priests entertained us in one of the guest-rooms, and to Enoshima and Kamakura, "vulgar" resorts which nothing can vulgarise so long as Fujisan towers above them.

I will mention but one "sight" which is so far out of the beaten track that it was only after prolonged

inquiry that its whereabouts was ascertained. Among Buddhists, specially of the Monto sect, cremation was largely practised till it was forbidden five years ago, as some suppose in deference to European prejudices. Three years ago, however, the prohibition was withdrawn, and in this short space of time the number of bodies burned has reached nearly nine thousand annu-

FUJISAN, FROM A VILLAGE ON THE TÔKAIDÔ.

ally. Sir H. Parkes applied for permission for me to visit the Kirigaya ground, one of five, and after a few delays it was granted by the Governor of Tôkiyô at Mr. Mori's request, so yesterday, attended by the Legation linguist, I presented myself at the fine *yashiki* of the Tôkiyô *Fu*, and quite unexpectedly was admitted to an audience of the Governor. Mr. Kusamoto is a

well-bred gentleman, and his face expresses the energy and ability which he has given proof of possessing. He wears his European clothes becomingly, and in attitude, as well as manner, is easy and dignified. After asking me a great deal about my northern tour and the Ainos, he expressed a wish for candid criticism, but as this in the East must not be taken literally, I merely ventured to say that the roads lag behind the progress made in other directions, upon which he entered upon explanations which doubtless apply to the past road-history of the country. He spoke of cremation and its "necessity" in large cities, and terminated the interview by requesting me to dismiss my interpreter and *kuruma*, as he was going to send me to Meguro in his own carriage with one of the Government interpreters, adding very courteously that it gave him pleasure to show this attention to a guest of the British Minister, "for whose character and important services to Japan he has a high value."

An hour's drive, with an extra amount of yelling from the *bettos*, took us to a suburb of little hills and valleys, where red camellias and feathery bamboo against back-grounds of cryptomeria contrast with the grey monotone of British winters, and, alighting at a farm road too rough for a carriage, we passed through fields and hedgerows to an erection which looks too insignificant for such solemn use. Don't expect any ghastly details. A longish building of "wattle and dab," much like the northern farmhouses, a high roof, and chimneys resembling those of the "oast houses" in Kent, combine with the rural surroundings to suggest "farm buildings" rather than the "funeral pyre," and all that is horrible is left to the imagination.

The end nearest the road is a little temple, much crowded with images, and small, red, earthenware urns

and tongs for sale to the relatives of deceased persons, and beyond this are four rooms with earthen floors and mud walls; nothing noticeable about them except the height of the peaked roof and the dark colour of the plaster. In the middle of the largest are several pairs of granite supports at equal distances from each other, and in the smallest there is a solitary pair. This was literally all that was to be seen. In the large room several bodies are burned at one time, and the charge is only one *yen*, about 3s. 8d., solitary cremation costing five *yen*. Faggots are used, and 1s. worth ordinarily suffices to reduce a human form to ashes. After the funeral service in the house, the body is brought to the cremation ground, and is left in charge of the attendant, a melancholy, smoked-looking man, as well he may be. The richer people sometimes pay priests to be present during the burning, but this is not usual. There were five "quick-tubs" of pine hooped with bamboo in the larger room, containing the remains of coolies, and a few oblong pine chests in the small rooms containing those of middle-class people. At 8 P.M., each "coffin" is placed on the stone trestles, the faggots are lighted underneath, the fires are replenished during the night, and by 6 A.M. that which was a human being is a small heap of ashes, which is placed in an urn by the relatives and is honourably interred. In some cases the priests accompany the relations on this last mournful errand. Thirteen bodies were burned the night before my visit, but there was not the slightest odour in or about the building, and the interpreter told me that, owing to the height of the chimneys, the people of the neighbourhood never experience the least annoyance, even while the process is going on. The simplicity of the arrangement is very remarkable, and there can be no reasonable doubt that it serves the

purpose of the innocuous and complete destruction of the corpse as well as any complicated apparatus (if not better), while its cheapness places it within the reach of the class which is most heavily burdened by ordinary funeral expenses.[1] This morning the Governor sent his secretary to present me with a translation of an interesting account of the practice of cremation and its introduction into Japan.

S.S. "*Volga*," *Christmas Eve*, 1878. — The snowy dome of Fujisan reddening in the sunrise rose above the violet woodlands of Mississippi Bay as we steamed out of Yokahama Harbour on the 19th, and three days later I saw the last of Japan — a rugged coast, lashed by a wintry sea. I. L. B.

[1] The following very inaccurate but entertaining account of this expedition was given by the *Yomi-uri-Shimbun*, a daily newspaper with the largest, though not the most aristocratic circulation in Tôkiyô, being taken in by the servants and tradespeople. It is a literal translation made by Mr. Chamberlain. "The person mentioned in our yesterday's issue as 'an English subject of the name of Bird' is a lady from Scotland, a part of England. This lady spends her time in travelling, leaving this year the two American continents for a passing visit to the Sandwich Islands, and landing in Japan early in the month of May. She has toured all over the country, and even made a five months' stay in the Hokkaido, investigating the local customs and productions. Her inspection yesterday of the cremation ground at Kirigaya is believed to have been prompted by a knowledge of the advantages of this method of disposing of the dead, and a desire to introduce the same into England (!) On account of this lady's being so learned as to have published a quantity of books, His Excellency the Governor was pleased to see her yesterday, and to show her great civility, sending her to Kirigaya in his own carriage, a mark of attention which is said to have pleased the lady much (!)"

JAPANESE PUBLIC AFFAIRS.[1]

THE new era dates from 1868. Up to the twelfth century Japan was ruled by the Mikado, who was believed to be directly descended from the gods who created the country. This ruler by "divine right," exercised his absolute power through the *Kugé* or court nobles, mostly connections of his own, who monopolised the chief offices, constituted the membership of the two great councils which arranged religious and secular affairs, and filled the principal posts in the eight executive departments of the empire.

After the twelfth century, when the feudal system rose, the governing power gradually passed out of the hands of the Mikado and his nobles into those of the great feudal families, and in 1603 became concentrated in Iyéyasu, the head of the Tokugawa dynasty, successive members of which exercised it for two centuries and a half. All this time a shadowy Mikado nominally reigned in the old palace in Kiyôto, but power and splendour had passed to his chief vassal, who, under the title of Shôgun, actually ruled from the Castle of Yedo.

[1] The authorities for the statements in this sketch are — Mr. Mounsey's *Satsuma Rebellion;* figures and facts supplied by the courtesy of the Statistical Department of the Japanese Government; two lectures on "The National Debt of Japan," by Mr. Mayét, Counsellor to the Japanese Finance Department; the Finance Estimates for the year ending June 30, 1880; and the Reports presented by the heads of the Mint, Post Office, Telegraph, and Education Departments, to Sanjo Sanéyoshi, the Prime Minister.

and was usually strong enough to impose his will on his sovereign. It was this system of dual government which gave rise to the fiction of "spiritual" and "temporal" emperors.

The *daimiyô* were feudal princes, who, having originally conquered their domains by the sword, exercised independent jurisdiction within their limits, but were bound to render certain acts of homage to the Shôgun, whose government was composed of those among them on whose loyalty he could rely. The *samurai*, their "two-sworded" retainers, who had won their provinces for them, and had been rewarded by grants of land, were not only the fighting men of the Empire, but its most public-spirited and best-educated class.

Of these political orders the *kugé*, who were poor, but still retained their old *prestige*, numbered about 150 families; the *daimiyô*, with their quasi-independent position, 268; and the *samurai*, the "backbone of the nation," about 400,000 households. Below these there was the *heimin*, a vast, unrecognised mass of men without position, farmers, artisans, merchants, and peasants, separated by laws forbidding intermarriage from the pariah castes of the *eta*, who handled raw hides and other contaminating things; and the *hinin*, "not humans," paupers, allowed to squat on waste lands, who lived by beggary, carried bodies from the execution grounds, and performed other degraded offices, this mass, without political privileges, numbering 32,000,000. The Shôgun was the actual depository of power, but, above all was the secluded Mikado, theoretically the source of all authority, and "a name to conjure with."

The reasons for the Revolution must be sought for elsewhere, but it must not be overlooked that contact with western power and civilisation, and the diffusion

of western ideas through the medium of translated literature, were among its predisposing causes; that it was a few leading men in a few of the clans, together with a very few *daimiyô* who had not succumbed to the luxury and effeminacy of their class, who organised and successfully carried out the dethronement of the *Shôgun*, and the restoration of the Mikado; and that it is the leading men of the clans, and not men of the old aristocracy, who have held the reins of power ever since.

In 1868 Keiki, the last Shôgun, retired into private life, and in 1869 nearly the whole of the *daimiyô* petitioned to be allowed to yield up their fiefs and quasi-sovereign rights to the Mikado, praying him to take absolute power, and to establish the internal relations of the country upon such a footing "that the Empire will be able to take its place side by side with the other countries of the world." This proposal was accepted, a tenth of their former revenues was allotted to them; a provision was made for their retainers, and by 1871 when the clans were finally abolished, the feudal system of Japan, with its splendour and oppressiveness, had ceased to exist. There has been no very important movement against the new Government except the Satsuma Rebellion in 1877, which cost Japan 13,000 killed, and 21,000 wounded men, and £8,400,000 in money, besides enormous losses arising from the destruction of property and the depression of trade.

Since 1868 Japan, casting away her traditions of seclusion, and detaching herself from the fellowship of Oriental nations, has astonished the world by the rapidity of her progress, the skill with which she has selected and appropriated many of the most valuable results of western civilisation, the energy with which she has reconstructed herself, and the governing capacity which

has been shown by men untrained in statecraft. In the glitter and *éclat* of this unique movement we must not forget that the Japanese throne is still founded on a religious fiction, that the Government is still "despotic and idolatrous," that the peasantry are ignorant and enslaved by superstition; that taxation presses heavily on the cultivator; that money raised with difficulty is spent ofttimes on objects non-essential to the progress, and alien to the genius, of the nation; that the official class still suffers from the taint which pervades Asiatic officialdom; that the educational system is not only incomplete, but suffers from radical defects; that the reform of the legal system is only in its infancy; that the means of internal communication are infamous; that the tone of morality is universally low; that the nation is a heathen nation, steeped in heathen ideas and practices; and that the work of making Japan a really great empire is only in its beginning. For what she has already done she claims from western nations hearty sympathy and cordial co-operation, freedom to consolidate and originate internal reforms unembarrassed by pressure applied by stronger powers for selfish purposes, and to be aided by friendly criticism rather than retarded by indiscriminate praise.

The pages which follow bring together very briefly some of the most outstanding facts connected with the present position of Japan, and refer the thoughtful reader to the carefully prepared pages from which they are taken.

In 1869 the present Mikado, in the presence of the grandees of the Empire, swore solemnly "that a deliberative assembly should be formed; that all measures should be decided by public opinion; that the uncivilised customs of former times should be broken through; that the impartiality and justice displayed in the work-

ings of nature should be adopted as the basis of action; and that intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world in order to establish the foundations of the Empire." Though this oath of progress was but the word of a boy brought up in the seclusion of Kiyôto, it represented the conviction and settled purpose of the men who led the Revolution, and have piloted the Empire through the perils of the last eleven years. It is now 1880, and the first instalment of representative institutions, though in their most elementary form, was granted last year.

The composition of the Government is subject to change, but in its main features is as follows: — The Mikado is an absolute sovereign. He administers affairs through a Supreme Council, which consists of the Prime Minister, the Vice-Prime Minister, and the heads of the great Departments of State, and meets on fixed days in the Mikado's presence. This is the actual Government. Below this is a Legislative Council, composed of eminent men, and presided over by an Imperial prince. It elaborates such new laws, and reforms in old ones, as are determined on by the Supreme Council, but cannot initiate any legislative measures without its consent. There is also an "assembly of local officials," consisting of one superior officer from each of the three *Fu* (the cities of Tôkiyô, Kiyôto, and Ôsaka) and the thirty-five *Ken* (administrative departments); but it meets but rarely, and is a strictly consultative body, its functions being to advise on matters concerning taxation.

The chief Departments of State are Foreign Affairs, Finance (which embraces the Mint, Tax, Paper Money, Statistical, Audit, Loan, Record, and Paymaster's Departments, and the State Printing-office), War, Marine, Education, Public Works, Justice, Colonisation, the Imperial household, and the Interior, the most impor-

tant of all (into which the Department of Religion was merged not long ago), which embraces everything not covered by the other Departments, and which has a capacity for centralisation which could scarcely be exceeded.

A Government so constituted is strictly a despotism ruling through a bureaucracy, but a step towards constitutionalism has been taken lately by the calling together of provincial parliaments. All males above 20, who pay land-tax amounting to £1 annually, are entitled to vote, persons who have been sentenced to penal servitude for one year for offences not commutable by fine, and bankrupts who have not paid their liabilities in full, alone excepted. Voting is by ballot. The property qualification for members consists in the annual payment of £2 of land-tax; but persons holding Government or religious appointments are ineligible. The functions of these "primary assemblies" are at present limited to the discussion and arrangement of the expenditure to be met out of the local taxes, and the method of levying such taxes; but a possible enlargement is provided for in the edict by which they were instituted. These novel elections passed off quietly, and the newly constituted bodies, which met in March 1879, confined themselves to the business before them, and to settling their forms of procedure. The importance of this initial step in a constitutional direction on the part of an Asiatic despotism has not been sufficiently recognised by foreigners.

For administrative purposes Japan is divided into three *Fu* and thirty-five *Ken*, each with a Governor or Prefect, and a staff of officials responsible to the Ministry of the Interior, the Island of Yezo, for some occult reason, being under the Colonisation Department.

Official salaries, judged by western notions, are not

high. The "Premier," Sanjo, receives only £1920 annually, and the chief and vice-ministers of the different departments £1440 and £960 respectively.

Protected by her insular position, Japan ought not to have any enemies, and a large armed force, besides being an expense and a source of internal danger, is a standing temptation to her to make aggressions upon her weaker neighbors. On the abolition of the *samurai* or military class, she created a standing army, raised by conscription, and equipped, drilled, and disciplined on European models, by a commission of French officers. It consists of 35,560 men in time of peace, and 50,230 when on a war footing, besides a reserve of 20,000, not yet completely organised. The war estimates for 1880 are £1,438,020.

The navy consists of thirteen ships on active service, ironclad, ironbelted, composite, and wooden, all steamers, carrying 2250 men and 87 guns, besides 10 training-ships and 4 yachts, which, with the addition of 897 unattached men and officers, brings up its total strength to 27 vessels, 4242 men, and 149 guns. The naval drill and discipline are English. The principal navy yard is at Yokosuka, near Yokohama. The naval estimates for 1880 are £527,994.

The police force, a very important body, with very multifarious and responsible duties, is composed of 23,334 men, 5672 of whom are quartered in Tôkiyô. The pay of the chief commissioner is £60 per month, inspectors receive from £12 to £3, and constables from £2 : 10s. to 16s. according to their grade. The police estimates for 1880 are £497,000. Taken altogether, this force, which is composed mainly of men of the *samurai* class, is well-educated and efficient, performs its duties with far less of harassment to the people than might be expected from Asiatic officials, and may turn out to be more reliable than the army.

One of the earliest undertakings of the new Government was the establishment of a mail route between Tôkiyô and Ôsaka in 1871, the signal for the disappearance of the unclothed runner with the letters in the cleft of a stick, who figures so frequently in accounts of Japan. So rapid was postal progress that by the date of the last report 34,545 miles of mail routes had been opened, the mileage is annually increasing, and the service both by sea and land is so admirably conducted as to rival in some degree our own, on which it is modelled. The foreign mail service is carefully managed, and the Japanese post office, after a thorough trial, has proved itself so efficient that the foreign postal agencies are being abolished one after the other, the last remaining being the French, which will shortly close.

With stamps of all denominations, post-cards, stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers, facilities for registering letters, money order offices, post-office savings banks, a G. P. O. and branches, receiving agencies, street and wayside letter-boxes, postal deliveries, and a "dead letter" office, the foreigner need be at no loss with regard to his correspondence, and if he can read the Chinese character, he may instruct himself by maps of mail routes, a postal guide giving details of post-office business, a postal history of Japan, and a general post-office directory of the Empire, not yet completed!

The last Report given to the public by Mr. Mayeshima, the Postmaster-General, is an ably prepared and comprehensive document, and gives a most satisfactory account of increasing business and diminishing expenses, and in the estimates for 1880 it is assumed (and not unreasonably) that the revenue will cover the expenditure. In the year ending with June 1878, the number of letters, newspapers, etc., sent through the post was 47,192,286, an increase over the preceding year of 23

per cent, and over 1876 of 56 per cent, and of this large number only 62 were stolen, and only 91 were "missing"! Of the aggregate number nearly 25 millions were letters, 763,000 were registered letters, 10 millions were post-cards, *and 9½ millions were newspapers.* The number of money orders issued was 204,367, representing £558,072, a decrease of 21 per cent on the previous year, but the post-office savings banks, which number 292, show an increase of 131, an increase in the number of deposits of 83 per cent, in the amount deposited of 270 per cent, and in depositors of 5000, the average amount deposited by each depositor being about £3 : 10s. The Post-Office employs 7000 persons, of which number thirteen are foreigners.

The telegraphic system of Japan merits high encomiums for its trustworthiness and general efficiency. The first short line was erected in 1869: telegraph progress has been going on since at the rate of about 600 miles a year; a thousand miles were in course of construction when the new buildings in Tôkiyô were opened in 1878, and eight thousand miles are now in operation. Bell's Telephones have been imported, and are used successfully in connection with the Public Works' Department. The number of persons employed in the Telegraph service is 1410. The tariff for European messages is considerably higher than for Japanese. During the year ending with June 1878, 1,045,442 messages were transmitted, only 23,000 of which were foreign, an increase of 364,503 messages in one year. The native newspapers are growing into the habit of presenting their readers with telegraphic news items, and the Japanese have taken as readily to the telegraph as to other innovations.

Railroad development has been very slow. Only 76½ miles are open, and though 500 are projected, it is not

likely that much progress will be made for some years to come. The cost of construction cannot be ascertained, as Japanese officials arrange all contracts and payments without furnishing information to the foreign engineers. The lines are substantially built, with earthworks for a double way, and neat stations on the English model. One source of difficulty and expense, which helps to retard railroad progress, is that the beds of the rivers, by repeated embankments, have mostly been raised higher than the land through or over which they pass, and whether bridging or tunnelling be the least costly process, is a problem. I have already pointed out very frequently that Japan is miserably furnished with the means of internal communication, and that good roads are among her most urgent needs.

The Japanese mercantile marine is constantly increasing in importance, and the *Mitsu Bishi* steamers, as to management, *cuisine*, and general comfort, bear comparison with some of our own leading lines. This company has now nearly all the steam coasting traffic of Japan in its hands, and an efficient mail service to Shanghai and Hong Kong. The total Japanese steam tonnage is 36,543 tons, but, in addition, there are a number of lake and river steamers, of which no statistics exist. The number of steamers above 100 tons is 57.

The number of vessels of foreign rig and build is increasing. There are now 76 of the latter class above 100 tons, and the total tonnage is 27,319 tons. The picturesque but comparatively unseaworthy junk is likely to be slowly displaced by the handier schooner of foreign construction. In 1872 the number of junks above 6 tons was 17,258, but, though junk statistics have not been taken since, the number is now estimated at 15,000 only. Some of these are as much as 190 tons, but, taking the average at 31, the total junk navy is

468,750 tons. The fishing fleet is enormous, and a large portion of the very large coast population is engaged in this industry. The boats under 6 ton and over 18 feet long number 33,047, and the boats under 18 feet 399,399.

The mercantile marine regulations are tolerably stringent. Marine Schools have been formed for giving theoretical and practical instruction in navigation and engineering, and all masters, officers, and engineers of native owned vessels, must pass examinations and possess certificates, in order to obtain or retain nautical positions. That the examinations are not a matter of form may be inferred from the fact that at the last, out of 219 candidates, 69, including 9 foreigners, failed to "pass!" The coasts are now fairly well lighted, and most of the channels, shoals, and sunken rocks, have been surveyed and buoyed.

Japan has two Mints, a paper money mint at Tôkiyô, and a metallic mint at Ôsaka; the latter, one of the largest and most complete in the world. It, like the other public works of the new era, was organised by foreigners, but, of the foreign staff, only two remain, the chemist and assayer, and the engineer, with a Japanese staff of 602 persons, including a doctor. The total value of the coinage struck from 1870 to the date of the last report exceeds £17,000,000.

The gold coinage is mainly confined to 5 *yen* pieces, which are nearly equal to a sovereign. The silver coins are the *yen*, the trade dollar, and 50, 20, 10, and 5 *sen* pieces. In the year ending 30th June 1879, 92,073 gold coins were struck; of silver *yen*, 1,879,354; of the trade dollar, 32,717; of 10 *sen*, 201,509; and of the 5 *sen*, 2,894,201. The copper coins are 2 *sen*, 1 *sen*, ½ *sen*, and 1 *rin*, and of these 83 millions were struck. There was, however, a deficiency in "small change," be-

cause of the quantities of small silver coin sent by Government to China and the Straits Settlements, where it was sold at a considerable discount. The value of the coinage for the year was £686,911, and the total value struck at the Ôsaka mint since its commencement exceeds £17,000,000 sterling. The Government paper money in circulation, which consists of notes from 10 *sen* upwards, amounts to £22,675,598; but in addition, £7,000,000 of notes have been issued by the Japanese banks, not on the security of a certain quantity of coin, but on that of Government paper. The depreciation of this Government paper is a very disquieting symptom — the discount occasionally reaching 52 per cent. People naturally infer that Government credit is bad, the paper issues being based on insufficient metallic reserves. During my journeys in Japan I never saw a gold coin in circulation; small silver coins were difficult to obtain even in Yokohama, and from Nikkô northwards, except at Niigata, I never saw any silver, or a single copper coin of the new coinage, the circulating *media* being paper, under a *yen* in value; the large, oval *tempo*, and the old *rin* with a hole in the middle, my own specimens of the new silver and copper coinage being regarded as curiosities, marked preference being shown, as in Scotland, for "notes," no matter how old or soiled.

The newspaper press, which consists mainly of "dailies" and "weeklies" is one of the singular features of the new era. The first newspaper was started in 1871, they numbered 211 in the middle of 1879, their number is always on the increase, and they have an aggregate circulation of nearly 29 million copies. Eleven millions and a quarter passed through the Post Office in the year ending 30th June 1879, an increase of over 100 per cent on the number carried in 1876. They circulate among all classes, and I have reason to think that

a desire to read them is a strong stimulant to the desire for education in the country districts. The staple of many of them is sensational news items, current rumours, and novelettes, which are said to minister to depraved tastes, and to corrupt the morals of the young. The better class discuss finance, commerce, morals, Christianity, the position of women, the Western movement, innovations, education, law reform, and all subjects which affect Japan, but politics are handled with extreme caution, for the press is shackled by rigid press laws, enforced by heavy penalties, and these were rendered more stringent in 1878. Their tone can be judged of by their leading articles, of which translations appear weekly in the *Japan Mail*. Ignorance of the first principles of political economy, as we understand them, is usually shown, but many subjects are treated with breadth and ability, and the articles are pervaded by remarkable earnestness and an intense though narrow patriotism.

The administration of law is undergoing extensive reform and alteration, and as its present condition can only be regarded as tentative, the remarks which follow are confined to the criminal code.

Under the old *régime* Japanese law was based upon the Chinese codes known as those of the Ming and Tsing dynasties, and the criminal code promulgated in 1871 and altered and supplemented in 1873, was mainly an adaptation of these to the needs of modern Japan. These codes, with some additions notified in 1877, at present constitute the whole penal law of the country, only press offences and some minor infringements of administrative and police regulations being excluded from its operation, but military and naval offenders are not amenable to the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts. The excessive penalties of the Chinese codes have been

modified in deference to modern humanitarian teachings, and Japanese law in practice rarely errs on the side of undue severity.

There are twenty degrees of punishment, ten of which involve from ten to one hundred days' imprisonment, and the other ten, penal servitude from one year up to captivity for life. In some cases imprisonment, where it is unaccompanied with "hard labour," may be undergone in the offender's own house, his relations being responsible for his safe custody, and punishment undergoes a few other modifications varying with the rank of the criminal. Persons who, before discovery, make a full confession of other crimes than those against the person are exempted from penalties.

The system of criminal procedure consists of a series of private examinations of the accused person and witnesses. The accused is not assisted by experts or friends, he cannot interrogate the witnesses, nor can he compel those to appear who could give evidence in his favour. The prosecutor, who is always an official, sits on the bench with the judges, and trial is merely an investigation. Torture, though not formally abolished, is, it is believed, rarely practised, and the use of an "Investigation Whip" is left to the discretion of the judges, who, if they resort to it at all, do so only when they are satisfied of the guilt of an accused person who protests his innocence.

The law, severe to female criminals in some respects, is tender in others, and allows them to expiate grave offences, except that of "violation of filial duty," by fines, and shows a peculiar lenity to the very young and very old, persons between the ages of 10 and 15, and between 70 and 80, being allowed to commute any punishment, except that of death, by the payment of a fine, while those between 7 and 10 and between 80 and

90 can only be punished for theft and wounding, and those under 7 and over 90 are ineligible for punishment at all!

Wilful murder, under which head infanticide is classed, is punished with death, and assaults are severely dealt with, a mere blow with the hand being visited with 20 days' penal servitude. Assaults on Government officials are punished according to the rank of the official assaulted, and the penalties are exceptionally severe, extending even unto death. Offences against property are treated severely, robbery by armed men, if it succeeds, being punishable by beheading, and if it fails, by hanging. Common robbery is visited with penal servitude for life, and accidental homicide, during the commission of a robbery, by hanging.

The domestic laws, as we may term them, are strongly in favour of husbands and parents. Thus, a husband may assault his wife as much as he pleases if he avoids making a cutting wound, and even then the public prosecutor cannot take cognisance of the offence except at the wife's request, but if a wife commits a common assault on her husband, she is liable to 100 days' penal servitude, and for a husband to slay an offending wife and her paramour is no crime at all, unless a certain time has elapsed since the discovery of the offence. A parent who beats a child to death only incurs 2½ years of penal servitude, and a parent bringing a false and malicious accusation against a child is not punished at all; but a child who disobeys the lawful commands of his parent is liable to penal servitude for 100 days. Non-observance of the prescribed period of mourning for parents is visited with penal servitude for one year. A senior relative is not punished for an assault on a junior, unless an incised wound be inflicted, and even then the penalty is mitigated according to the

nearness of the relationship. A recent statute prohibits parents and husbands from selling their wives or daughters to the *jôrôyas* without their consent, under severe penalties. Discarding the son of a wife in favour of that of a concubine is visited with 90 days' penal servitude, and a father who turns his son-in-law out of doors, and gives his wife to a second husband, incurs the same penalty. Breaches of the seventh commandment are punished by penal servitude for one year, without distinction of sex.

Lovers arrested in the act of committing suicide, are punished by ten years of penal servitude. Trafficking in opium is forbidden under pain of beheading, and inciting to the use of it, under pain of hanging. Gambling is punished by penal servitude for 80 days, unless the stakes have been limited to something which can be eaten or drunk. Misconduct not specially provided against in the codes is termed "impropriety," and may be visited with from 30 to 100 days of penal servitude. Among "improprieties" are breaking idols, disseminating false, malicious, or alarming reports, and publishing written matter which may cause difficulties in the administration of the Government, the latter being a heading under which all free expression of opinion is liable to be classed.

The Government is thoroughly in earnest in the reform of its judicial system, and has been engaged for some time past in the compilation of a new penal code, which, it is understood, will be modelled on the French criminal law. Whether the French or any other European system is suited to the present condition of the Japanese people is a question of great importance and difficulty, and the Government will probably not be in a hurry to decide it. A new code on a European model will compel the careful training of the Judges who are

to apply it, the reorganisation of the Courts, and the establishment of a system of procedure which will admit of evidence being taken according to fixed rules. It will also demand that accused persons in criminal cases shall be openly tried and defended, and that there shall be a free examination of witnesses, both by the prosecution and defence. A system of procedure so novel and alien to custom and precedent, could only be carried out effectively by judges of independent position, aided by an educated bar, but the officials who at present occupy the bench are removable at the will of the Minister of Justice, and barristers are not yet recognised in Japanese courts.[1] Legal reform is one of the most important questions which the Government has to face, and the promulgation of a code, however admirable, is only the initial step. It not only involves the reconstruction of the Courts, the abolition of the present system of procedure, and the creation of a new judicature, but a revolution in Japanese traditional notions of justice, and in the customs which are interwoven with centuries of national life. In the present preliminary stage of reform, the administration of justice fails to command the confidence of foreigners, and foreign governments are naturally unwilling to surrender the extra-territorial rights acquired by treaty, which place their subjects in Japan, as in other Oriental countries, under the jurisdiction of their own laws.

Nothing is more surprising than the efforts which the Government is making to educate the people, and it is addressing itself to this task annually with increasing thoroughness. The new educational system was planned on a noble scale in 1873, by an ordinance which divided the Empire into seven school districts, and gave one

[1] The "advocates" mentioned on p. 317, vol. i., are what in England would be called "attorneys."

school to every 600 inhabitants. It is based upon elementary schools, and ascends through Middle and Normal Schools to Foreign Language Schools, and Colleges for Special Sciences. The Education Report for 1877, published in 1879, gives the number of elementary schools at 25,459, with a total of 59,825 teachers, 58,267 of whom were males and 1558 females. The total number of scholars was 2,162,962, or 1,594,792 boys and 568,220 girls, school age being from six to fourteen. The increase on the previous year was 12.27 per cent, but the percentage of daily attendance, which was 70.77, was a decrease of 4.13 per cent.

In these schools the older pupils learn both the *katakana* and the Chinese characters; they read geography and history, are exercised in arithmetic with western numerals and signs, and are trained to give "object lessons" to the younger scholars, a form of instruction which finds increasing favour. Something is done for health by means of light and heavy gymnastics, and among recent innovations is the orderly marching to and from seats. In some schools the boys are trained to give precedence to girls. Examinations take place at the re-opening after the holidays, and officers appointed by the Education Department inspect the schools and report upon their efficiency. Different text books to the number of 174 are used, mostly of foreign origin, and often misleading from the imperfections of the translation.

The course of study and the regulations for the primary schools were modelled on those of the Government Normal Schools, uniformity being the object aimed at; but it has been found that the neglect of local custom, aptitude, and requirements, and the ignoring of the differences between a rural and urban population produced very unsatisfactory results, and the system is

undergoing modifications which will increase its efficiency. Simpler text-books are being prepared, as, for instance, one on geography, in which the physical conditions, productions, etc., of the special locality for which it is required are treated of. The standard of instruction has been raised too high for a peasant population, and has increased the difficulty of obtaining competent teachers; and hard and fast rules as to school terms, in regions where children pursue industrial occupations, have prevented many from attending schools at all.

It was intended that the elementary school system should be administered by the people, but it has been found that it has largely fallen into the hands of local Government officials. In the report issued in 1877 Mr. Tanaka, then acting Minister of Education, remarks that although at first "educational matters required direct interference on the part of public officers, it would be a misfortune for the interests of schools to be left continually so," and fears "lest, owing to a want of interest on the part of the people, a retrograde movement may set in." He foreshadows Japanese school-boards by saying that "school matters should be committed as far as possible to the self-management of the people, by making them understand that it is their duty to assume the matters of schools to themselves," and advises the local governments to give them all the encouragement and help which can assist them in the performance of this duty.

It must not be overlooked that the initial difficulty in Japanese education arises from the complexity of the language and of the ideographic symbols, and that the teaching of 3000 of the latter is undertaken in the primary schools! The supply of properly qualified teachers for the lower grades of schools, though increas

ing, is still deficient, and imperfect training is still answerable for defects, many men taking their places as pedagogues after only 100 days in the normal schools.

The total revenue for the year was £1,340,000, of which sum £537,000 was made up by local votes, £161,000 by voluntary contributions, £78,000 by fees, and £109,000 by Government aid, the expenditure being £1,072,000, and the total value of school property £2,593,000; teachers' salaries averaged something under £9 a year, and school fees about 8d. for each child. It is to be noted that besides £161,000 in money voluntarily contributed for the primary schools, they received large donations of land, 310 buildings, 16,576 sets of school apparatus, 26,507 complete sets of books, and miscellaneous contributions to the amount of £1200. Within the last five years the voluntary contributions in money only *have exceeded one million seven hundred thousand pounds!*

The middle schools have increased rapidly in numbers during the last four years, in consequence mainly of an increased desire for the acquisition of the higher common branches of learning. The course of instruction extends over 2½, 3, 4, or 5 years, and the studies, slightly modified by local considerations are as follows: — writing, grammar, composition, drawing, language, foreign languages (English being taught in 15 schools), geography, history, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, natural history, physiology, agriculture, mechanics, commerce, book-keeping, statistics, mental and moral philosophy, political economy, law, and gymnastics. This is a very ambitious course, for which the instruction in the primary schools can scarcely be regarded as preparatory. There were 389 middle schools, with 910 teachers, only 23 of whom were females. In these schools there is the first ap-

pearance of the foreign element in education, 15 foreign men and 1 foreign woman being employed. The number of students was 20,522, an increase of nearly 9000 over the previous year, but the female students only number 1112.

The educational system includes schools for special sciences, of which there were 52 in different localities, with 161 teachers and 3361 students. These colleges teach law, medicine, agriculture, commerce, navigation, chemistry, mathematics, etc. Mathematics was the specialty of the larger number of them, and medical and commercial schools come next in order, the medical being by far the most important.

The edifice is crowned by the University of Tôkiyô, which includes departments of law, literature, and science, the Tôkiyô Medical College, a preparatory department formerly known as an English language school, and a botanic garden. The number of students in the three first departments was 710, and the instructors numbered 56, 32 being Japanese, and 24 foreign. The preparatory course includes English, mathematics, geography, physics, chemistry, history, political economy, philosophy, natural history, drawing, etc., and covers three years. The special course of *Law* embraces International and the various branches of English Law; *Science* includes Chemistry, Physics, and Engineering; and *Literature*, which is a new department, includes the different branches usually taught under that head. The complete graduation course is five years. During 1875–1876 nineteen students of special ability were sent to foreign countries, of which number more than half have completed their education, and have obtained the master's or bachelor's degree of the universities or colleges to which they were sent. They receive loans of £200 a year, a heavy debt with which to start upon poorly-salaried life at home.

The Medical Department, which is mainly under German influence, divides its students into two classes, medical and pharmaceutical, and provides two courses. preparatory and special. The supply of instructed practitioners is so limited that a short and simple course of medicine for day students was organised in 1876, and in 1877, 293 students availed themselves of it. The preparatory course includes geology, botany, natural history, mineralogy, geography, physics, mathematics, chemistry, German, Latin, etc.; and the special course comprises medicine, surgery, obstetrics, zoölogy, botany, materia medica, anatomy, histology, physics, physiology, and chemistry. A hospital, library, anatomical rooms, botanical and zoölogical collections, and an extensive supply of surgical and medical apparatus, are attached to the department, and in 1877, 117 corpses were subjected to dissection. The hospital treated 836 in-patients and 4290 out-patients in the same period. At least seven-tenths of the medical practitioners of the Empire still pursue the method of the Chinese schools, and the Medical College promises a most important advance in curative and surgical science. The total number of day and resident medical students, including those in the preparatory department, was 1040, with 24 Japanese and 11 foreign instructors. The annual cost of the four departments of the University of Tôkiyô is estimated at £55,000.

There were two Normal Colleges (*i.e.* Normal schools for training teachers for the middle schools), with 25 instructors and 177 students; and 96 Normal schools (for training teachers for the elementary schools), 5 of which were for females. The latter contained 7222 males and 727 females, and were instructed by 766 male and 24 female teachers. The scarcity of competent teachers for the elementary schools is still severely felt,

and the Government is most anxious to extend the supply and increase the acquirements of teachers by rendering the course of study and training in these schools more complete and efficient. The Normal School course covers two years, and usually comprehends history, geography, mathematics, physics, chemistry, natural history, moral philosophy, political economy, physiology, book-keeping, composition, pedagogics, practice of teaching, hygiene, singing, and gymnastics, to which logic and the elements of English are occasionally added.

The foreign language schools were at one time regarded as of great importance, and certain progressive persons, notably Mr. Mori, the present Minister to England, cherished hopes of the introduction of English under certain modifications into Japan as the written and eventually as the spoken language, and many people here seem to suppose that this project has made much headway. It is a remarkable fact that in the single year dealt with by the last report (that for 1877) the number of foreign language schools decreased from 92 to 28, and that the chief reason assigned for the decrease is that "the people have learned that foreign languages are not very useful or serviceable outside of the large cities opened for commerce, and that they cannot be profitably studied by the mass of the population." In the same year the number of native teachers decreased by 298, and that of foreign teachers by 35; that of male students by 4223, and that of females by 347. In the schools which remain English is taught in 25, German in 1, Chinese in 1, and French, German, Russian, and Chinese in 1, the total number being 28, with 109 teachers, 27 of whom are foreign, and 1522 students, 120 of whom were females.

The total number of foreign teachers in Government

employment was 97, 65 of whom were English and American.

Increased attention is being paid to female education, the various mission schools are producing considerable rivalry, and the Empress Haruku has come prominently forward as a patroness of "the higher education of women." In the elementary schools, the number of female teachers was 1558, an increase of over 100 per cent on the number in 1875, and with the advantages offered by 5 Normal schools, the number of women who are qualifying themselves for the profession of teaching is increasing considerably. The number being trained in the Normal schools was 727, an increase of 264 on the previous year; but in the middle schools there was a decrease in the already small number of female students. In the primary schools the number of girls had increased 8.34 per cent, while the number of boys had only increased 3.93, but still of the total number of children in these schools, the girls are only one-third. The pupils in the schools for female handicraft number nearly 3000. Mr. Tanaka is strongly in favour of the multiplication of female teachers. He writes, "The education of children should be so conducted as to develop grace and gentleness of manners and deportment. If they are brought up under the influence of the gentler qualities of female teachers, a much better result may be expected to be attained than where they are trained entirely by men."

Instruction is everywhere conveyed on Western principles, and the pupils in the upper schools are required to sit on benches and work at desks. In the Government colleges, innovation is carried so far that the students eat food prepared in European fashion, and use knives and forks.

Intellectual ardour, eager receptiveness, admirable

behaviour, earnest self-control, docility, and an appetite for hard and continuous work, characterise Japanese students; and their average intellectual power and general ability are regarded by their foreign teachers as equal to those of Western students. Further comparisons must be left to the future. The earnest work done by both teachers and students has already resulted in the turning out of a number of young men, well equipped both in the intellectual and technical training needed for practical work; and it is not too much to expect that in a few years the empire will be able to dispense with the services of foreigners in most of the Government departments, and that the resources of Japan will be developed by the Japanese.

It remains to be pointed out that in the absence of a compulsory law, only 39.9 per cent of the population of school age is at school, *i.e.* that 3,158,000 children are not receiving any instruction, that a large proportion of the peasantry is in the lowest stage of mental development, that throughout extensive districts the children are surrounded by influences tending towards intellectual and moral debasement, and that a vast and not altogether inert mass of ignorance and superstition still exists to impede progress, embarrass the Government, and break out in trivial local disturbances.

The primary school system, besides its need (as pointed out in Mr. Tanaka's able reports) of being placed on a sound and efficient basis, is marked, I think, by two radical defects, — the general omission of moral training (the moral teaching of the Chinese classics being suffered to fall into disuse under the new system, the classics being used chiefly as a vehicle for teaching the Chinese character), and the revolutionary attempt to force European methods, culture, and modes of thought upon an unprepared people. Till the ele-

mentary education is rendered more thorough and efficient, various perils attend upon the higher education, and in the present lack of careers for men of culture solely, there is some risk that one or two of the higher colleges which aim at imparting culture, but do not profess to give a thorough training in those branches of knowledge which are of practical utility in work-a-day life may increase the number of glib and superficial smatterers who despise manual labour, affect expensive foreign habits, and render the task of government increasingly difficult by rushing into the newspapers with wild philosophical speculations, Utopian social schemes, and crude political theories.

These remarks are not made in any spirit of invidious criticism. Japan deserves the very highest credit for spending twice as much upon her elementary schools as upon her Navy, for her desire to construct her educational system upon the best models, for her readiness to correct defects and learn by failures, and for her noble efforts to bring education within the reach of all classes; but we must bear in mind that the primary school system is still in its infancy, that three millions of children are without education, that very much has yet to be done, and that the future of the empire is undoubtedly imperilled by a vast mass of ignorance and superstition on the one hand, and by a superficial exotic culture on the other.

The problem of "how to make ends meet" has vexed the brains and tested the resources of Japanese statesmen ever since 1871, when the Mikado assumed the responsibility of the debts which the *daimiyô* had contracted to Japanese subjects before the Restoration, and of the paper money of all sorts and values which they had issued, substituting for it a uniform paper currency. The reduction to order of the chaotic confu-

sion of the financial system under the feudal *régime* was carried out with so much vigour and ability, that by 1873 the Government was able to publish estimates of the national revenue for that year, which, as might be expected, were faulty in form, and not altogether accurate in detail. Each subsequent year has brought an improvement, and the estimates for the twelve months ending with June 1880 are as correct in form, and on the whole as explicit in detail, as those of some European states, and are accompanied by a Finance Report which reflects great credit upon Mr. Okuma, the Finance Minister.

It must be borne in mind, however, that official accounts of expenditure have only been issued down to 1875, that there is no public body which has power to look into and audit accounts, and that confidence in Japanese financial statements must rest partly on the character of the Finance Minister, and partly on the fact that the Government has been able to pay its way without having recourse to oppressive or risky expedients. This confidence is increased by the manly tone of Mr. Okuma's last report, in which, after regretting that the financial system still falls short of completeness, he "begs respectfully to observe that the essence of finance is to be as exact and minute as possible, and that records are only of utility when they are complete and methodical;" and expresses his earnest desire that from this year onwards, "additional accuracy may be attained, and both estimates and accounts of the national finances become more and more methodical." This is much to be desired in the interests of Japan, but that which has already been accomplished in the short period of nine years reflects great credit upon a country which had special difficulties to encounter in the unification of its financial system.

Japan has not been behind other civilised nations in the rapid contraction of a National Debt, which at the present time amounts to £72,000,000, but a comparatively small portion of this has been incurred voluntarily, or has been spent upon the material progress which has astonished the world. The legacy of debt inherited from the old *régime* amounted to £14,215,000, and to this sum we must add £40,312,000, which was required to redeem the hereditary pensions of the higher nobles and the military caste, as well as those granted to Shintô priests. In other words, it cost Japan £54,527,000 in round numbers to close accounts with her historic past. The Government was also forced to resort to loans to meet war expenses, mainly incurred through risings against its authority; the Satsuma Rebellion in 1877 added £8,400,000 to its indebtedness, and the Formosa Expedition demanded loans amounting nearly to £2,000,000 more. What may be termed the *voluntary* debt of the new *régime* may be estimated at £9,855,000, and £3,600,000 may be termed Industrial Loans, including the London Railway Loan. Only one-thirtieth of the whole National Debt is due to foreigners, and the average rate of interest on both *foreign* and *domestic* debt is 4¼ per cent, the rate of interest on private debts being 12.20 per cent. The interest on the debt demands £3,183,000 annually, out of a revenue of £11,130,000. Paper money issued by the Government to the amount of £24,000,000, but diminished by the withdrawal of £1,477,000, constitutes 32.2 per cent of the debt, and has been spent, as it appears, mainly on the politically necessary, but unproductive expenses of the redemption of the paper money, and the assumption of the debts of the *daimiyô*, in order to make the unification of the empire possible, on extraordinary war expenses, mainly in order to preserve its in

tegrity, and the formation of a Reserve Fund, consisting partly of ready money, for the purpose of meeting unforeseen contingencies and perils. It does not appear that the Government issue of paper has largely increased the circulating medium, because it has been required to replace former paper issued by the *daimiyô*, and coin which has left the country in consequence of the imports being largely in excess of the exports. The National Debt stands at the present time thus—

Domestic debt bearing interest . . .	£45,726,226	0	0
Domestic debt bearing no interest, including Government paper money . . .	24,735,544	0	0
Total of domestic debt . .	£70,461,770	0	0
Foreign debt	2,365,824	0	0
Total of domestic and foreign debt in round numbers (about) . . .	£72,827,590	0	0

The chief source of revenue is the Imperial Land Tax, which has been reduced to 2½ per cent on the selling value of the land, and it is estimated that this tax will produce £8,200,000 during the current year. Then follow the tax on alcoholic liquors, which it is estimated will yield £901,000; the export and import duties, £428,000; the profits on Government industrial undertakings, £238,000; postage stamps, £210,000; the tax on legal documents, £107,000; the tax on companies, £100,000; the tax on tobacco, £69,000; the tax on the produce of the Hokkaidô (Yezo), £72,000; and the tax on vehicles, £54,000.

For the year ending June 30, 1880, the revenue is estimated at £11,130,000, being an increase of £475,000 over the preceding year, this increase being accounted for mainly by increased receipts from import and export duties, from land, mining, liquor, ship, boat, and

vehicle taxes; from increased post-office receipts and copyright fees, and from the increasing number of persons taking out attorney's horse, cattle-dealers', and druggists' licenses.

The expenditure, for the reason that all surplus is to be applied to the reduction of debt, is estimated at exactly the same sum as the revenue. Among its chief items are the interest on the National Debt, £3,130,000; the army, which costs £1,438,000; the administration of *fu* and *ken*, £757,000; the navy, £527,000; the police, £497,000; and colonisation, £302,000. This year's appropriation for embankments is £289,000; for education, £227,000; for industrial undertakings, £201,000; and for the Civil List and appanages of Imperial Princes, £175,000. It is noteworthy that the charge for the Ministry of Public Worship appears for the last time in 1876–1877, and that the appropriation for the "Temples of the Gods," which was £44,000 in 1875–1876 and 1877, has decreased to £27,000 for 1879–1880.[1]

The magnitude of the national debt is the outstanding feature of Japanese finance, but it may be a surprise to some readers to learn that the cost of the projects entered upon by the new *régime* and of the reconstruction of the Empire is under £10,000,000; that 53.7 per cent of the whole debt is regarded by Mr. Mayét, the Councillor to the Finance Department, as "directly profitable;" that a reserve fund of £5,000,000 has been created out of surplus revenue; and that the following *extraordinary* expenses have been met out of *ordinary* revenue: — The creation and equipment of an army, with large military workshops, barracks, etc.; the purchase and construction of a navy of 27 ships of all

[1] For general tables of revenue and expenditure for 1879–1880 the reader is referred to Mr. Okuma's estimates given in Appendix C.

classes, including ironclads, and the establishment of arsenals, building-yards, and docks; the equipment of the coast with an efficient system of lighthouses; the construction of 8000 miles of telegraph, with telegraph offices; the establishing an efficient post-office system, with Postal Savings Banks; reform in the civil administration, and in the civil and penal codes; the re-arrangement of the Land Tax, and the establishment of a uniform system of taxation for the whole Empire; the establishment of custom-houses, the mint, and a Government printing-office; the issue of new paper money, and a new coinage; the establishment of a University, Medical College, and Technical University (College of Engineering); the establishment of and provision for primary, middle, and higher schools up to 1876; the colonisation and survey of Yezo; the introduction of the breeding of sheep, and improvements in the breeds of horses and cattle, and the establishment of model farms, tree-nurseries, acclimatisation gardens, agricultural colleges, industrial colleges, and museums; extraordinary embassies to Europe and America; participation in the Exhibitions of Vienna, Philadelphia, and Paris; and the education of several hundred youths in Europe and America, etc. etc.

The Finance Minister, far from accepting the dictum of Lorenzo von Stein (*Lehrbuch der Finanz-wissenschaft*), quoted by the able Councillor to the Finance Department, has recently devised and made public an elaborate scheme for the liquidation of the whole debt of Japan by 1905, without either increasing taxation or trenching on the reserve fund. The success of the arrangement involves a complete absence of financially or politically disturbing events; but though Japanese paper is subject to very severe depreciation as compared with gold, and the rise in the price of the neces-

saries of life is a disquieting symptom, I think that we are not in a position to say that Mr. Okuma's project is an altogether chimerical one, although it is impossible to agree with the strongly optimist view of it taken by Mr. Mayét, or with von Stein's view that "a state without a national debt is either not doing enough for the future, or is demanding too much from the present."

The foreign commerce[1] of Japan is a subject of great practical interest, to foreigners because it forms nearly their sole object for intercourse, and to the Japanese, because they depend upon it for the development of their material resources. It dates from the abolition of the exclusive system, which was pursued down to 1858. Before that year the Japanese, having no foreign market, in which to dispose of their surplus productions, were without one of the principal incentives to industry. They grew food, or manufactured commodities in quantities sufficient to meet their own wants; the harvest of the year constituted the material wealth of the country, and the store of national capital admitted of little or no augmentation. But when foreigners came to their doors and offered them money or foreign wares in exchange for their productions, a potent stimulus to increased exertion was afforded them, and its effect testifies to their intelligence and industry.

The products which Japan furnishes to other countries consist of raw silk, silkworms' eggs, tea, rice, copper, tobacco, camphor, vegetable wax, dried and salted fish, and various art manufactures in silk, metals, and chinaware. The first four items constitute the staple

[1] In Appendix D will be found three returns compiled at the British Legation, Tôkiyô, which furnish in a condensed form particulars of the import and export trade of Japan for a period of thirteen years; also a return showing the large amount of foreign tonnage which that trade employs, and a table of foreign residents, the majority of whom are engaged in mercantile occupations.

articles of export. The highest value which these items reached in any one year was, in the case of raw silk, nearly fifteen millions of dollars [£3,000,000 sterling], in that of silkworms' eggs more than four millions, in that of tea nearly eight millions, and in that of rice upwards of four and a half millions; while the collective value of the other exports in a single year has amounted to seven millions. The extent of the transactions in these commodities varies considerably in different years, but the average value of the total export trade of Japan for the three years 1876–1878 was twenty-five millions and a half of dollars [£5,100,000].

Japan has rendered a most material service to the silk-growers of France and Italy by providing them with fresh silk ova, when their own supplies were nearly destroyed by the disease which attained its height in 1864. A more striking instance of international commercial benefit has rarely been witnessed, for it is doubtful whether a sufficient supply of the requisite kind of silkworms' eggs could have been procured from any other quarter, and the emergency arose very shortly after the opening of the country.

In return for her products Japan takes from Europe and America, cotton yarn, cotton and woollen manufactures of all kinds, iron, machinery, kerosene oil, and many minor articles, such as cutlery, leather, and ornamental wares; while from China she receives sugar, and occasional supplies of raw cotton, which is an uncertain crop in Japan. The average value of the imported goods for the three years, 1876-1878, was twenty-eight millions of dollars [£5,600,000]. Of these goods, cotton and woollen manufactures form the principal items; cottons were imported in 1878 to the amount of nearly thirteen millions of dollars, but woollens have fallen off since 1872, when the highest importation of seven

millions and a half of dollars was reached. The demand for cotton manufactures appears to be nearly stationary, while that for cotton yarn [as distinguished from cotton cloth] is steadily increasing.

The latter circumstance may be regarded as a solid and favourable feature of the trade. Every cottage possesses its own loom, which is worked by the women of the family, who can produce fabrics which, besides being genuine, are stronger and better suited to their wants and tastes than those of Manchester make, and by using a large proportion of foreign yarn, which can be supplied to them cheaper than they can spin it themselves, the people are furnished with abundant materials for the extension of their own manufactures, and are guarded against the bad consequences of a failure of their home cotton crop. Thus the native industry, instead of being supplanted by that of the foreigner, works in unison with it, and the result is a large increase in the national production.

Of the general effect of the opening of Japan to foreign trade it is difficult to judge, as we must weigh against an apparent improvement in the dwellings, clothing, and feeding of the people in the neighbourhood of its principal centres, the enhanced price of the necessaries of life throughout the country. It has created a new order of native traders and merchants, whose activity may be noticed in many of the large towns; while the foreign demand for Japanese metal-work and ceramic wares, fans, fine bamboo work, enamels, and the numerous articles known by the name of "curios," has largely benefited the skilled artisans of the country, and has opened to them new and extensive fields of employment. Thus foreign traffic is bringing forward a middle class, which may be looked to as a means of promoting not only the commercial prosperity of the country, but also its political wellbeing.

The future of the foreign commerce of Japan depends upon the increase of production. Silk growing, next to ordinary agriculture, forms her principal industry, and the Government has wisely paid great attention to the improvement of the quality of the silk which is produced. It has also shown a laudable desire to foster other industries, without always perceiving, however, that it is only those which are to some extent natural to the country which can profit by such encouragement; and, like other young and paternal governments, it has not yet realised that free competition is essential to the growth of healthy enterprise, and that privileges and monopolies only serve to impede the expansion of trade. The population of Japan is essentially an agricultural one, and it is certainly a mistake to attempt prematurely to convert an agricultural people into a manufacturing one.

Undoubtedly, it is to the development of her very large mineral and agricultural resources that Japan must look for her advancement in wealth. But though capital is the one thing needed for the working of her mineral treasures, and the nation has very little of its own, the Government has rigidly excluded the introduction of foreign capital, and the result of this and other restrictive measures is shown in the limited increase in the exports, in the costly character of internal transport, owing to the primitive condition of the roads, and the high freights of the Japanese Steam-ship Company, which monopolises the coast carrying trade, and in the slow development of the enormous coal-fields, the mines, and other productive enterprises, which cannot be undertaken without considerable outlay.

"Dense population" and "garden cultivation" are phrases which travellers constantly apply to Japan, but the highest estimate only gives 230 inhabitants to the

square mile, and though the tillage of the area actually occupied deserves the highest praise, it is estimated by the Japanese Government that only *two-tenths* of the soil is actually under cultivation, and that the forests alone greatly exceed the area under culture of all kinds. A new trade in wheat is springing up, and there is little doubt that many of the vast upland tracts which are now lying waste, as being unsuited for the growth of rice, might be profitably utilised for wheat and other cereals. The island of Yezo, with a rich soil, and an area larger than Ireland, has hardly yet been touched by the plough, and between her adaptability to the growth of wheat, and her immense coal-fields, is a mine of future wealth. On the whole, there is no doubt that it is mainly to her undeveloped agricultural resources that Japan must look for increased exports and greater commercial prosperity, but there is nothing to lead us to suppose that she will soon become a wealthy nation.

This brief review of some of the most important elements of the progress of the Japanese Empire necessarily omits much which, as stated in the reports of the heads of departments of the Japanese Government, is fitted to excite both surprise and admiration. I have endeavoured to avoid indiscriminate laudation on the one side, and unreasonable blame on the other. Japan has done much; but though she has done many things well and wisely, much is still undone. Some reforms of importance have been left untouched, and others have been undertaken so superficially, that, while certain places present a fair outside, little improvement, on the whole, in those special directions, has been effected. Reform, not only in the laws, but in the administration of them, is urgently required. The army needs better discipline and better officers, if it is to be a source of

strength, and not of weakness, to the State. The Press laws need a thorough reform, and the obnoxious restrictions on political meetings and societies which came into force on April 6, 1880, need to be rescinded as arbitrary and unworthy of the age. According to the Japanese newspapers, "the whole population of the country is actuated by one burning desire for representative institutions, and the longing for constitutional liberty has pervaded all classes," and this demand must be wisely met in fulfilment of the pledges given by the Government of the Restoration; while, at the same time, the *heimin*, or commonalty, numbering *thirty millions*, must be trained to the exercise of political responsibilities. An improved system of roads needs to be created if the resources of the country are to be developed into bearing the strain of taxation without undue pressure on the cultivator. Three millions of children of school age require to be brought under instruction, and the standard of teaching to be raised throughout all the elementary schools. *Thoroughness* has to be studied in all departments, and perseverance to be steadily required from all subordinate officials.

The carrying out of the reforms which have been already begun, the placing them upon a solid basis, the judicious inauguration of new ones, the wise selection of such further fruits of western civilisation as may bear transplantation to Japanese soil, the courageous abandonment of experiments which have failed from their inherent unsuitability to Japan, the resolute pursuit of a pacific foreign policy, the exercise of a wise discrimination between true and false progress, and the persevering conservation of all that the Empire has actually gained during the last ten years, are sufficient to tax the energy and sagacity of the best and ablest men in Japan for many years to come. The extraordinary

progress which the Empire has made justly claims our admiration, and, judging from the character of the men who take the lead in public affairs, and from the wisdom and sobriety which they have gained by ten years of experience, we may reasonably hope for the consolidation of reforms already inaugurated, and that those which are to come will be faithfully carried out with due regard for the interests of all classes, and with the honesty and solidity which alone can ensure permanent success.

Of the shadows which hang upon the horizon of Japan, the darkest, to my thinking, arises from the fact that she is making the attempt, for the first time in history, to secure the fruits of Christianity without transplanting the tree from which they spring. The nation is sunk in immorality, the millstone of Orientalism hangs round her neck in the race on which she has started, and her progress is political and intellectual rather than moral; in other words, as regards the highest destiny of man, individually or collectively, it is at present a failure. The great hope for her is that she may grasp the truth and purity of primitive Christianity, as taught by the lips and life of our Lord Jesus Christ, as resolutely as she has grasped our arts and sciences; and that, in the reception of Christianity, with its true principles of manliness and national greatness, she may become, in the highest sense, "The Land of the Rising Sun" and the light of Eastern Asia.

ISLAND OF YEZO
Scale of English Miles
KOREAN TERRITORY
Broughton Bay
YEZO
ISHIKARI
TOKACHI
KUSHIRO
NEMORO
SHARE BAY
YEZO STRAIT
ISHIKARI BAY
VOLCANO BAY
OSHIMA
TSUGARU SETO
YEZO I.
TSUGARU STR.
Hakodate
Sendai Bay
Kingkasan I.
Sado I.
Nugata
Echigo
Kotsuke
Shimodsuke
Musashi
YEDO
TOKIO
Shimosa
Inaboye-saki (C)
Ohigasi saki (C. Blanco)
Kadsusa
Sagami
Kai
Shinano
Hida
Echizen
Wakasa B.
Owari
Mikawa
Iga
Ise
Toba
Kii
Tosa
Awa
Sanuki
Harima
Tamba
Inaba
Idzumi
Iwami
Suwo
Nada
Buzen
Bungo
Hizen
Kiushiu B.
Nagasaki
Hiro
Tsuno
Kiyo
Tsuno
Bungo Chan.
Okino shima
Isa saki (C)
Murato saki (C)
Swa misaki (C)
Oshima
Mikura shima
Fatsizio or Hachijo shima
Mikura shima
Tanega shima
Yakuno shima
Koshiki I.
Tasman B.
Kuro shima
Nagaroba
Tsuchakoff
VAN DIEMEN STR.
Tikhmenef Pt.
Sono-Fusankau
Tsu-shima
Fuchi
Shimonoseki Strait
Goto I.
Kiushiu B.
Nagasaki
Hiro
Kiyo
Tsuno
Bungo Chan.
Okino shima
Isa saki (C)
Murato saki (C)
Swa misaki (C)
Oshima
Mikura shima
Fatsizio or Hachijo shima
Tanega shima
Yakuno shima
KOREA STRAIT
NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
JAPAN
Scale of English Miles
0 50 100 200
Treaty Ports marked thus Osaka
Yama, Mountain. Shima, Island Saki, Cape Gawa, River
Longitude East 136 from Greenwich

APPENDIX A.

AINO WORDS TAKEN DOWN AT BIRATORI AND USU, YEZO.

Above, *kaschke*, *rekita*.
Afternoon, *to-keishi*, *tokes*.
Again, *ishu kanna*.
All, *obitta*.
Already, *tane*.
And, *ka*.
Angry, *yarushika*.
Arm, *amonine*.
Arrow, *eye*.

Bad, *ipocasch*.
Bark, *yara*.
Bear, *hokuyak*, *peri*.
Beard, *ticksa*, *reki*.
Before, *noschki*.
Below, *ranta*.
Beyond, *aya*.
Bird, *tskap*.
Blue, *matek*.
Boat, *chip*.
Bone, *poné*.
Bow, *ku*.
Boy [small], *cuspo*.
Bright, *bekeri*.
Brother[elder], *kiani-guru.kuimbo*.
" [younger], *kiaki-ni-guru*.
Brown, *una*.
Broad, *bira*.
Business, *ukosarange*.

Child [male], *sikatch*.
" [female], *makatch*.
Child [my], *kuboho*.
" [your], *iboho*.
Cloud, *nitchkuru*, *nischi*, *kuroro*.
Coat, *amip*.
Cold, *mi-une*.
" [it is], *meiragi*.
" [very], *meiupki*.
Coming down, *shan*.
Corpse, *rai guru*.
Crippled, *takushuto*.

Dance, *ontori*.
Day, *tō*.
" [after to-morrow], *oya-tschiun*.
" [before yesterday], *hoschenumani*.
" [this], *tanto*.
Dawn, *ankes*.
Dead, *rai*.
Deep, *oho*.
Dew, *kuruppi*, *kuru-uppi*.
Dishonourable, *nanu*, *ischamu* (*lit*. without sight).
Dog, *set-ta*.

Ear, *kisara*.
Earth, *tschiri*, *tui*.
Eclipse, *tschūpp-rai* (the sun dies).
Elbow, *hitoki*.
End, *itoki*.
Evening, *schiri-kunné* (the earth is black).

Every, *keshi.*
Eye, *shki.*
Eyebrow, *ranuma.*

Face, *namihu.*
Far off, *torima.*
Father, *atspo. hambi. mitch.*
Female, *matni.*
Fierce, *ninren.*
Finger, *askibits. embi.*
Fire, *abé.*
Fish, *isep. chi-ep.*
" [smoked], *fumbé.*
Flea, *taiki.*
Flower, *ebni.*
Formerly, *fusiko.*
Fox, *turepp.*
From, *kara.*

Ghost, *kamoi-yashi.*
God, *kamoi.*
Go-down, *pū.*
Good, *pirika.*
Good-bye, *saramba.*
Grandfather, *ikasi.*
Grass, *kina.*
Green, *shin-nin.*
Guest, *marubuto.*

Hair, *noma. atōpp.*
Hairy, *noma-us.*
Hand, *teké, take.*
Hateful, *kopandé.*
Haughty, *uku-aino-buri-kuru* (to take the form of an Aino.)
Hat, *tshesek. sesik.*
Head, *saba. chapu.*
Heart, *tschambi.*
Heavy, *pashi.*
High, *kuweri.*
Hill, *ken.*
House, *tschesai. rikōp.*
" [my], *ku-tschesai.*
Husband, *hoku. tschesaikoru. kuru*
" [your], *ihoku.*
" [my], *kuhoku.*
" [without], *hoku-tschaku.*

I, *tshoki.*
Ice, *konru.*
Infant, *bō.*
Insect, *kikiri.*

Kind, *yié-yié-kiri.*

Lake, *tān.*
Large, *poro.*
Lie, *shungé.*
Little, *obari.*
Living, *shitnu.*
Long, *tanné.*

Male, *binné.*
Man, *okkai. hoku. guru. aino.*
" [old], *onné.*
" [that], *tanguru.*
" [this], *tō-anguru.*
" [single], *okkai-po.*
Master [of a hut], *kayatono.*
Mat, *tsarubi.*
Men, *okkai-po-po.*
Midday, *tō-gap. tō-noschké.*
Middle, *noschké.*
Midnight, *an-noschké.*
Millet, *ié-sa-mam.*
Moon, *antsikara. tschūpp-kunné* (night sun).
Mother, *habo.*
Mountain, *nobori.*
" [top], *tschiri-kitai.*
Mouth, *parof.*

Oar, *kadji.*
Old, *hekai.*
Owl, *kamoi-tsikapp* (bird of the gods).

People, *kuru.*
Poison, *tschuruku.*
Promontory, *itu.*

Rain, *apto. weni.*
Red, *kuré.*
River, *bets.*
Road, *ru.*
Robber, *roku-guru* (a robbing man).
Roof, *cada. tschisai-katai.*
Root, *shinrichi.*

Salt, *tschipo.*
Sea, *atui, adōi.*
Shoulder, *tapsau.*
Short, *takné.*
Singing praises or chants, *yairapp.*
Sister [elder], *k'sabo.*
" [younger], *mataké, ma-chiribi, turesch.*
Skin of beast, *no-ma.*
Sky, *cando.*
Small, *poné.*
Smell, *fura.*
Smoke, *shupuya.*
Snake, *takoni.*
" [black], *paskuro-kamoi.* (raven god).
Snow, *ubashi.*
Spring, *paikaru. paika.*
Song, *ma.*
" [for several voices], *o-ma.*
Stars, *notchiu.*
Storm, *poro-reira* (*lit.* a great wind).
Straw, *wattesu.*
Suddenly, *nischopp.*
Summer, *tschaku.*
" [end of], *tschaku-kes.*
Sun, *tschūpp.*
Sunset, *hiri-kunné.*
Sustenance, *aino-ikiri.*
Sweet, *pan.*

Teeth, *memoki.*
Temple, *kamoi-tschisai.*
That, *tān.*
This, *tambi, tanni.*
Thing, *ambi.*
" [living], *shitnu-ambi.*
" [dead], *rai-no-ambi.*
" [spread on floor], *ishoka-rambi.*
Throat, *letchi.*
Thunder, *kamoi-fumi.*
Time [a long], *ohono.*
" [short], *ponno.*
To-day, *tando.*
Together, *tora.*
To-morrow, *ururu. nischatta.*
Tongue, *parumbé.*
Torn, *periké.*

Ugly, *kai-guru-korats* (like a corpse).
Under, *shiragata.*

Valley, *nai. metu.*
Very, *shiri.*
Village, *kotan.*

Wall, *tomamu.*
War, *sara-kamai.*
Water, *waka.*
" [hot], *oshai. usai.*
" [salt], *ruru-waka.*

Weather, *shukus.*
Which, *niwa.*
White, *ritara. tsaru.*
Wife, *matchi.*
Wind, *tera.*
Window, *puyara.*
Winter, *mata.*
With difficulty, *rai-korats* (like dying).
Within, *oshipé.*
Without, *tschamu.*
Wolf, *holaiku. ushi-kamoi* (the howling god).
Woman, *menoko.*
" [old], *pakko.*
Wood, *nitchkuni.*
Wrist, *dekutasch.*

Year, *ba.*
" [next], *oya ba.*
" [this], *tan ba.*
Yesterday, *numani. numanchi.*
You, *yani.*
Young, *pe ure. hekatsu.*

VERBS.

To ascend, *rikin.*
" bathe, *shushi.*
" be angry, *ruschké.*
" be in pain, *yunin.*
" blow, *rui.*
" bury, *iwaktê.*
" catch, *koyeki.*
" die, *ri-orkai.*
" drink, *iku.*
" eat, *ebé.*
" fight, *uraiki.*
" forget, *oira.*
" get angry, *aino-sesek* (glow like an Aino).
" get cold, *meandi.*
" get better, *toōsa.*
" get up, *aschkai.*
" give, *koré.*
" go up a river, *petorasch.*
" go up a mountain, *hinnaisho.*
To hear, *nu.*
" kill, *raigi.*
" like, *yeramasch.*
" live, *hitoku.*
" make, *karu.*
" pound, *uta.*
" return, *oshipi.*
" root up, *rishipi.*
" rub, *shirishiru.*
" run, *hoyupp.*
" run away, *kira.*
" scratch, *hiki.*
" see, *nukara.*
" seize, *kora.*
" sing, *sakehan.*
" sing praises, *i-uko-yairapp.*
" speak, *itaku.*
" spring, *terikê.*
" tell lies, *iko-shiunnke.*
" touch, *moi-moi.*

NUMERALS.

1. *schnape.*
2. *tupaisch.*
3. *lepaisch.*
4. *mepe.*
5. *aschkei.*
6. *u-an.*

7. *aruan.*
8. *topaishi.*
9. *schnapaishi.*
10. *wambi.*
11. *schnape icashima wambi.*
12. *tupaisch icashima wambi.*

And so on up to twenty.

20. *hots.*
21. *schnape icashima hots.*

And so on up to thirty.

30. *ito hots.*
31. *schnape icashima ito hots*, etc.
40. *tu hots.*
41. *schnape icashima tu hots*, etc.
50. *elé hots*, etc.
60. *lé hots*, etc.
70. *wambi icashima iné hots*, etc.
80. *iné hots*, etc.
90. *wambi aschkine hots*, etc.
100. *aschkiné hots* or *sneyik.*

The foregoing words are spelt phonetically. In pronouncing them the vowels must be sounded as in English. The sound represented by the letters *tsch* is a very peculiar click.

APPENDIX B.

NOTES ON SHINTÔ.

Scholars hesitate to decide whether Shintô is or is not "a genuine product of Japanese soil." The Japanese call their ancient religion *kami no michi* (the way of the gods); foreigners adopt the Chinese form of the same, and call it Shintô. By Shintô is meant the primitive religion which was found spread over Japan when the Buddhist propagandists arrived in the sixth century, and which, at the restoration of the Mikado to full temporal power, in 1868, became once more the "State religion." By "*Pure Shintô*" is meant the ancient faith as distinguished from that mixture of it with Buddhism and Confucianism which is known as *Riyôbu Shintô*, and it is of pure Shintô that I present my readers with a few notes, in order, if possible, to make the religious allusions in the foregoing letters interesting and intelligible.[1]

Japanese cosmogony and mythology are one, and in both Japan is the Universe. There are three confused mythical periods, dur-

[1] For a sketch of the History of Shintô and its Revival, the reader is referred to several papers of profound research in the Transactions of the English Asiatic Society of Japan for 1874, called "The Revival of Pure Shintô," by Mr. Ernest Satow, Japanese Secretary to H. B. M.'s Legation at Yedo; to an article on "The Mythology and Religious Worship of the Ancient Japanese," by the same learned writer, in the *Westminster Review* for June 1878; and to a paper called "Shintôism," by Mr. Kempermann, in the Transactions of the German Asiatic Society of Japan for 1878.

ing which the islands of Japan and many gods were called into being. The third of these begins with the supremacy of Amaterasu, the Sun-Goddess, the great divinity of the Shintô religion. This "heaven-lighting" divinity, finding that Japan was disturbed by the unending feuds of the earthly gods, among whom Okuninushi, their ruler, could not keep order, despatched Ninigi-no-Mikoto, a heavenly god, to Higa in Kiushiu, and compelled Okuninushi to resign his disorderly rule into his hands. Since then Okuninushi has ruled over the invisible, and Ninigi and his successors, the Mikados, over the visible. The gods and their offspring did not, however, always submit quietly to the new authority, and there were evident struggles for supremacy between the earthly and heavenly powers, which were finally brought to an end in 660 B.C. by Jimmu Tennô, the fifth in descent from the Sun-Goddess, who overthrew the Kiushiu rebels, and passing over into the main island, subjugated a large portion of it, and settled there with his warriors.

Whatever the actual facts may be, this event is the dawn of Japanese history, and the starting-point of Japanese chronology. The 7th of April is fixed as the anniversary of Jimmu Tennô's ascension to the throne; he is deified and worshipped in a thousand shrines, and from him the present Mikado claims direct descent. The dogma of "the divine right of kings" in his case means nothing less than that he is descended from the great Sun-Goddess through seven generations of celestial, five of terrestrial gods, and 122 divine Mikados, who have preceded him; and the three divine insignia of power — the mirror, the sword, and the stone — have descended to him directly from his ancestress, whose gifts they were.

According to Hirata, a Shintô revivalist who wrote early in this century, and from whose writings Mr. Satow has made many translations, "to compel obedience from human beings, and to love them, was all the sovereign had to do, and there was no necessity for teaching them vain doctrines, such as are preached in other countries. Hence the art of government is called *Matsurigoto*, which literally means 'worshipping.' Accordingly, the early sovereigns worshipped the gods in person, and prayed that their people might enjoy a sufficiency of food, clothing, and shelter from the elements, and twice a year, in the sixth and twelfth months, they celebrated the festival of the 'General Purification'" [observed to the present day] "by which the whole nation was purged

of calamities, offences, and pollutions." In the beginning of the thirteenth century the reigning Mikado interpreted the directions of his divine ancestors by ordering that "even in the slightest matters" [certain most holy things] "are not to be placed *after* the Emperor." "As it is the duty of subjects to imitate the practice of the incarnate god who is their sovereign, the necessity of worshipping his ancestors and the gods from whom they spring is to be enjoined upon every man." As to these gods, it was declared, on their own authority, that "The gods who do harm are to be appeased, so that they may not punish those who have offended them; and all the gods are to be worshipped, so that they may be induced to increase their favours."

Thus the Shintô religion is closely interwoven with the theory of government. The Mikado's throne is founded on a religious fiction. He is the lineal descendant of the gods, nay, he is himself a god, and in virtue of his godhead, his palace is a temple His heavenly origin has been, through all historic days, the foundation of Japanese government, and it and the duty of obeying his commands without questioning, whether they are right or wrong, are the highest of Shintô dogmas.

From the death of Jimmu Tennô, the first Mikado, to the introduction of Buddhism, is a period (according to the unreliable Japanese chronology) of 1236 years. Between 97 and 30 B.C., Sujin, the reigning Mikado, and of course a demi-god, appeared as a reformer, called on the people to turn their minds to the worship of the gods, performed a symbolic purification, built special shrines for the worship of several of the *kami* or gods, removed the mirror, sword, and stone from the palace where they had hitherto been kept to a shrine built for their custody, and appointed his daughter their priestess. This mirror rested, at least till 1871, in the shrines of Isé, of which a description is given near the end of this volume.

In the middle of the sixth century, as is supposed, Buddhist missionaries arrived from Korea, and proselytised so successfully in high quarters that a decree was issued about the middle of the eighth century, ordering the erection of two Buddhist temples and a seven-storied pagoda in every province. The long and complete supremacy of Buddhism is due, however, to a master-stroke of religious policy achieved by a priest, best known under his posthumous name of Kôbô-daishi, in the ninth century, who, in order to gain and retain a hold for his creed over the mass of the people,

taught that the Shintô gods were but Japanese manifestations of Buddha, a dogma which reconciled the foreign with the native religion, and gave Buddhism several centuries of ascendency over both Shintô and Confucianism, till it was supplanted, about two hundred years ago, in the intellects of the educated, by the Chinese philosophical system of Choo He, which in its turn is being displaced by what is known in Japan as the "English Philosophy," represented by Mill, Herbert Spencer, and others. At the Restoration of the Mikado to temporal power, in 1868, Shintô was reinstated as the State religion, owing to its value as a political engine, but it was impossible to re-introduce its long abandoned usages alongside of Western civilisation, and the number of those who honour the old faith in its purity is believed to be very small.

The Buddhaising the old gods, and incorporating the ancient traditions of the divine ancestors and early heroes of the Japanese with the ethical code and doctrinal dogmas of Buddhism, produced a harmony or jumble upon which the reigning Mikado, pleased with the fusion, bestowed the name of *Riyôbu Shintô*, or "twofold religious doctrine." From that time Shintô and Buddhist priests frequently celebrated their ceremonies in the same temples, the distinctive feature of Shintô, the absence of idols, effigies, and other visible objects of worship, disappeared, and the temples were crowded with wooden images of the old Shintô divinities, alongside of those of Buddha and his disciples, only a very few temples in a very few districts retaining the simplicity of the ancient faith. Since 1868 the images, and all the gaudy and sensuous paraphernalia of Buddhism, have been swept out of a large number of the temples, but the splendour of the buildings still remains, as at Shiba in Yedo, and the plain wooden structure, with the thatched tent-roof and the perfectly bare interior, is only seen in its primitive simplicity in the "Shrines of Isé" and a few other places. In the eighteenth century an attempt was made by certain scholarly and able men to revive "pure Shintô," and adapt it to those cravings of humanity which Buddhism had partially met; but the attempt failed, and has resulted mainly in affording materials for the researches of Mr. Satow and other foreign scholars.

The characteristics of "Pure Shintô" are the absence of an ethical and doctrinal code, of idol-worship, of priestcraft, and of any teachings concerning a future state, and the deification of heroes, emperors, and great men, together with the worship of cer-

tain forces and objects in nature. It is said that the *kami* or gods number 14,000, of whom 3700 are known to have shrines ; but, practically, the number is infinite, or "eight millions." Each hamlet has its special god, as well as each *miya* or shrine; and each child is taken to the shrine of the district in which it is born, a month after birth, and the god of that shrine becomes his patron. Each god has his annual festival, while many have particular days in each month on which people visit their shrines.

The temples are of unpainted wood, and the tent-like roofs are thickly thatched. They are destitute of idols, effigies, images, ornaments, and ecclesiastical paraphernalia of any kind. In the bare shrines of this truly barren creed the only objects are a circular steel mirror, *the gohei*, small offerings of *saké*, rice, and other vegetable food, on unlacquered wooden trays, and some sprigs of the evergreen *Cleyera japonica*. The mirror is a copy of the one given by the Sun-Goddess, as an emblem of herself, to Ninigi, when she sent him down to govern the world; but even this is only exposed to view in temples in which Shintô has been at some time jumbled up with Buddhism. A plain *gohei* is a slim wand of unpainted wood, with two long pieces of paper, notched alternately on opposite sides, hanging from it. In some shrines which were long in Buddhist hands, such as that of Iyéyasu at Nikkô, gilded metal takes the place of paper. The *gohei* represent offerings of rough and white cloth, which were supposed to have the effect of attracting the god to the spot where they were offered, but gradually came to be considered as the gods themselves. In idea they resemble the white wands, with dependent shavings, which are worshipped by the Ainos of Yezo. In the pure Shintô temples, which do not even display the mirror, there is a kind of receptacle concealed behind the closed doors of the actual shrine, which contains a case only exposed to view on the day of the annual festival, and which is said to contain the spirit of the deity to whom the temple is dedicated, the "august spirit substitute," or "God's seed."

The prominent Shintô emblem of purely Japanese origin, the *torii*, stands at the entrance of temple grounds, in front of shrines and sacred trees, and in every place specially associated with the native *kami*. In some places, as at the great Inari or Fox temple at Fushima, near Kiyôto, there are avenues composed of several hundred of these, and, whether large or small, the *torii* is a favourite subject for an *ex voto*. In the latter case it is frequently of

stone. The *torii* proper consists of two tree-trunks, planted in the ground, on the top of which rests another tree with projecting ends, and a horizontal beam below. The name means "bird's rest," for on it the fouls *offered* but not *sacrificed*. to the gods were accustomed to perch. It is of unpainted wood, properly, but large numbers are painted bright red. The Buddhists have curved the upper timber and have added other ornaments. In the persecution waged against the Romish Christians of Nagasaki a few years ago, the token of recantation required was that they should pass under this Shintô emblem.

The remaining Shintô emblem is a rope of rice straw, varying in thickness from the heavy cable which often hangs across a *torii* or temple entrance, to the rope no thicker than a finger which hangs across house doors, or surrounds sacred trees, and which has straw tassels or strips of white paper dangling from it.

There are about 98,000 Shintô temples in Japan, but this number includes all the wayside shrines and the shrines in the groves, which are about five feet high. There are about 20,000 Shintô officials, including the whole of the *kannushi* or "shrine keepers," and these may all be described as officials of the Government. Their duties are few. They are allowed to marry, and do not shave their heads. There is an appropriation of about £44,000 annually for Shintô shrines, and of £14,000 for Public Worship. In the old order the Department which dealt with the affairs of the earthly and heavenly gods held the highest place in the order of official precedence; but so out of harmony was it with the new *régime*, that within four years of its re-establishment it descended from a dignity superior to that of the Council of State into a department subordinate thereto. Within a year the department for administering the affairs of the celestial and terrestrial gods sank into being a Board of Religious Instruction, and early in 1877 underwent the further humiliation of being quietly transferred to a sub-department of the Ministry of the Interior. Thus, in less than ten years, the oldest and most solemn institution in the State has passed out of existence, and it is difficult to understand how the dogma of the divine origin and relationships of the Mikado, and the identification of politics with religion, survive the change.

The claims of Shintô to be regarded as a religion are very few. It has no worship, properly so called, and no sacrifices, no hell or purgatory for bad men, and the immortality of the soul is only assumed from the immortality of the gods. It inculcates reverence

for ancestors, and imitation of their worthy deeds; but its chief feature is its recognition of certain ceremonial defilements and forms of purification.

On certain occasions the priests assemble in the larger temples and chant certain words to an excruciating musical accompaniment; but this is in no sense what we understand by public worship, and the worshippers are seldom admitted within Shintô temples. The gods are supposed to be present in the temples dedicated to them, and a worshipper attracts their attention by pulling the cord of a metal globe, half bell, half rattle, which hangs at the open entrance. There are specified forms of prayer, but worship usually consists merely in clapping the hands twice, and making one or more genuflexions; and persons undertake pilgrimages of several hundred miles to do no more than this, with the addition of casting a few copper coins on the temple floor, and buying a charm or relic.

The festival days of the gods of the larger temples are celebrated by music, dancing, and processions, in which highly decorated cars take part, on and in which are borne certain sacred emblems, usually kept in the storehouses of the temples. On these occasions ancient classical dances or posturings are given on covered platforms within the temple grounds, and in these a maiden appears, dressed in white and bearing a *gohei* in her hand, who is popularly called a priestess. The history and meaning of nearly all the ceremonies are unknown to the modern Japanese.

Certain ceremonies are usually attended to even by the most careless. In nearly all Japanese houses there is a *kami-dana* or god-shelf, on which is a miniature temple in wood, which contains tablets covered with paper, on which are written the names of the gods in which the household place their trust, and monumental tablets with the posthumous names of the ancestors and deceased members of the family. Fresh flowers, and specially the leafy twigs of the *Cleyera japonica*, are offered there, together with *saké*, water, and the first portion of the rice boiled for the food of the household. At night a lamp is lit in front of the shrine, as on the god-shelf of the Buddhists, and the glow-worm glimmer of these lamps is one of the evening features of the cities of Japan.

Shintô is the easiest and least exacting of religions. The intervention of a priest is not ordinarily needed, for there are no angry deities to propitiate, or any terrors of hell to avert, and both sexes are capable of offering prayers. Of such there are many,

and so lately as 1873 a new edition of certain forms was published; but among the peasantry it seems sufficient to frame a wish without uttering it, and most Shintôists, in Northern Japan, at least, content themselves with turning to the sun in the early morning, rubbing the hands slowly together, and bowing. There are gods of all things; of wisdom, happiness, protection of human abodes, of harvest, of learning, of the gate and front court, of the well, the kitchen fireplace, and everything else to which superstitions of unknown origin are attached by the ignorant. The directions for prayer are, "Rising early in the morning, wash your face and hands, rinse out the mouth, and cleanse the body. Then turn to the province of Yamato, strike the palms of the hands together, and worship," *i.e.* bow to the ground. The following is a specimen of one of the most enlightened of the old Shintô prayers, translated by Mr. Satow, from a book called *Kimpi Mishô*, put forward by the Mikado Juntoku in the first half of the thirteenth century: —

"From a distance I reverently worship with awe before Ame no Mi-hashira, and Kuni no Mi-hashira (the god and goddess of wind), to whom is consecrated the palace built with stout pillars at Tatsuta no Tachinu, in the department of Heguri, in the province of Yamato. I say with awe, Deign to bless me by correcting the unwitting faults which, seen and heard by you, I have committed, by blowing off and clearing away the calamities which evil gods might inflict, by causing me to live long like the hard and lasting rock, and by repeating to the gods of heavenly origin, and the gods of earthly origin, the petitions which I present every day along with your breath, that they may hear with the sharpearedness of the forth-galloping colt." Another addressed to the *kami-dana* is as follows, "Reverently adoring the great god of the two palaces of Isé in the first place, the eight hundred myriads of celestial gods, the eight hundred myriads of terrestrial gods, all the fifteen hundred myriads" (these numbers are figurative expressions) "of gods to whom are consecrated the great and small temples in all provinces, all islands, and all places of the great Land of Eight Islands, the fifteen hundreds of myriads of gods which they cause to serve them, and the gods of branch palaces and branch temples, and Sohodo no Kami" [the scare-crow], "whom I have invited to the shrine set up on this divine shelf, and to whom I offer praises day by day — I pray with awe that they will deign to correct the unwitting faults which, heard and

seen by them, I have committed, and blessing and favouring me according to the powers which they severally wield, will cause me to follow the divine example, and to perform good works in the Way."

As a religion Shintô is nearly extinct, and, as an engine of government, its power is undoubtedly on the wane. Western science is upsetting its cosmogony, Western philosophy its mythology, and its lack of an ethical code makes it powerless even among a people of such easy morals as the Japanese. Motoori, its modern exponent and revivalist, emphatically states that the Chinese invented morals because they were an immoral people, but that in Japan there was no such necessity. "To have acquired the knowledge that there is no *michi* [ethics] to be practised and learned is really to have learned to practice the way of the gods." Mr. Mori, the present minister to England, gives it as his opinion that "the leading idea of Shintô is a reverential feeling towards the dead. As to the political use of it, the State is quite right in turning it to account in support of the absolute Government which exists in Japan." Sir H. S. Parkes says of it, "Japanese, in general, are at a loss to describe what Shintô is. . . . Infallibility on the part of the head of the State, which was naturally attributed to rulers claiming divine descent, was a convenient doctrine for political purposes in China and Japan." Mr. Von Brandt, a student of Japanese archæology, lately German Minister to Japan, writes of it, "Little is known of Shintô that might give it the character of a religion as understood by western nations." Kaempfer, one of the most painstaking and accurate observers, writes thus: — "The whole Shintô religion is so mean and simple that, besides a heap of fabulous and romantic stories of their gods, demi-gods, and heroes, inconsistent with reason and common sense, their divines have nothing either in their sacred books, or by tradition, wherewithal to satisfy the inquiries of curious persons about the nature and essences of their gods, about their power and government, about the future state of the soul, and such other essential points whereof other heathen systems are not altogether silent." Its lack of a moral code, of general definiteness, and of teachings concerning a future state, sufficiently explain the easy conquest which Buddhism made of nearly the whole nation, and the ascendency which it still retains over the uneducated. Shintô, with its absence of a ritual, of doctrinal teaching, of sensuousness, of definite objects of worship, is rather

a system than a religion. It is hollow and empty; it has literally nothing in it which can influence men's lives; it appeals to no instincts of good or evil, and promises no definite destiny; and all attempts to resuscitate it, either as a bulwark against Christianity, or as a substitute for Buddhism (which contains many of the elements of a religion, and much to gratify, if not to satisfy, many of the cravings of human nature), must necessarily fail.

These notes are the merest outline of Shintô, but the most elaborate treatise can do no more than successfully demonstrate its utter emptiness of all that to our ideas constitutes religion, and excite surprise that it should still retain any place among a people so intelligent as the Japanese. The explanation probably lies in the fact that it is interwoven with that reverence for ancestors which is so marked a feature of Chinese and Japanese character, and in that general indifference to any religion which pervades Japan, making its people content with this most shadowy and barren of creeds, which neither enjoins duties nor demands sacrifices, nor holds out terrors of "judgment to come."

APPENDIX C.

TABLES OF THE ESTIMATED REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE FOR THE FINANCIAL YEAR 1879-80. [NOTE.—5 *YEN* ARE ABOUT EQUAL TO £1 STERLING.]

REVENUE.

I. — First Species of Tax: —

	Yen.	
Customs — Export Duties . .	895,113.000	
" Import " . .	1,247,215.000	
" Miscellaneous Receipts,	38,982.000	
		Yen.
Total		2,181,310.000

II. — Second Species of Tax: —

	Yen.	
Land Tax	41,000,950.000	
Mining Tax	11,537.000	
Tax on Salaries	81,992.000	
Tax on Produce of the Hokkaidô .	363,971.000	
		Yen.
Total		41,458,450.000

III. — Third Species of Tax: —

	Yen.
Tax on Alcoholic Liquors . .	4,507,272.000
Tax on Tobacco	348,674.000
Stamps on Legal Documents . .	539,168.000
Postage Stamps	1,050,000.000
Tax on Ruled Paper for Petitions .	82,485.000
Licenses to Attorneys . . .	9,500.000
Ship and Boat Tax . . .	138,357.000
Vehicle Tax	270,348.000
Tax on Companies . . .	500,000.000
Shooting Licenses	45,652.000
Horse and Cattle Dealers' Licenses	63,578.000
Carry forward . .	7,555,034.000

REVENUE — *continued.*

Brought forward . .	7,555,034.000	
Tax on Weights and Measures .	2,925.000	
Copyright Fees	3,409 000	
Passport and other License Fees .	2,570.000	
Druggists' Licenses . . .	79,131.000	
		Yen.
Total		7,643,069.000

IV. — Profits of Industrial Works : —

	Yen.	
Sado and Four other Mines under the control of the Ministry of Public Works	218,960.000	
Railways under the control of the Ministry of Public Works . .	391,100.271	
Akabane and Three other Workshops under the control of the Ministry of Public Works . .	32,265.603	
Shimmachi Cotton Mill and Two other Places under the control of the Ministry of the Interior .	12,585.000	
Mint under the control of Ministry of Finance	506,000.000	
Printing Office under the control of the Ministry of Finance .	30,000.000	
Yokosuka Shipbuilding Yard and Two others under the control of the Ministry of Marine . .	4,028.840	
		Yen.
Total		1,194,939.714

V. — Receipts from Government Property and other Miscellaneous Receipts : —

	Yen.	
Sale of Government Property .	497,586.970	
Rent of Government Property .	142,156.051	
Rent of Government Land at Open Cities and Ports	72,817.150	
Miscellaneous Receipts . . .	1,647,745.709	
		Yen
Total		2,360,305.880

REVENUE — *continued.*

VI. — Refunds: —

	Yen.	*Yen.*
Refund of Advances . . .	532,360.577	
Refund of Loans made by Imperial Princes and the former *Han*	200,350.285	
Refund of Estate-rated Loan .	80,593.578	
Total		813,304.440
Grand Total of Revenue . .		55,651,379.034
		£11,130,000

EXPENDITURE.

I. — Redemption of National Debt: —

	Yen.	*Yen.*
Domestic Debt —		
Principal . .	2,764,111.368	
Interest . .	14,753,058.200	
Redemption of Paper Money . .	2,000,000.000	
Total . .		19,518,169.568
Foreign Debt —		
Principal . .	816,424.000	
Interest . .	857,318.400	
Commission .	8,368.712	
Total . . .		1,682,111.112
Total of both Items . .		21,200,280.680

II. — Civil List and Appanages of the Imperial Princes 877,000.000

EXPENDITURE — *continued.*

III. — Pensions for Meritorious Services, to Shintô and Buddhist Priests, etc. —

	Yen.	
Retiring Pensions to Soldiers of the Old Imperial Guards and Line .	15,640.977	
Pensions of Shintô and Buddhist Priests	125,281.000	
Annuities attached to the order of Merit	152,280.000	
Gratuities to the Military and Cost of Treatment of the Wounded .	266,202.000	
Grant to those who took part in the Campaign in Kiushiu . .	500,000.000	
		Yen.
Total.		1,059,403.977

IV. — Council of State, Ministries, Senate, Colonisation, Commission, and Special Bureaus: —

	Yen.	
Council of State	300,860.000	
Ministry for Foreign Affairs . .	170,960.000	
" of the Interior . .	1,275,500.000	
" of Finance . . .	1,505,300.000	
" of War	7,190,100.000	
" of Marine . . .	2,636,300.000	
" of Public Instruction .	1,139,970.000	
" of Public Works . .	591,300.000	
" of Justice . . .	1,314,800.000	
" of the Imperial Household	308,700.000	
Senate	142,480.000	
Colonisation Commission . .	1,513,174.178	
Land-tax Reform Bureau . .	97,000.000	
General Post Office. . . .	1,050,000.000	
		Yen.
Total		19,236,444.178

EXPENDITURE — *continued.*

V. — Cost of Establishing Industrial Undertakings: —		
Mines at Sado and Five other places under control of the Ministry of Public Works . .	*Yen.* 232,798.000	
Kiyôto and Kôbe Railway, do. .	33,300.000	
Telegraph, do.	140,000.000	
Workshops at Akabane and Four other places, do	165,502.000	
Shimosa Sheep Farm and Three other places under control of the Ministry of the Interior .	72,793.000	
Mint under the control of the Ministry of Finance	50,000.000	
Yokosuka Shipbuilding Yard under control of the Ministry of Marine	70,200.000	
		Yen.
Total		764.593.000
VI. — Supplementary Grants of Capital for carrying on Undertakings: —		
Kamaishi Mine under the control of the Ministry of Public Works	*Yen.* 29,355.792	
Telegraphs under do. . . .	101,335.000	
Shinagawa and Fukagawa Workshops under do. . . .	28,842.000	
Shimosa Sheep Farm and One other place under control of the Ministry of the Interior . . .	80,958.000	
		Yen.
Total		240,490.792
VII. — Administrations of Cities and Prefectures		3,786,700.000

EXPENDITURE — *continued.*

VIII. — Police : —	*Yen.*	
Central Police Bureau (Tôkiyô)	1,316,820.400	
Police in 2 Cities and 35 Prefectures	1,169,632.000	
		Yen.
Total		2,486,452.400
XI. — Temples of the Gods		135,000.000
X. — Building, Repairs, and Embankments in Cities and Prefectures : —	*Yen.*	
Building and Repairs	540,700.000	
Embankments	1,446,500.000	
		Yen.
Total		1,987,200 000
XI. — Diplomatic and Consular Services		500,000.000
XII. — Miscellaneous Expenditure Fund for Relief of Agricultural Distress and Encouragement of Saving	*Yen.* 1,200,000.000	
Erection of Museum in the Public Garden at Uyeno, under control of the Ministry of the Interior	29,585.000	
Charges for repairs of the Prisons and Lockups under control of the Central Police Bureau	93,.51.901	
Appropriation for the Sydney Exhibition	29,817.300	
Erection of Barracks at Kanazawa	36,253.960	
Erection of the Imperial Palace	270,000.000	
Relief to the (Hokkaidô) Militia	26,407.146	
Domestic Industrial Exhibition	43.890.000	
Miscellaneous	151,298.700	
		Yen.
Total		1,877,814.007
XIII. — Contingent Fund		1,500,000.000
Grand Total of Expenditure		*Yen.* 55,651,379.034
		£11,130,000

Revenue and Expenditure are equally balanced.

NATIONAL DEBT.

Domestic Debt — Interest Bearing Debt —		*Yen.*	
New Debt, 4 per cent interest .		11,327.675	
Bonds in exchange for *kinsatsu*, 6 per cent interest		1,923.700	
Voluntarily Capitalised Pension Bonds, 8 per cent . . .		14,168.900	
Capitalised Pension Bonds — *Yen.*			
At 5 per cent do.	31,412.555		
At 6 per cent do.	25,001.590		
At 7 per cent do.	107,997.015		
At 10 per cent do.	8,876.370		
Total .	———	173,287.530	
Bonds for Pensions distributed to ex-Shintô Priests, at 8 per cent . .		423.325	
Public Works Loan at 6 per cent .		12,500.000	
Loan for Suppression of Rebellion at 5 per cent		15,000.000	
			Yen.
Total			228,631.130
Debt bearing no Interest			9,439.732
Amount of Paper Money in circulation . . .			113,427.992
Total			351,498.854

APPENDIX D.—FOREIGN TRADE.

(I.)—Synoptic Table of the Import Trade of Japan

DESCRIPTION OF GOODS.	* 1865.	1867.	1868.	1869.	1870.
Yarn	$875,307	$1,350,688	$1,763,191	$2,612,240	$3,700,277
Shirtings	2,023,361	2,684,078	1,724,854	1,760,440	1,730,532
Other cotton manufactures	2,280,100	1,713,539	1,234,538	878,343	1,843,644
Mousseline de laine (included in other woollens up to the year 1874)	-	-	-	-	-
Other woollen and woollen and cotton goods	6,701,067	3,184,471	2,610,838	2,010,553	1,995,364
Metals	526,864	209,171	693,780	632,255	320,681
Arms and ammunition	1,066,822	1,618,840	2,730,651	1,857,625	206,908
Raw cotton	1,159	757,104	783,084	858,940	771,144
Sugar	208,174	1,660,554	345,267	1,597,944	2,482,293
Rice	-	787,602	1,315,705	2,769,182	12,755,331
Kerosene	-	-	-	-	-
Government goods. (No returns until the year 1873.)	-	-	-	-	-
Other miscellaneous. — Foreign	347,963	1,619,169	1,491,043	1,776,690	3,231,007
Other miscellaneous. — Eastern	41,121	367,172	307,420	602,419	2,083,460
Total	$14,076,938	$15,952,388	$15,000,371	$17,356,631	$31,120,641

Total,

Incomplete Returns —

* *Note.* — The absence of Returns for 1866 is due to the destruction of the

Mousseline de laine. — These Returns are based upon the custom-house statistics;

Metals. — The quantities of Metals imported in 1873 and following years on account

Government Goods. — These figures are exclusive of foreign merchant-vessels

(II.)—Synoptic Table of the Export Trade of Japan

DESCRIPTION OF GOODS.	* 1865.	1867.	1868.	1869.	1870.
Silk, all kinds, and cocoons	$14,842,879	$5,598,510	$10,761,081	$5,042,795	$5,309,583
Silkworms' eggs	727,445	2,302,572	4,199,138	2,758,500	3,473,150
Tea	1,934,971	2,006,023	3,084,580	2,019,130	3,848,231
Copper	-	61,510	-	124,735	461 093
Tobacco	12,334	33,140	18,475	21,906	54,112
Wax (vegetable)	50,865	123,443	254,224	98,420	64,190
Camphor	32,706	97,293	114,489	168,202	229,889
Coal	12,983	262,629	73,584	101,450	155,117
Dried fish	95,485	300,375	193,689	183,941	328,391
Rice	-	-	-	-	-
Miscellaneous	781,762	1,338,179	1,735,373	986,316	1,176,409
Total	$18,491,430	$12,123,674	$20,435,133	$11,475,645	$15,143,246

Total,

* *Note.* — The absence of Returns for 1866 is due to the destruction

APPENDIX D.—FOREIGN TRADE.

FOR THIRTEEN YEARS, ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1878.

1871.	1872.	1873.	1874.	1875.	1876.	1877.	1878.
$3,609,444	$5,933,342	$3,357,046	$3,575,554	$4,057,850	$4,151,514	$4,088,890	$7,560,963
3,489,450	2,256,926	3,365,898	3,706,628	2,616,723	2,997,595	2,312,929	2,548,621
912,584	1,874,887	3,070,544	1,826,568	2,276,311	1,893,053	1,951,856	2,629,635
–	–	–	1,074,931	2,393,157	2,263,273	2,373,621	2,779,983
2,056,789	7,572,180	7,304,307	2,244,490	2,383,610	2,011,843	3,004,457	3,013,675
536,291	416,642	451,202	1,131,185	1,043,382	898,531	1,592,052	1,888,006
293,120	83,617	577,645	20,885	44,576	51,954	461,729	296,878
60,340	67,376	146,569	1,152,066	363,669	724,911	424,439	289,207
3,308,549	2,266,880	2,108,855	2,579,406	3,482,588	2,743,820	2,872,148	3,073,282
768,190	–	34,192	14,873	5,579	–	–	–
–	89,694	323,374	292,646	590,032	455,792	602,725	1,856,881
–	–	797,395	1,309,115	3,475,277	806,801	670,537	494,110
2,398,433	4,600,233	5,332,115	3,642,626	4,441,537	4,021,959	4,698,436	6,144,012
312,415	1,026,664	574,226	1,155,656	999,903	947,953	846,722	759,049
$17,745,605	$26,188,441	$27,443,368	$24,226,629	$28,174,194	$23,969,004	$25,900,541	$33,334,392

300,489,143 dollars.

custom-house records at Kanagawa by fire in that year.
the actual importation in the year 1874 and succeeding years was much larger.
of the Japanese Government, have been included under the head of "Government Goods."
purchased by the Japanese Government.

FOR THIRTEEN YEARS, ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1878.

1871.	1872.	1873.	1874.	1875.	1876.	1877.	1878.
$8,457,839	$8,189,143	$7,750,015	$5,894,567	$5,992,913	$14,306,450	$10,320,308	$9,223,875
2,184,688	1,963,159	3,032,460	731,275	474,921	1,902,271	346,998	682,606
4,651,292	5,445,438	4,398,711	7,792,244	6,915,692	5,427,218	4,409,320	4,412,457
416,630	1,353,545	765,815	559,397	425,160	289,708	828,111	866,384
269,359	669,340	274,529	259,687	201,143	83,496	229,288	107,547
161,834	347,542	377,670	215,642	186,244	177,398	164,977	106,367
138,575	152,879	71,026	119,812	136,073	182,477	240,065	309,972
483,130	573,527	489,278	551,360	858,883	765,726	717,819	857,322
410,034	324,000	716,399	901,583	663,639	922,580	835,660	1,031,355
–	3,122,931	521,709	839,619	17,091	810,760	2,260,936	4,641,653
2,011,424	2,153,028	2,263,382	2,299,399	2,046,081	2,710,767	2,513,226	4,019,881
$19,184,805	$24,294,532	$20,650,994	$20,164,585	$17,917,845	$27,578,851	$22,866,708	$26,259,419

$256,595,667

of the custom-house records at Kanagawa by fire in that year.

(III.) — Summary of Imports and Exports for Thirteen Years ending December 31, 1878.

Year.	Imports.	Exports.	Total.
1865	$14,076,938	$18,490,230	$32,567,168
1867*	15,952,388	12,123,674	28,076,062
1868	15,000,371	20,435,133	35,435,504
1869	17,356,631	11,475,645	28,832,276
1870	31,120,641	15,143,246	46,263,887
1871	17,745,605	19,184,805	36,930,410
1872	26,188,441	24,294,532	50,482,973
1873	27,443,368	20,660,994	48,104,362
1874	24,226,629	20,164,585	44,391,214
1875	28,174,194	17,917,845	46,092,039
1876	23,969,004	27,578,851	51,547,855
1877	25,900,541	22,866,708	48,767,249
1878	33,334,392	26,259,419	59,593,811
Total	$300,489,143	$256,595,667	$557,084,810
Average annual trade	$23,117,549	$19,738,128	$42,852,677

* No Returns for 1866, owing to destruction of Kanagawa records.

(IV.) — Return of British and Foreign Shipping entered at all Ports of Japan for Nineteen Years.

Year.	British.		Other Foreign Countries.		Total.	
	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
1860	122	45,279	119	43,103	241	88,382
1861	126	52,347	128	47,776	254	100,123
1862	181	57,362	230	71,678	411	129,040
1863	262	87,000	215	71,356	477	158,356
1864	313	118,907	130	44,235	443	163,142
1865	264	99,649	151	67,223	415	166,872
1866	254	100,195	188	81,943	442	182,138
1867	348	139,006	251	159,154	599	298,160
1868	496	192,185	461	389,581	957	581,766
1869	897	410,105	713	659,293	1,610	1,069,398
1870	661	319,471	902	841,704	1,563	1,161,175
1871	349	166,929	560	734,241	909	901,170
1872	382	204,077	520	756,427	902	960,434
1873	405	234,459	599	804,948	1,004	1,039,407
1874	367	237,432	532	732,510	899	969,942
1875	350	252,146	481	699,377	831	951,523
1876	356	302,039	345	378,518	701	680,557
1877	403	315,518	343	308,459	746	623,977
1878	487	417,691	351	331,181	838	749,529

(V.) — Return of Foreign Residents and Firms at the Open Ports of Japan, for Five Years, from 1874–78.

Year.	British.		Other Foreign Countries.		Chinese.		Total.	
	Residents.	Firms.	Residents.	Firms.	Residents.	Firms.	Residents.	Firms.
1874	1,170	155	1,238	215	2,723	95	5,131	465
1875	1,282	109	1,301	148	-	-	-	-
1876	1,242	80	1,472	141	-	-	-	-
1877	1,156	83	1,336	149	2,107	53	4,599	285
1878	1,067	92	1,410	151	3,028	40	5,505	287

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